Three visits to America.

THREE VISITS TO AMERICA

Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable FOR DAVID DOUGLAS.

LONDON HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO.

CAMBRIDGE MACMILLAN AND BOWES.

GLASGOW JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SON.

Three Visits to America

BY EMILY FAITHFULL

Where'er a human heart doth wear Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves, Where'er a human spirit strives After a life more true and fair, There is true man's birthplace grand, His is a world-wide fatherland.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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EDINBURGH DAVID DOUGLAS, CASTLE STREET

1884

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This Volume IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND RICHARD PEACOCK, Esq. OF GORTON HALL, LANCASHIRE IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE UNVARYING KINDNESS RECEIVED FROM HIM AND HIS FAMILY

PREFACE.

In compliance with the wishes of many kind friends on both sides of the Atlantic, I have collected in this form various articles, contributed during my American tours, to the *Victoria Magazine, Lady's Pictorial, Pall Mall Gazette* , and other English and American newspapers; and I have taken the opportunity of adding many fresh records not hitherto published. I do not pretend to offer any new information about a country respecting which so much has been already written by abler pens than mine, but this addition to the international literature of the day may still perhaps prove acceptable, as “the point of view” taken differs from that of the ordinary traveller.

Throughout my three visits I had one object specially before me, namely, to supplement the experience gained during twenty years of practical work in England, in regard to the changed position of women in the nineteenth century, by ascertaining how America is trying to solve the most delicate and difficult problem presented by modern civilisation. In the hope that the information thus viii obtained may prove useful, I venture to offer this volume to the English and American public, and I sincerely trust that no comments in these pages upon political matters or social customs will prove offensive to a country which extended to me such generous hospitality, and for which I entertain a profound and affectionate respect.

EMILY FAITHFULL.

19 Learmonth Terrace, Edinburgh, *October* 1 *st* , 1884.

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THREE VISITS TO AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

First arrival in America—Welcome at Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard's—A Presidential campaign—Personal recollections of I Horace Greeley—General politics—Disinclination of the best people to take part in them—Cincinnati riots in 1884.

“ The distance between New York and London is much shorter than between London and New York,” is a common saying, which being interpreted means, that while English people find a voyage to the United States a great undertaking, not to be entertained save for business purposes, Americans are ready to start off on the smallest possible excuse at a day's notice, and “a trip to Europe” invariably figures among the possibilities of the yearly list of summer plans.

“I have crossed the Atlantic twenty-seven times,” said a charming Southern lady the other day, just as I was thinking that my six voyages and varied experiences on Cunard, Inman, and White Star steamers entitled me to consider myself as “quite an old traveller!” When I first went to America, twelve years ago, English visitors were indeed few and far between. Mrs. Trollope, Frederika Bremer, Harriet Martineau, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, and others, had A 2 travelled through the States, and published their personal impressions, but no prophet of Art had crossed the Atlantic to preach the gospel of the beautiful; no theatrical company with complete scenery and properties had invaded the American stage, though solitary “stars” had occasionally ventured over to win the suffrages of dramatic audiences, and even English lecturers had only stormed “Lyceum platforms” in single file; but that very season [1872–73] witnessed the *début* of Mr. Tyndall, Mr. Froude, Professor Huxley, Edmund Yates, George MacDonald, and several other Britons more or less distinguished. Ever since then the cry has been, “Still they come.” In fact the influx

of English travellers, artists, actors, lecturers, etc., has gone on increasing every year to such an extent that a New York editor last October kindly expressed the fear “that London must be feeling quite lonely,”1 while another observed in reference to the report that the Baroness Burdett Coutts intended to visit America, “Thank fortune, she will spend her own money, as she will not be obliged to act, sing, lecture, or accept hospitable free lunches for support while she is here!”

1 “London must be beginning to feel lonely! There are at present in the United States England's Chief-Justice, Lord Coleridge; Monsigneur Capel one of her most famous divines; Mr. Irving, her greatest tragedian; Mr. Arnold, her greatest critic and essayist, and a very respectable poet; Mrs. Langtry, the distinguished beauty, and Miss Emily Faithfull, the philanthropic worker in the field of woman's advancement. In addition to these we have a large number of poor but illustrious lords, who are anxious to draw closer the ties that unite the two countries by marrying American heiresses, together with speculators and capitalists inumerable, who are investing in mines, cattle ranches, railroads, and generously helping Mr. Villard to boom Oregon and Northern Pacific stock. New York is, in fact, becoming a fashionable London resort.”

I first reached New York in the autumn of 1872, in the 3 early glory of the season known there as the Indian summer. I was suffering so much from asthma, that I could scarcely appreciate the scene as we steamed slowly up the lovely bay,—the clear atmosphere, and the blue water speckled over with white sails. Lowell has sung of the rare beauty of a day in June, when

“'Tis as easy for the heart to be true As for grass to be green or skies to be blue— 'Tis the natural way of living;”

but I learned to revel in those exquisite autumn days, and the magnificent aspect of the woods, on which the very rainbows seemed to have cast their mantle, together with every brilliant hue ever seen in bird or flower.

And how glad I was to find myself once more upon the solid land!

“A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep,”

may be a very pleasant song on *terra firma* , but few landsmen are in a condition to appreciate it after leaving the Mersey. Happily for mankind, a sea voyage does not of necessity involve such a painful experience to every one; on me it brings the miseries of asthma, as well as sea-sickness. I suffered from a mental irritation I cannot easily describe, as one poetical fiction after another flitted through my tortured brain, the part most affected, according to Sir James Alderson's theory, by the motion of the sea. For instance, imagine the contrast suggested by the cruel, relentless buffetings experienced throughout a voyage from Liverpool to New York, in which the equinoctial gales played their strongest part, constantly upsetting everything in the state-room, and once nearly throwing me out of my berth 4 and that line recalling the motherly tenderness enjoyed during childhood—

“ *Rocked* in the cradle of the deep.”

I felt much more in sympathy with an extraordinary sonnet to the sea which was published in one of the leading New York papers a few mornings after my arrival, commencing “Prodigious dampness.”

When I first landed, as a stranger, with but few personal friends in the whole country, I had every confidence in the kind reception promised me, but my anticipations fell far short of the reality. I found myself the recipient of a generous and never-to-be-forgotten hospitality; and I gladly embrace this opportunity of recording my heartfelt gratitude for the universal kindness lavished on me in every city I visited throughout my three tours, bringing me into direct social communion with the leading men and women in America.

On leaving the steamer I at once exchanged the few square yards sarcastically described as “a state-room,” for Mrs. Bullard's beautiful home in East 39th Street. This was made

my “headquarters”—my American home, in every sense of the word. Not only was every personal kindness showered on me by the whole family, but as Mrs. Bullard's father kept “open house,” I was introduced into New York society in the pleasantest fashion; not at stiff crowded receptions, but at genial family dinners, where the radiators and reflectors were in full force, and absorbents conspicuous by their absence. The house was the constant resort of some of the brightest and ablest American financiers, editors, poets, and artists from all parts of the country.

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To any one who associated the idea of a literary woman with the picture drawn of “the strong-minded blue-stocking” of olden days, with her *outré* manners, masculine ways, and total absence of all feminine grace, Mrs. Bullard must indeed have been a revelation. Always dressed in exquisite taste, with a remarkably handsome face, expressive eyes, and that nameless charm which belongs to the refined and cultivated lady, Mrs. Bullard impressed you as much with a sense of her brilliant social qualities as her intellectual gifts. The correspondent of several foreign magazines, busy in philanthropic enterprises, and one of the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met, she naturally attracted around her not only those interested in social and educational reforms, but the best elements in literary and artistic circles. Her “evenings at home” reminded me of the pleasantest gatherings I ever attended at certain noted houses in London and Paris, where politicians and foreign diplomatists, men of science, poets, and wits, were skilfully commingled.

On board the *Oceanic* I had encountered one of the strangest individuals I have yet met in full possession of his liberty. Attired in a heavy sealskin coat, George Francis Train introduced himself to me by exclaiming, as he struck his heart with his hand, “Madam, you have seen a Republican and a Democrat, but in me behold an American citizen.” He then presented me with a photograph of himself, beneath which was printed, after his name, “Future President of the United States,” and proceeded to inform me that directly he was installed in the White House, he should demand a large sum of money from the English Government as compensation for unjust imprisonment. Failing to receive a cable by return

acceding to his claim, it was his 6 intention to hang the English minister to a lamp-post at Washington!

In the interests of my good friend Sir Edward Thornton, it was some relief to ascertain that Mr. Train's ambitious pretensions received no support from his countrymen; the Presidential struggle was between poor Horace Greeley and General Grant, and at Mrs. Bullard's house I frequently met the former. Eccentric benevolence was the first impression made by a personal appearance which reminded you irresistibly of Dickens's Pickwick. His head was the large strong head of a self-made man, but his temperament was as impulsive as his intellect was keen. Like the English king who was accused “of never saying a foolish thing, and never doing a wise one,” it was said by many that Mr. Greeley “always advised well, but invariably acted foolishly.” He preached hard economy, but gave away his money freely to any one who asked him for it. There was something about him which told at once of the inward strife between the intellectual and emotional, while a quaint, fascinating humour ran through all his remarks on the political contest in which he was playing so conspicuous a part. He spoke with unreserved bitterness on the corruption revealed during the strife, and appeared to have lost hope, not only of his own success, but of raising the general political tone of the country.

The Grant and Greeley contest was said to be one of the bitterest on record, and I heard more than one American express his readiness to accept “the conditions of a throne whose occupant consents to be an antiquarian symbol,” rather than the long train of evils which follow in the wake of a Presidential election. The fame of hundreds of men seems 7 the cost paid for taking an active part in it. Scandals are unsparingly raked up, characters are blackened to the everlasting distress of the victim and his family, and bribery and corruption are rampant. Finally, the country for four years bows to the sway of a man accused by a large portion of it of being guilty of every possible offence against law and morality. Even Lincoln had a hard time of it, till his tragical death made his name as sacred as the heroes of old. “Speak good of the dead,” says the heathen maxim, but the Christians of the nineteenth century seem inclined to speak well of the dead only.

While people live their defects are magnified and their actions misjudged. If induced to hold out the olive branch of forgiveness to any one who has offended, it is too often in the spirit described by the American preacher as “that ugly kind of hedgehog forgiveness shot out like quills.” People set down the erring one before the blow-pipe of their indignation, scorch him and burn his fault into him, and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then they forgive him! Our forgiveness is too often conditional, like the sick negro's, who promised if he died to forgive his enemy, adding quickly, “But if I gets well, that darkie must take care!”

Mr. Greeley committed the unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Woman's Suffrage supporters of opposing their movement; they accordingly forgot his earnest advocacy of the industrial interests of the sex, that he was the first to open New York journalism to women by the employment of Margaret Fuller on the *New York Tribune.* Bitter were the reproaches heaped on his devoted head for “ his persistent and scornful mockery of woman's efforts to rise from the helplessness in which she was morassed, and the false 8 etiquette by which she was befogged”—to quote one of the singular indictments I noted at the time.

The last evening I saw Mr. Greeley, the contest was over, but the effects were lasting; family affliction, too, had overtaken him, and all the fibres of his great nature were spent and quivering. He ended our conversation by assuring me that if he knew for certain he should die before six o'clock the next morning, he should go to rest happily. Within one month the summons came, and this remarkable public man, who had writhed under the criticisms to which he had been subjected during the Presidential campaign, and the cartoons which had made him an object of ridicule throughout the civilised world, passed out of the reach of human praise or blame.

Then his country realised what they had lost! Political opponents as well as personal friends poured praises into “the dull, cold ear of death.” Thousands of men went to the hall where he lay in state to take the last look at his familiar features, and weeping women laid

immortelles on his bier. His bitterest enemies admitted his strict integrity, and his wonderful and indefatigable industry. As an inflexible foe of administrative corruption, Mr. Greeley's death caused an irreparable void in the circle of truly great and representative Americans.

When shall we learn the lesson that while honour is for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living? As Mr. Ruskin tells us, again and again we think it enough to garland the tombstone when we have refused to crown the brow. Every loyal Englishman now recalls the name of Prince Albert with a sincere regret for the contemptible hostility shown him during his lifetime. We had indeed no cause to 9 be proud of the foreign element previously introduced into the families of English sovereigns. The nation still remembered the fanatical husband of Mary and the drunken partner of Anne, and it deliberately shut its eyes to the virtues of the really good man Queen Victoria had chosen as her consort, till on a gloomy December day the news of his death was flashed through the Kingdom. Then people realised that what the word Duty had been to Arthur the Great, Progress was to Albert the Good; that he had indeed refrained from making his high place the vantage-ground of either pleasure or “winged ambitions,” but had—

“Through all this tract of years, Worn the white flower of a blameless life Before a thousand peering littlenesses, In that fierce light which beats upon a throne, And blackens every blot.”

How much wiser and nobler, amid the tumult and strife of life, to listen for the voices and watch for the lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and guide us, instead of waiting to learn their sweetness only by their silence and their light by their decay!

Political life in America is at a low ebb, owing to the disinclination of the best section of society to have anything to do with it. “You can't touch politics here and remain uncorrupted” has been frequently said to me by those who are content to stand passively by, while a crowd of wire-pullers and professional politicians fight for place and spoil.

During the last two years, however, some young men of the best families have awakened to a sense of their individual responsibility with regard to public matters, and have organised a club with the view of encouraging an active participation 10 in political movements. How much remains to be done cannot be doubted by any one who has carefully read American newspapers for a few months. I have made many extracts on this subject. As an example of the opinion of the leading papers, I will quote the following sentence from an article in a New York daily, which boldly asserts that " many public offices are filled by notoriously unfit persons, foistered into place by the worst elements that infect municipal politics." By others the scandals caused by the extravagances of the City Fathers and Aldermen are denounced in no measured terms; the *Boston Herald* , for example, declaring that "some members of the late City Council ate and drank more at the city's expense in one year than they ever did at their own cost in ten." The *Chicago Tribune* , in speaking of the defective criminal code and consequent miscarriage of justice, says: "The state laws, as a rule, provide for ignorant and vicious juries; but two classes under present practice are available. The one is composed of men who are either too illiterate to read or too indifferent to what is going on to keep themselves posted; such men are not capable of weighing evidence nor of appreciating the rights of society. The other class is composed of men who are in active sympathy with the criminal classes, and are always prepared to perjure themselves by affecting sufficient ignorance to qualify for jury service. In the one case society is the victim of ignorance, and in the other the victim of perjury. The law must be remodelled in such a manner as not merely to admit, but to require, the service of the most reputable and intelligent citizens as jurors in criminal cases." The criminal laws were evidently framed more for the escape of the offender 11 than the protection of the public, and they have naturally served to further the selfish interests of unscrupulous lawyers rather than to provide for the punishment of crime. The people have at last almost despaired of obtaining protection of life and property through the courts, for in vain have these abuses been protested against by intelligent citizens

and denounced by the Press, and however lamentable, it is scarcely surprising that the temptation to Lynch law has been in some cases irresistible.

Of course there is imperfection everywhere, in republics as well as monarchies: if we wait till angels administer government, most countries would have a long interregnum! But it is clear to those who love America, and appreciate its boundless possibilities for good or evil, that one of the sacrifices imperatively demanded of those who value their nation's well-being is time given up to public matters from personal money-getting, pleasure, or even culture. As long as the aristocracy of wealth and culture shrink from political life, or are too much absorbed in their own interests to fulfil the duties of citizenship, so long will power be in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, to the detriment of all concerned. Our European aristocracies cannot divest themselves of their responsibilities, and those who are in high positions in a republic have an equally grave task imposed upon them; they are their brother's keeper, whether they acknowledge it or no; and if no effort is made to fulfil just obligations, retribution may follow when least expected.

“The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to scourge us.”

Mr. Wallis Mackay, who crossed the Atlantic in the *City of Rome* when I made my last visit to America, shortly after 12 his arrival, visited, under police protection, some of those terrible haunts in New York answering to the dens of “the outcast poor” in London. “Why?” he asked, “are such vile places allowed to exist?” The patrol replied, “For the rents, of course; and then, too, the votes are important.” There is a terrible undercurrent seething already in the hearts of the poorer classes, and the envious selfishness of poverty is rising up in natural reaction against the ostentatious selfishness of wealth. Two Americans were walking on Fifth Avenue last winter, and discussing this very subject. “Look there,” said one, pointing to the palace of a well-known millionaire, “I should never be surprised to see a riot in front of that house.”

Many thoughtful men regarded the terrible three days which took place in Cincinnati last March as the “fruition of as many decades of political and moral degeneracy.” The better element in Cincinnati has now learnt, by an exceptionally bitter experience, that public duties cannot be shirked without absolute danger. Every effort must be made to purify municipal government by selecting, without reference to political views, men of irreproachable integrity and undoubted qualifications for offices of trust and responsibility. It is to be hoped that other cities will take the lesson to heart, without waiting to have the consequences of similar neglect burnt into their very souls by so fatal an experience. When this is done dangerous agitations will be less frequent, and the cherished rights of life and property will be duly respected in the United States.

CHAPTER II.

Reception at Steinway Hall—The Sorosis Club—Mrs. Croly—Miss Mary L. Booth—Louise Chandler Moulton—Clergywomen—Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi—Harper's printing-office—Riverside Press at Cambridge, Mass.—Women printers and the Victoria Press—Queen Victoria's views on women's spheres—Mr. Gladstone on monopolies—Messrs. Young, Ladd, & Coffin's manufactory of Lundborg's Perfumes—Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony—Hon. Gerrit Smith at Peterboro—Winter travelling in America—Mrs. Parke Godwin and an Art reception.

An American paper remarked that when I returned to England and was asked what most struck me with wonder and pleasure in the United States, I could reply, promptly and truthfully, “The superb reception given me at Steinway Hall,” for, it continued, “no such demonstration has hitherto been witnessed on this continent.”

I certainly shall ever remember with grateful pride the kind recognition I received that night, when every face on that crowded platform belonged to some one known to fame, and the body of the hall itself was packed from floor to ceiling “with as notable an audience as ever gathered within its walls.” The programme of the Reception Committee is a record of the

representative ladies of New York, all eminent in literature, art, science, and industry. As it indicates the professional revolution of the last decade, it must have a place in these reminiscences.

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Journalists.

Miss Mary Booth, Editor of *Harper's Bazaar.*

Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, Editor of *Hearth and Home.*

Mrs. Croly, Editor of *Demorest's Monthly.*

Authors.

Mrs. E. D. R. Stoddart.

Mrs. Mary Bradley.

Miss Virginia Townsend.

Artists.

Mrs. Eliza Greatorex.

Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, Principal of School of Design, C.I.

Physicians.

Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M.D.

Miss Sarah E. Furnas, M.D.

Mrs. S. M. Ellis, M.D.

Dramatic and Musical.

Mrs. Edwin Booth.

Mrs. Van Zandt.

Miss Antoinette Sterling.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

Miss M. A. Simens.

Engravers.

Miss Charlotte B. Coggswell, (Principal of the School of Engraving, C.I.)

Miss S. F. Fuller.

Industrial.

Madme. Bussonie, Forewoman at Arnold, Constable, & Co.

Mrs. Rampden, Supt. of Ladies' Department, Lord & Taylor.

Miss Mary Moore, President of the Woman's Typographical Union.

Miss Snow, Professor of Telegraphy.

Associate Ladies.

Mrs. F. Bryant Godwin.

Mrs. Jonathan Sturgis.

Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt.

Mrs. O. B. Frothingham.

Mrs. E. L. Youmans.

Mrs. Henry M. Field.

Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard.

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Such a Committee naturally brought together a representative gathering, unique in its character, and graceful alike in its recognition of woman's work and English effort. Long before the hour that huge building was completely filled; there were even people in the dreary haunt of the gods—the upper gallery,—and many stood throughout the evening, being unable to obtain sitting-room in any part of the hall.

Never shall I forget my feelings as I threaded my way across the crowded platform, just as Miss Toedt commenced a solo on the violin. After this Mrs. Van Zandt sang “Waiting,” and Miss Antoinette Sterling closed the evening's proceedings by singing “A man's a man for a' that,” and evoked the greatest enthusiasm. Mrs. Henry Field, who occupied the chair, gave me a formal and generous welcome, and then spoke at length on the dignity of labour, claiming that the woman who supports herself is entitled to ascend in the social as she does in the moral scale; not be pitied or patronised, but to be respected for her spirit of independence. No law can secure her such respect, no decree of a court of justice can fix her social position, it must be freely accorded by society as a homage to her true womanly dignity. The world makes an exception for the woman of genius, and if by voice, pen, or pencil she adds to its pleasures, it throws at her feet crowns of flowers and harvests of gold. “Why is it,” naturally asked Mrs. Field, “that the thought of a lady working for money

in any other sphere—even that of the teacher, so important to the family and society—is still so reluctantly accepted? To work, and to work for pay, is no disgrace. A woman who feels an inspiration cannot work without an object, merely to kill time." Genius, and even talent, is given to few, and the idea that brain-work is alone 16 fitted for a lady compelled to work has made shipwreck of the life and happiness of many women. Naturally they shrink from vocations, foolishly made a badge of social inferiority.

Mrs. Field made an eloquent appeal to all present "to avoid an idle, aimless life, dependence upon friends, or, what is worse, marriage to escape work or to gain a position. If you cannot work with your brains," she continued, "work with your hands,—bravely, openly, keeping your self-respect and independence. Work was never meant to be a curse or a shame; it is the surest element of growth and happiness. Better be a good dressmaker than a bad teacher or weak writer for magazines. With women rests the power to right their sex from an absurd prejudice, and those possessed of wealth, talent, or position should never fail to recognise, with real sympathy, the honest worker, however humble."

When this address was concluded, I was called upon to speak of the rise and progress of the movement in England; and as I rose and received from that significant audience a welcome as overpowering as it was gratifying, only those can imagine my feelings who have themselves stood before some vast assembly in a foreign land, conscious alike of personal shortcomings and responsibility. I endeavoured to describe the change which has taken place in England during the last fifty years, machinery having effected a complete revolution in our domestic economy, taking woman's work, in the lower branches of industry, out of the home into the manufactory; the increasing number of educated ladies desiring remunerative employment, some as a means whereby to live, others to satisfy a higher craving, alluding to those who fail to find rest for their souls 17 in an endless round of unsatisfying amusements. I freely acknowledged that if the leaders of the movement measured the result of past efforts by the number of fresh avenues already opened, I thought we should have little cause for congratulation; but when we estimated the changed

tone of public opinion in regard to these matters, there seemed no reason to regret the earnest work and patient waiting, for at last the co-operation of the general public had been obtained, and this is a most important step towards the true solution of this difficult and delicate problem.

Another notable gathering took place about the same time at Delmonico's, when I sat down with two hundred ladies in the large dining-hall of this popular restaurant—the guest of the Sorosis Club. The Sorosis was the first woman's club formed in New York. It was organised in 1869, to promote “mental activity and pleasant social intercourse,” and in spite of a severe fire of hostile criticism and misrepresentation, it has evinced a sturdy vitality, and really demonstrated its right to exist by a large amount of beneficent work. Miss Alice Cary was its first president, but ill-health soon compelled her to resign the office; its earliest list of members included 38 ladies engaged in literature, 6 editors, 12 poets, 6 musicians, 25 authors, 2 physicians, 4 professors, 2 artists, 9 teacher, 10 lecturers, 1 historian, 1 scientific author, and a host of smaller lights. These ladies pledged themselves to work for the release of women from the disabilities which debar them from a due participation in the rewards of industrial and professional labour—in short, to promote all that is brave, noble, and true in the sex. Some people still ask, “What has Sorosis done?” I believe it has been the stepping-stone to useful public careers, and the source of B 18 inspiration to many ladies. Anyhow it has proved that women are not destitute of the power of acting harmoniously together, but can tolerate differences, respect devotion to principle, and meet on higher ground than that of mere personal liking or identity of social clique. Miss Frances Power Cobbe and I were elected during the first year honorary foreign members, and duly presented with the insignia worn by the sisterhood. At the Sorosis monthly social meetings, after luncheon, papers are read on all kinds of subjects, and discussions follow which elicit various opinions, and the president then sums up the arguments that have been advanced, and pronounces her verdict thereon. Mrs. Croly, who has held this office for the last four years, is particularly happy in this branch of her duty, always casting some new and practical light on the subject under her discussion. This

lady is perhaps best known under her *nom de plume* “Jennie June.” She is not only the presiding genius of *Demorest's Monthly* , but sends throughout the American press spirited newspaper letters, not simply on matters of grave importance, but on topics of dress and fashion so dear to the heart of the sex—even the strong-minded contingent! Mrs. Croly's weekly re-unions in her pleasant home in East 71st Street attract all literary and artistic New-Yorkers, and most of the notable strangers passing through the city.

Not less delightful are Miss Booth's “Saturday evenings,” when, much to the satisfaction of her large circle of friends, she and Miss Wright keep “open house.” The rare judgment displayed by this accomplished woman as the editor of *Harper's Bazaar* has made that paper one of the best of its kind, and a valuable source of income to its proprietors. She 19 is a fine German scholar, and first made her mark by her translations. Like Mrs. Croly, day in and day out, Miss Booth is to be found in her editorial room in the publisher's office; both ladies combine business talent with literary skill and culture, and know how to return “rejected manuscripts” with kind, encouraging words that soften the aspirant's disappointment. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose friendship I fortunately made at this early stage of my American tour, is, on the other hand, purely intellectual: her delightful letters on all kinds of literary and social subjects and foreign travel, over the signature L. C. M., are deservedly prized, and have a high market value. Her stories for children prove her title to one of the rarest gifts in literature; she is also a poetess, a veritable singer, whose “songs spring from the heart”—full of delicate fancies, glowing with fervour and unrivalled in grace of expression. Her volume entitled “Swallow Flights” lies in a treasured nook near at hand, but I dare not single out the favourite poems—they are too numerous.

At Sorosis I made my first acquaintance with a *clergy-woman* ,—a new departure indeed to one reared in all the prejudices of English Episcopalianism. The venerable Lucretia Mott and other ladies had often preached; Mrs. Van Cote had occupied Methodist pulpits; but the Rev. Olympia Brown and the Rev. Celia Burleigh were regularly ordained clergywomen, and many others have since followed in their lead. Mrs. Burleigh belonged to the Unitarian denomination, and it was the dying wish of her husband that she should

devote herself to the ministry. On the day of her ordination the village church was decked with flowers; a large cross of autumn leaves decorated the back 20 of the pulpit, and on the front of it was placed a heart formed of exquisite tube and tea roses. The Rev. Phœbe Hanaford opened the service with prayer; the Rev. John A. Chadwick preached from Matt. xvi. 19, “The keys of the kingdom of heaven,” and during his sermon claimed that to further God's work on earth they had “assembled to ordain this woman.” The ordination prayer was pronounced by the Rev. W. P. Tilden, and the Rev. W. T. Potter gave the charge. A letter was read from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher regretting his enforced absence, and offering Mrs. Burleigh “the right hand of fellowship in the Christian ministry,” stating his belief that there are “elements of the gospel which a woman can bring out far more successfully than a man can.” Certainly it must be admitted that women are naturally reverent, spiritual-minded, and inclined to faith. Throughout the world women form the bulk of Church organisations, and are the chief attendants at its services. Some regard them as “the custodians of religion;” and therefore if a chosen few feel inclined to embrace the clerical calling, perhaps it would be better to dismiss our prejudices, and allow them to preach the gospel of glad tidings in an official capacity. Mrs. Burleigh remained for some years with the congregation which installed her as its duly authorised minister, but she has now been called upon to render an account of her stewardship to One who is no respecter of sex or persons.

Among the first women physicians who interested me I must name Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi, the daughter of the well-known publisher, in whose company I spent a most agreeable day while visiting some of the charitable institutious in New York with the members of the Acadian Club. 21 During an excursion up the East River, a very amusing incident took place. The trip was organised in honour of Mr. Froude as well as myself, and it included an impromptu visit to the school-ship *Mercury* , which was anchored off Hart's Island. Captain Giraud was taken much by surprise at the unexpected signal; to fire a gun and have the boys out on parade was the work of a moment, but to “place his guests,” and distinguish between their names, was quite another affair. He mixed them up quite as

hopelessly as Buttercup in *The Pinafore* mixed up the babies, and proceeded to introduce me to the officers as Mrs. Froude, and Mr. Froude as Mr. Faithfull, to the overwhelming confusion of the historian, who had left a wife at home, and had no intention of starting another Mrs. Froude in America.

At the time I speak of, Miss Putnam, who was unmarried, was the frequent guest of one of my oldest and most valued friends, Miss Kate Hillard of Brooklyn, with whom I was also staying. Many lady doctors have now won their way to splendid positions,—some are earning from 10,000 to 20,000 dollars a year; but medical men freely acknowledge that Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi would be regarded, “even as a man,” as one of the most prominent members of the profession. Her diploma was obtained in Paris, and one of her ablest publications is an article contributed to the *New York Medical Journal* respecting her observations in the Paris hospitals during the siege of that city. She won there a prize in the shape of a medal in the French École de Médicine, and has recently published a book which has become an accepted authority on the diseases dealt with. I am told pathology is her strong point, and perhaps this is the most intricate branch of the healing science.

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It may be noted here that the first medical college for women was opened at Boston in 1848, when twelve valiant women ventured to brave the ridicule that assailed the movement. Miss Blackwell—English by birth—had already graduated from Geneva College, and was then the only woman with a diploma in the States. To-day there are numbers practising medicine with more or less of a degree, but I have Dr. Putnam-Jacobi's authority for stating, that while in 1882 we had 19 registered women practitioners in England, there are more than 400 qualified lady doctors in America. An excellent article, asking, “Shall women practise medicine?” will be found in the *North American Review* (January 1882), in which Dr. Putnam-Jacobi combats the prejudice which still exists in some circles even in “the land of the free.”

A visit to Messrs. Harpers' celebrated printing-office in Franklin Square was a great treat to me. I felt at home as I stood in their composing-rooms watching the bright industrious girls at case, setting up type with expedition and accuracy. It reminded me of the days when my own Victoria Press struggled into an existence that had an effect far beyond its own little immediate centre, and fortunately secured the Queen's approval, and drew from Her Majesty not only a personal warrant, as a mark of her satisfaction with work executed for her, but the most gracious expression of cordial interest in the opening of all new and appropriate industries to women, further informing me that Mr. Woodward, recently appointed librarian, had employed ladies, at the Queen's suggestion, to aid him in making out a catalogue of Her Majesty's books.

A visit to Harvard a few weeks later was still more gratifying, 23 when Mr. Houghton, one of the proprietors of the Riverside Press, took me over that vast establishment. The composing-room is ninety feet long, the walls were adorned with engravings, the window-sills bright with flowers, embellishments said to be due to “refining feminine influence.” The men and women were working side by side; and Mr. Houghton spoke in glowing terms, not so much of the work done by nimble feminine fingers, but of the moral effect, of the women's presence there. Bad language and bad habits had been banished, and he declared it was impossible to overrate the good achieved, adding, that in the mere interests of business nothing would induce him for the future to let the men and women work in separate rooms. This Press is justly esteemed one of the model printing-offices in America. It reminded me of the good old days when the printer was always a scholar. The heads of departments were college men, Harvard, Yale, and Williams being all represented in the counting-office. On concluding the tour of inspection, Mr. Houghton reminded me of a visit he had paid to my London printing establishment, adding that the idea of introducing women compositors into his own office had been due to what he had seen and heard at the Victoria Press. Then, indeed, I felt amply repaid for the anxieties attending my early efforts in this direction, for I realised that not only had they helped English girls, but influenced the fate of their American sisters across the Atlantic Ocean. It

is true that here and there women had gained a footing in printing-offices before this. It is even said that the original document of the Declaration of Independence was printed by a lady, one Mary Catherine Goddard. Penelope Russell succeeded her husband in printing 24 *The Censor* at Boston in 1771; and it is recorded that she not only set type rapidly at case, but often would set up short sketches without any copy at all, “a feat of memory,” says the American newspaper reporter, “rivalling those attributed to Bret Harte while on the Pacific coast.” Mrs. Jane Atkin of Boston was also noted in 1802 as a thorough printer and most accurate proof-reader. Several English solitary cases might be cited, and one or two attempts—notably at M'Corquodale's printing-offices—had been made on a small scale previous to the opening of the Victoria Press. But when I first attempted to introduce women as compositors, it was still no easy matter to overcome the opposition of the trades-union. As Mr. Gladstone said in his speech on monopolies, “The printer's monopoly is a powerful combination, which has for its first principle that no woman shall be employed —for reasons obvious enough—viz., that women are admirably suited for that trade, having a niceness of touch which would enable them to handle type better than men.” The Victoria Press was opened in 1860 in the face of a determined opposition, and I was only able to make a success of what was deemed by many “a rash experiment,” thanks to the liberal support accorded by friends who appreciated the difficulties raised by those who tried to check the movement by every means in their power. The opposition was not only directed against the capitalist, but the girl apprentices were subjected to all kinds of annoyance. Tricks of a most unmanly nature were resorted to, their frames and stools were covered with ink to destroy their dresses unawares, the letters were mixed up in their boxes, and the cases were emptied of “sorts.” The men who were induced to come 25 into the office to work the presses and teach the girls, had to assume false names to avoid detection, as the printers' union forbade their aiding the obnoxious scheme. Even towards the close of 1879, in response for an extra hand to fulfil pressing orders, the Secretary of the London Society of Compositors stated that “unless an assurance could be given that the said compositor would not be called on to assist the females in any way,” no Society man could be sent; and a resolution was passed by that Society to the effect “that no man

belonging to it should touch work in any way handled by women," and the members were ordered to leave any office directly it was "discovered that women were employed as type-setters." Nevertheless, after some years of work and anxiety, and a serious loss of money, in spite of foes without and traitors within, property purposely destroyed, and machinery wantonly injured, the little bark was steered through the natural and artificial perils by which it was surrounded, and, after an existence of twenty years, it accomplished the work for which it was specially designed, for compositors were drafted from it into other printing-offices, and the business has been practically opened to women.

Another scene of female industry interested me greatly in New York. Mr. Rimmel claims to have been the first to have employed women in England on a large scale in the manufacture of perfumes, and Messrs. Young, Ladd, & Coffin, the makers of Lundborg's exquisite perfumes and Rhenish Cologne, are entitled to the same honour in America. "The rich man's luxury is the poor man's bread;" if scent must rank as a luxury, it certainly is one which affords work for thousands. But it is more than that, it is a sanitary agent 26 as well, and an adjunct to the refinements of life with which a high civilisation cannot dispense. The floral world is full of sweet perfumes, and Nature has thus justified a delight in pleasures drawn from her own storehouse. In Messrs. Young, Ladd, & Coffin's establishment in Broadway I found a large number of women employed in bottling, corking, and labelling the dainty perfumes manufactured there, which not only hold their own in America against the scents imported from old-established European laboratories, but are rapidly becoming popular with us in England. The Prince of Wales has singled out "The Edenia" as one of his favourite perfumes. Its delicacy and exquisite odour is not to be surpassed. The marvellous fragrance of American flowers cannot fail to impress the English traveller, but efforts to cultivate them on flower-farms for the purpose of perfume manufacture—similar to those seen in France and Italy—are checked by the difficulties at present surrounding the labour question. The "extracts" are now imported largely from the Old World; but I may note that the perfumes made by Young, Ladd, & Coffin are put into dainty bottles, some of those I most admired being the "Limoges jugs" made by the

women-workers at the famous Cincinnati Rockwood Pottery, which is under the control of a very clever lady, the daughter of the wealthy wine-grower Mr. Longworth. Some of the plaques, bowls, and vases produced at this pottery have deservedly received the recognition of leading Art connoisseurs. Young, Ladd, & Coffin, unlike Mr. Rimmel, confine themselves entirely to the manufacture of scents, while he is always breaking out in some new direction. For the benefit of ocean travellers, let me recommend as an excellent cabin companion Rimmel's recent invention, 27 “The Aromatic Ozonizer.” It not only acts as a natural air purifier, but is reviving and health-giving as well, emitting the wonderful virtues of the pine and eucalyptus trees. It has a marvellous effect on the respiratory organs, and always brings back to me the delicious fragrance of the pine-woods of Arcachon, a delightful resort on the coast of Spain, where I spent some months a few years since.

During my residence at Mrs. Bullard's I was introduced to two of the best-known women suffragists, Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. They both struck me as thoroughly disinterested, and equally in earnest about “the cause” to which their lives have been devoted. Mrs. Stanton, a charming old lady with fascinating silver curls, is full of fun and vivacity, and abounds in anecdotes and witticisms: rather than not tell a good story, she will narrate a joke against herself. She was the first to advocate in America the woman's right to vote, introducing a motion, at the Convention held in July 1848 at Seneca Falls, much even to the alarm of Lucretia Mott. The resolution was carried, and laid the foundation of the struggle which is going on at the present hour. Recently Mrs. Stanton and her friend Miss Anthony have been spending much time in England, and those present at the suffrage meeting held in St. James's Hall in 1883 will not easily forget how the former came to the rescue when mutiny in the camp itself caused an amendment to be proposed which threatened the peace of the meeting. But for the oil poured on the troubled waters by a most opportune speech from this handsome, venerable-looking American lady, I doubt if order would have been restored. And yet in their own country I have heard Mrs Stanton and Miss Anthony described as the “most pertinacious incendiaries, 28 diligent forgers of all manner of projectiles, from fireworks to thunderbolts, which they have

hurled with unexpected explosion into the midst of all manner of educational, reformatory and religious conventions, sometimes to the pleasant surprise of the members, but more often to the bewilderment of numerous victims, and the gnashing of angry men's teeth."

Mrs. Stanton took me to one of the most perfect American homes I visited, the head of which, the Hon. Gerrit Smith, was known and respected throughout the States for his efforts as an Abolitionist. I spent a pleasant Christmas in his hospitable house at Peterboro, once the refuge of the fugitive slave, where an equally hearty welcome awaited the red man in the days when that part of the State of New York was peopled by Indians. In Gerrit Smith, America lost one of her grandest citizens, for his life was one prolonged tale of beneficence. He gave over 200,000 acres of land in farms of 50 acres each to poor white and coloured men, and his immense wealth enabled him to respond as his generosity dictated to all charitable appeals. I shall neither forget the happy month spent with his family, nor my perilous journey from his house in a blinding January snow-storm, when a lecture engagement compelled me, in spite of the severity of the weather, to leave its hospitable shelter. If the reader cares to picture our descent to the Cannostata Station —Peterboro is 900 feet above it—let him imagine himself in some elevated position, overlooking a wide expanse of country white with snow, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero! Presently the sound of sleigh-bells can be heard, then a moving mass of snow might be seen: the very horses are covered with snow, and the 29 people in the sleigh are crouching together to shield each other as far as may be from the biting cold. You cannot discover their rank, age, or sex, for they are all muffled up in hoods, from which icicles are hanging. One unhappy man, however, is forced to keep a leg out of the sleigh, for the road is a sheet of ice, and he must be ready to spring out at a moment's notice to hold the sleigh as it swings round, to prevent it from going over the precipices which have to be passed in this perilous fashion. Every now and then the snow-drifts are so deep that the road threatens to become impassable. At last, after a drive of two hours, the depôt is reached in safety, and the sense of thankfulness, especially on the part of the driver, who best knew the dangers of the way, can be better imagined than described. The

sensations with which a snow-storm is regarded in America depend upon your position and prospective enterprises. If you are travelling across a wild prairie, no more terrible thing can befall you than a driving snow. Even in the train your fate is far from enviable: the locomotive is frosted over, the windows of the cars are glazed with ice, the track is undistinguishable; there is nothing to guide the eye, you seem to be crossing fields, plunging into forest at random, while the engine-bells are ringing wildly and shrieking in a peculiarly American fashion. You have a fair prospect of getting into a snow-drift and remaining there for the night, and your chances of fulfilling an engagement are of the vaguest description. Just before this journey I accompanied Mrs. Parke Godwin1 to the Art reception given in the studio buildings in New York, and saw Mr. Jervis MacEntee's famous picture of a locomotive tearing wildly through a

1 Daughter of the poet William Cullen Bryant.

 fearful snow-drift, its red light fiercely glaring on a signalman standing to the right of it. After this experience I realised the full force of the situation, and should like to have purchased that painting, to give friends at home some idea of winter travel in America. Word-painting is quite inadequate to the task.

CHAPTER III.

The President at the White House—Washington etiquette—Caste in America—Women Lobbyists—Women employed in the Civil Service—Verdict of General Spinner on the female clerks—Lady John Manners and the English notion of their social position—Draughtswomen in English engineer offices—Conversation with Senator Sumner on Republicanism and English loyalty to Queen Victoria—Grace Greenwood.

Receptions at the White House, though considered equivalents to Her Majesty's drawing-rooms, are widely different affairs.

I made my first appearance at one of the earliest General Grant held after his election. Lady Thornton, who was to introduce me, being ill, kindly placed me in the care of Mrs.

Fish, who conducted me through a densely packed mass of people extending from the hall to the reception-room. Even in the great Republic there are privileged ways and privileged people; and thanks to the lady in question, the wife of the Secretary of State, I was soon in the presence of the President of the United States, Mrs. Grant, and their daughter Nelly, who had, for more than two hours, been shaking hands with each member of a huge assemblage which can only be described as a crowd!

What would happen if Republican institutions involved the use of court trains I cannot imagine! For my own part, I must frankly confess I greatly prefer being allowed to pay my 32 respects to the head of the nation at this hour of the day in an ordinary afternoon costume, to the inflictions which have to be endured at the kindred ceremony at our English Court. To begin with, never since extreme infancy had I worn a low-necked, sleeveless dress till the day of my first presentation to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I cannot say I appreciated driving in this condition on a bitter March morning, in broad daylight, through a crowd of London roughs, or shivering, thanks to the unwonted scantiness of my attire, in the Palace, while I waited for two hours in the large drawing-room, surrounded by a crowd of splendidly dressed but impatient ladies, for my turn to enter the presence-chamber. When this goal is reached, your train, which has hitherto been held over your arm to prevent its being torn off your back and trampled under the ruthless feet of dowagers eager for admission into the august presence of their sovereign, is seized by one page-in-waiting at the door and hastily arranged by another; the Lord Chamberlain announces your name to the Queen, you make your obeisance, bow to the other members of the Royal Family, and back out, in a crab-like fashion, as best you can, with this unusual encumbrance at your heels. Frantic efforts are needed to secure your carriage, and home is reached with the pleasing consciousness that the fatigue and exposure will probably insure you a severe attack of bronchitis. The Queen is rigidly severe in her regulations about low dresses at such ceremonies, and has seldom been induced to relax the rule. Her subjects must be brave enough to risk pulmonary affections

or stay away from drawing-rooms usually held during the bitter east winds for which our early English springs are noted.

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But the absence of court trains and feathers do not denote that our American cousins are indifferent to personal adornment, or that points of etiquette are disregarded in the great Republic. The ordinary Congressman may be shabby in his invariable suit of black broadcloth, but his wife and daughters are resplendent in Paris gowns, and very marvels in the style of their hats and bonnets. Indeed the magnificent dresses in which the ladies may be seen from the dawn of day to its decline, and the diamonds which flash on all sides in rings, pins, brooches, and hair ornaments, surpass description.

And as to etiquette, Washington rules are as stringent as those of monarchical circles in Europe: a session at the capital is considered indispensable to the success of social fashionable life. Grand entertainments are given, and the newspapers record these events in a style worthy of the London *Court Journal.* Official circles are often thrown into confusion by a question of “precedence.” Great trouble has been known at Washington during the last year, the fact that both President and Vice-President are widowers having afforded a fruitful source of contention among the leading ladies as to who has the best right to precedence at the White House.

Perfect equality is of course an essential principle of a Republic, and America is popularly supposed to be the happy land in which class privileges and all distinctions not founded on moral or intellectual worth are despised. I was accordingly surprised to find that these little matters are by no means “more honoured in the breach than the observance” in the States; and though I was often assailed about our aristocratic institutions and peerage worship, I C 34 never went to a city in which I did not hear remarks which implied the existence of its equivalent. “Mrs. So-and-so,—oh, we don't visit her, she is not in the best set,” has met my ear continually, though perhaps Americans have not yet rivalled the exclusiveness of the Oxonian, who excused himself for not attempting to save a drowning

man on the plea that he had “never been introduced to him.” Americans boast of their freedom from the Britisher's recognition of different ranks and grades in society, but all candid persons will acknowledge to a growing love of caste distinctions in that country. Society there has its dividing lines, its high fences, which separate individuals dwelling in the same city, as distinctly as prejudice, blood, or education separate the aristocrat from the peasant in the Old World. While the meagreness of mere “blue blood” is daily becoming more apparent to the cultured Englishman, Columbia is casting her eyes longingly in the direction of empty titles, and while despising monarchical government, shows a keen appreciation of the trappings of royalty. Even Mrs. Julia Ward Howe accuses her countrymen of being too ready to “extend their hands, to welcome that which is least worthy in the society of the Old World.”

One curious feature about the Chamber of Representatives at Washington is the free admission of ladies to an unscreened gallery. If they wish to hear a debate, they are not shut up as at Westminster in a kind of sheep pen, and carefully concealed behind a grating. As far as I could judge, this courtesy produces no fatal effects upon American legislators. The terrible results predicted in the event of the removal of the wired-off cage from which alone English women can listen to the wisdom which flows from the lips 35 of British law-makers, have not overtaken the representatives of the great Republic; and when I saw the comfortable quarters assigned to feminine spectators at Washington, and contrasted them with the barred cage in the House of Commons, I could not help feeling that Britons were still too near akin to Turks in their arrangements for lady auditors. But the world moves, and though, like Edgar Poe's raven, English women “still are sitting” behind that brass fret-work, I cannot believe they will do so for “evermore.” People will some day feel ashamed of a custom approaching Eastern barbarism.

Each member of Congress has his own desk and highly ornamented spittoon, and it certainly struck me that some of them were far more interested in their private correspondence and tobacco-chewing than in the discussion before the House. We are taught in England that the true American is equal to an eloquent extempore speech

at a moment's notice, and that he is taught to address “Mr. President” before he is out of swaddling clothes. Certainly a Congressman speaks with wonderful and vehement gesticulation on the simplest question—such as an order to print a report; but though he may not stammer nor hesitate like an ordinary Englishman, who, as a rule, does not shine at speech-making, it must be confessed that there is not too much eloquence to be heard at Washington. No speaker I listened to, perhaps, recalled the description given of the bashful lover in “Zekle's Courtin'”—a satire really applied by a Boston critic to an eminent English lecturer:—

“He stood a spell on one foot fust, Then stood a spell on t' other; And on the one he felt the wurst He couldn't have told you nuther;”

but the unsatisfactory nature of the explanations of two members on that occasion, who were frantically endeavouring to “set themselves right before the country,” irresistibly brought to my recollection the description of the foundering of a Mississippi steamboat:—

“She hove and sot and sot and hove, And high her rudder flung— And every time she hove and sot A wusser leak she sprung!”

They certainly did not get out of their difficulty as wittily as their accomplished countrywoman Grace Greenwood, who was tackled by a Chicago journalist for her anathema at the House when the Colorado State Admission Bill was defeated. Not only did she deny having “invested in Denver lots,” and repudiate the possession of a single rail-road share in the territory, but she sarcastically added, “If my Chicago brother should speak well of heaven, I would not suspect him of having treasures laid up there!”

The representatives of the American people appear to fail as signally to fulfil the expectations of exacting constituents as our members in the Lower House, if an opinion can be based on conversations heard in railway cars and hotel parlours, and the tone of the Press generally. One speaker, alluding to the session which concluded in March

1882, bid a fierce adieu to “a recreant legislature;” another hoped a “ day of reckoning would overtake those departing with the spoils of office;” while an editor, in a stringent article reviewing the closing scenes of the Congress, boldly asserted that “if they were not more than usually disgraceful, there were at least one or two speeches which proved that some members 37 were not any too sober in the early hours of Sunday morning.” The characteristic Yankee is apt to declare he can “beat creation hollow” in most things and in spite of the scenes enacted of late years in our House of Commons, I do not feel inclined to dispute with him if he cares to claim the palm for Congress, as far as turbulence and disorder are concerned. Of course the night in question is not to be taken as a fair specimen of the proceedings to be witnessed at the capital. To begin with, night sittings are the exception, and not, as with us, the rule, and perhaps this might account for the hilarity which prevailed at the final meeting of this forty-seventh Congress, when a portly gentleman, who made a peculiar windmill movement with a pair of singularly long arms, greatly to the distress of those in his immediate vicinity, remarked, that “too much whisky having been taken out of bond in the House that night, he moved for a recess, in order that all might cool.”

I have heard trustworthy Americans say that nothing but a high sense of personal honour will keep Congressmen, as things now stand, from taking a pecuniary interest in undertakings on which they are called upon to legislate; and as at one time no member of a religious community in Massachusetts undertook any perilous enterprise without a public petition for guidance and security, it is possible that the story is true of the minister who read from the pulpit the following remarkable and suggestive announcement: “Our beloved brother Jonathan P. Davis being about to go to Congress, his wife requests the prayers of the congregation.” This gives a point to the satire contributed by Moncure Conway to *Harper's Magazine* of the conversation overheard at a London play. After the hero's first theft, the man in 38 front of Mr. Conway remarked, “He's a fair candidate for Newgate Gaol;” his friend replied, “If he went to America, he'd be a fair candidate for Congress.”

I had been told that “the perilously pretty, persistent fair lobbyist” was a characteristic feature of Washington life. I cannot say I became personally familiar with any one of this class, but I did meet ladies, with just claims, working in the interests of husband, brother, or children, who were brave enough, and endowed with sufficient perseverance, in spite of every obstacle and discouragement, to obtain the just recognition of their cause, after many a weary fight and disheartening delay.

The employment of women in the Government offices was a very interesting fact to me. I found them in the Treasury Department employed as counters of fractional and other currency, copyists, clerks and messengers; in the War Office and Postal Department, as well as in the Printing, Pension, and Patent Offices. In a private audience accorded me by the President, he assured me of his anxiety to promote the industrial interests of women, and their “better pay,” but confessed he was opposed to female suffrage.

In spite of the amendment to an Appropriation Act passed years ago, directing that women should be paid the same as men when engaged in the same work, and authorising their appointment to the higher men's grade, the law remains to this very hour a dead letter, and the advocates of the franchise naturally declare that the ballot alone will enable women to obtain equal wage for equal service. Ex-Secretary Boutwell is said to have practically encouraged the promotion of women more than any other Cabinet officer, having placed a lady in charge of a division of Internal 39 Revenue, and given her the same salary as other chiefs of division.

In counting money and detecting counterfeit coin, it is freely acknowledged that women are more rapid than men and more accurate. Their fingers fly like lightning among the bundles of bank-notes and sheets of revenue stamps. General Spinner, in speaking of the keenness of the lady-clerks in the detection of forged paper and money, once remarked, “A man has always a reason for a counterfeit, forty may be, but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says, 'It's counterfeit because it's counterfeit;' and she's always right, though she couldn't tell why, if she were to be hung for it.” I suppose it is this

quality in women which made the late John Sterling accuse them of having “kangaroo minds,”—leaping from point to point with unerring instinct, instead of arriving at the right conclusion by reasonable argument.

There has been some controversy in England as to the class from which the female clerks in Washington are drafted. Lady John Manners stated in the *Quarter Review* (January 1882) that “they were the widows and daughters of officers who had died in the service of their country, or had filled high places in the Civil Service.” This was contradicted, and a Glasgow newspaper went so far as to declare that this was only true of those who could influence, “either by bribery, or perhaps baser means, the official dispensers of favours.” It is indeed a well-known fact that the traffic in Government berths is brisk, and has been the real cause of many a scandal. But from what I gathered from information obtained at head-quarters, the statement made by Lady John Manners was perfectly correct. The *New York Tribune* 40 (April 15, 1883) also stated that “a book could be filled with the pathetic histories of the women in the Civil Service. Many are soldiers' widows.” Undoubtedly there have been scandals; even incompetent women have been elected, through political influence or official favour, but this may be attributed to what I heard an American describe as “the faultiest Civil Service in the world.” The best women throughout America are only asking for *justice:* they wish for a rigid examination as a test of fitness, and promotion on the ground of merit only. As Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has emphasized, in his able book on the British Civil Service, it is far better for all concerned to have a service based on merit than on politics.

It is to be hoped that the days of “back-stairs influence” are over everywhere. For some time efforts were made in London to keep exclusively for the educated daughters of what we term “people of gentle birth” positions of a higher grade than those generally held by ordinary clerks; but when Mr. Fawcett became Postmaster-General he threw open to public competition this class of appointments. In Russia the ladies employed in the telegraph offices are obliged to know four languages. They are usually connected with leading official families, and their social position remains unaffected by their occupation.

In England 4353 women are in the Civil Service employ, nearly 8 per cent. of the total number engaged. The salaries of the chief clerks amount to £170 a year, but very few ladies in London, I regret to say, receive £200, though the authorities speak highly of their work, and admit that if they are less ambitious, they are more conscientious than men.

Naturally, in olden times, caste distinctions and social 41 prejudices had far more weight than they have now. Even men of high degree only reaped the fruits of industry in revenues, themselves remaining an aristocracy—warlike, ecclesiastical, political, and fashionable, according to their age and country. But a change has come over the world. Civilisation is no longer in the keeping of a limited aristocracy; social power and personal culture are in other hands than those which once held them; our gentlemen are no longer only to be found in the ranks of a leisured aristocracy; our men of business are now drawn from our best families, and English women of the same rank are beginning to see that work is not only honourable in a man, but that idleness is discreditable even in a woman.

The legacy of the past, however, still weighs heavily enough and those promoting the employment of women must keep before all entering the labour market in any capacity the dignity of faithfully performed service, and the necessity for special training to insure the best quality of work. An aptitude for skilled work does not come by nature, as Dogberry insisted reading and writing did. Even the characteristic faculty for nursing, as Florence Nightingale points out, is useless without special training. The heavenborn musician and painter cherish and develop by hard work the latent power within them and the woman who wishes to make a success in any direction must do the same. She cannot step “ready-made” into any department of labour. With the preparation needed, and invariably given to boys, girls have been able to give complete satisfaction to those who have helped to open new paths for them. A most successful departure in a novel direction at home is the introduction of ladies as draughtswomen into 42 engineering works and architect's offices. Messrs. Clarke Chapman, and Gurney, of Gateshead, Northumberland, are so pleased with their tracings of steam-winches, boilers, etc., that they are now introducing women into the ordinary commercial part of their work. At Gorton Foundry,

Manchester, from which Messrs. Beyer and Peacock have for years sent locomotives of unrivalled strength and beauty to every part of the world, I found women employed in a quiet nook in the midst of that huge hive of industry, where 2000 men are employed, and fiery furnaces burn night and day the whole year round, and the sound of the ringing anvil seldom ceases. Messrs. Swan and Hunter, shipbuilders on the Tyne, have just made arrangements for the introduction of ladies in their offices, and the movement is spreading in all directions. Few dare to lead, but many are ready to follow in the wake of such successes.

I spent some pleasant hours during my first visit to Washington with the Hon. Charles Summer—a genial, courtly gentleman, head and shoulders above most of his fellows in intellectual grace and culture, and one of the finest statesmen America has produced. His home was full of choice books, paintings, and statues, and his conversations on art, politics, or social reforms full of interest and instruction. One day, at the close of a long discussion on Republicanism verus Monarchy, while admitting the political corruption exposed by recent disclosures in America, he maintained that “a true republic was the fairest flower of civilisation,” and amused me by adding, that “when the people of England are virtuous and advanced enough, a republic they will have.” It certainly will be a great day for England when the right of every individual to use the 43 power God has given, free from interested interference, is recognised, and to that goal, though our progress may be slow, we are steadily approaching. But the reforms most desired are quite compatible, in the opinion of many of our advanced thinkers, with a monarchical form of government. ty The constitutional sovereign, in a country whose Parliamentary institutions are a reality, *reigns* , but does not *govern.* She acts as the Ministers advise, and they are responsible for all the proceedings of the Executive. Their dismissal depends upon the will of the Parliament, and has to be accepted whether the sovereign's view coincide with the step or no. The position is indeed one of difficulty and delicacy, for while bound to have opinions and convictions of her own, the Queen must sacrifice them, and act as if indifferent to party and national questions. We have certainly arrived at a period of history when two

things are impossible—a political meddler on the throne, or a dissolute king. Another George IV. would mean revolution. If his successor had resembled him, it would have gone hard with the crown of England. It is the glory of Queen Victoria that she has restored to royalty its old *prestige* , and once more surrounded it with the reverential affection which makes obedience easy, patriotism hearty, and constitutional government strong and stable. She has revived and given a new lease of life to those sentiments of generous and devoted loyalty which had slumbered ever since the early Stuart days, and which some had mourned over as altogether dead. But we have outlived the king and queen clad in purple and gold, with crowns, thrones and sceptres. Photography has made the “everyday” appearance of our royal family familiar to every cottager in the land. We recognise our Queen in her 44 widow's weeds, with her sons and daughters in plain frocks and coats standing round her. The Princess of Wales was best known by the picture that represented her babies climbing over her shoulders, while her husband smoked his pipe like any other son of the soil. Family histories have lately been freely given to the nation, some containing glimpses of struggles “to make two ends meet” by devices and economies which cause the royal duchess and the middle-class matron to feel very near akin!

By some this has been considered a very daring experiment, but I believe the hour has come when royalty can afford to show the English people its inner life, and be independent of the tragedy airs and graces which used to be thought indispensable to Court life.

Mrs. Lippincott, better known as “Grace Greenwood,” with whom I spent much time during this visit to Washington, has just published in America a very interesting life of Queen Victoria. This lady holds a very honourable place in journalism through her able contributions to the *New York Times* and other papers. Her brilliant Western sketches are instinct with buoyant life, for she is one of those rare women who are never old in spirit; words seem to bound off rather than flow from her pen, and while she has retained the brightness of youth, she has now acquired the mellowness which comes of a varied experience and the possession of rich stores of knowledge. It is said that her acquaintance with the political history, principles, and tactics of the two great opposing parties in her

country and time is most remarkable, and that she has always handled national questions in a thoroughly patriotic spirit.

CHAPTER IV.

Railroads, drawing-room cars, sleepers, and hotel cars—Cookery in restaurants, hotels, and private houses—Chicago—Mrs. Kate Doggett, Mrs. Fernando Jones, General Osborne—The Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee.—American affection for England.

The journey from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago gave me my first experience in American railroad travelling. I thought then I had performed a great feat, as I left New York on Monday morning and did not reach the “garden city” till Wednesday, though my train, like Dr. Watts's sun, “never tired or stopped to rest.” Subsequent journeys over the Rocky Mountains, across the plains to California, through Arizona and Texas, taught me afterwards to regard this as quite “an easy run.” The stations are called *depôts* the carriages are “cars,” the line is known as the “track,” the engine is spoken of as a “locomotive,” the guards as conductors, the luggage is “freight,” and the signal for starting is the cry of “All aboard.” The ordinary cars hold about forty persons, and the utter want of ventilation almost stifles you. No one will allow you to open a window. If you venture on such an indiscretion, the conductor remonstrates “most politely” against an innovation so singular that it at once betrays your nationality and ignorance of the ways and manners of the natives. If you persist, he ends the argument by closing the window himself, quietly remarking, “I guess 46 we can't afford to warm the prairies as we pass.” Fortunately, though the great Republic acknowledges no first or second class, most of the trains are provided with drawing-room cars, in which, for at few extra dollars, you enjoy plenty of space and better air, magnificent upholstery, dressing-rooms, iced water, grand mirrors, etc., while comfortable arm-chairs are ranged on either side of the avenue down the middle, through which people are always passing “back and forth” as they term it, and boys ply a brisk trade in papers, books, figs, and candies. At night this is changed for a sleeping-car; *bonâfide* beds are made up, like the berths in an ocean steamer one above

the other, and ladies and gentlemen retire to rest behind the curtains which screen them off from the gaze of each other and the inevitable avenue walker, while the negro porter in attendance cleans the passengers' boots, and watches to see that light-fingered gentry do not deprive innocent sleepers of their watches and money. The entire arrangement is so novel, that an English traveller finds it difficult to become reconciled to being packed up for the night in this promiscuous fashion; for though we have Pullman sleepers for night journeys on trains to Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, they are but little used by ladies. Without being prudish, the idea of a stranger occupying the berth above you, enclosed within the shelter of your own curtains, is distasteful to most people. It is somewhat surprising that our Yankee cousins, who astonish us by providing a separate entrance for ladies in their hotels, and strain at so many gnats in other directions, should swallow such a camel as one sleeping-car, without even arranging that all the ladies should be assigned the part nearest their dressing-room, and the gentlemen the opposite end next the smoking-room. 47 At first I rebelled altogether against the sleeping-car institution, not so much from modesty, I confess, as from a nervous dread of asthma in these narrow, closed-up sections. Latterly, however, I became quite reconciled to it; and indeed, the long journeys across the plains and to the South would be impossible without the rest it affords, and at last I learned to slumber as peacefully in a Pullman sleeper as in an ordinary bed, and almost to prefer night to day journeys. Every night the linen sheets and pillow-slips are changed, and one of the heaviest expenses of a sleeping-car is the washing bill. The Wagner Company, I am told, pays 30,000 dollars a year, and the Pullman bill for washing is still heavier. The conductors and porters in these drawing-room and sleeping-cars are some of the most polite men to be found in the whole of America; the former are most intelligent, and take infinite pains to give the stranger any information respecting the route, pointing out places of interest with all the pride of ownership derived from their possession of the road.

A great deal has been written about the luxury of American railroad travelling. It did not strike me as luxurious. It is supposed that these hotel cars accompany each train, and

that you have only to step in from your saloon carriage, and breakfast and dine whenever you please while continuing your journey. When you *do* strike this institution, I admit it is a boon to the weary traveller doomed to such long distances; but as far as my own experience goes, hotel cars, like angels' visits, are few and far between, and meals are arranged at hours which make them practically useless. For instance, *en route* for Denver, dinner was offered me at halfpast twelve, an hour after I left Chicago, where I had enjoyed 48 an excellent ten o'clock breakfast at the Palmer House. Towards the end of the afternoon my thoughts naturally reverted to the subject of food, but I found I had lost my opportunity. The hotel car had been dropped at a depôt when the dinner was over, and I was told we should not “take up another till the next morning.” Thanks, however, to the Luncheon Basket—its size demands the use of capital letters—which, after one or two such experiences, was always well stocked by my thoughtful travelling companion, we became quite independent of these will-o'-the-wisp dining-cars. The said basket was duly provisioned with tins of oysters, hard-boiled eggs, a cold roast fowl, celery, cheese, pots of fresh butter, jam, tea, and claret; so with our portable kettle and spirit lamp, and with the supplies of fresh bread the porter purchased for us at the eating-house depôts, we were able to defy starvation for several days. Fruit and coffee can also be obtained on the road, but the latter is seldom good, and often costly. In Arizona, for instance, I have paid a dollar for two cups of coffee which were not fit to drink. Just when our long journeys were over the Pullman Company opened a buffet at one end of the drawing-room cars, so that good bread and butter, cold meats, tea and coffee, can now be obtained whenever passengers require “that which is necessary for the animal frame.” I heartily congratulate my American friends on this arrangement, for luncheon baskets are not without their difficulties; food is apt to grow stale after a day or two, and existence on the *menu* I have indicated becomes monotonous after the fifth consecutive meal!

The trains stop at the eating-house depôts for meals at certain hours, but the food is so badly cooked that it is 49 difficult to eat and impossible to digest. I must note one remarkable exception, for I never wish for a better breakfast than I had at La Junta in

Colorado. Before departing I complimented the manager on the culinary art displayed by his *chef* , and then the mystery was explained. The proprietor proved to be a German, who had learned his trade in Paris; and while waiting for the train to start off again on its way across the plains into Kansas, we talked over American shortcomings in this direction, and agreed that the proverb “God sends the food, and the devil the cook” is terribly applicable to this country. “They don't understand anything about keeping meat till it is tender; they kill and cook right away,” he said. In every city, hotel cooking is inferior to what you find in the restaurants. Delmonico's and the Brunswick in New York hold their own with the best dinners I ever had in Paris, or at the Criterion, Bristol, or Continental in London; there are restaurants I could name in Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco, to which I was introduced by hospitable practised diners-out, and which are equally good. The hotels make the mistake of aiming at an extensive *menu* —quantity rather than quality.

A sagacious black waiter once remarked to me when travelling through Alabama, “What people want here is a good square meal; they are not particular about what they eat, if only they have a lot of things placed in front of them.”

If you pass out of the narrow range of the millionaires who keep French cooks at fabulous wages, or the few houses in which the science of eating is really understood, you find a superabundance of bad cooking, indigestible hot breads, D 50 tough beefsteaks hardly warmed through, greasy potatoes—considered an indispensable breakfast dish in America —to say nothing of wonderful and fearful inventions in the shape of pastry cakes and sweets, and unlimited supplies of iced water. A sense of taste is probably one of the last and highest stages of civilisation.

Many of my friends across the Atlantic frankly “own up” to their country's defects as far as culinary matters are concerned, and an effort is being made to establish cooking schools for ladies in the large cities. The American housewife is often at the mercy of some raw Irish servant, and if she has no practical knowledge she cannot possibly cope with Bridget's ignorance and wastefulness. Miss Parloa's classes in New York have been well

attended, and she seems more than satisfied with the progress she is making, and asserts that “at no distant day Americans will surpass Europeans in the art of cookery,”—“a consummation devoutly to be wished” by many who have sighed over the difficulties to be encountered directly you leave the shadow of the larger cities, or can appreciate the fact that there is a delicacy and refinement appertaining to the food you eat, as much as to the clothes you wear and the books you read. And indeed, as Owen Meredith says—

“We may live without poetry, music, and art, We may live without conscience, and live without heart, We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilised man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love; what is passion but pining? But where is the man that can live without dining?”

51

Just as a sensitive mind dreads contact with anything unrefined, the delicate palate refuses coarsely prepared food. There is a wide gulf between gluttony and a due appreciation of the science of cookery, and in the interests of health itself this cannot be too emphatically stated. Ladies working in the temperance cause should lay this to heart, for many a man has been driven to the use of stimulants for want of a good nourishing diet. It has been said that France is a sober nation because it is a nation of cooks. Imperfectly nourished persons naturally crave for stimulants, and every thoughtful person will acknowledge that the health and happiness of the people will be promoted by good cookery. I remember reading an amusing article on the “joyless American face.” The writer said it was not the evidence of an impassioned soul, of conflicting doubts or spiritual yearnings, but it is, he exclaimed, “the pies, hot biscuits, pickles, strange drinks, and other vagaries of our national appetite. The American stomach has been for years, generally and individually, the laboratory of the profoundest experiments in the matter of peculiar mixtures. We bolt unwholesome provisions, containing the antipodes of heat and cold, in

the midst of business hours, and then wonder that we are brought up sharp with a lifelong attack of dyspepsia.”

My first visit to Chicago was made a year after the great fire, when the hearts of the people were still full of the destruction of their property and the desolation of their homes, 50,000 families having been suddenly rendered shelterless by the conflagration, which destroyed 27,000 acres of buildings in twenty-four hours, and drove the people into the lake and on to the prairie for safety, and 52 husbands and wives were for days in suspense as to the fate of those nearest and dearest to them.

Grace Greenwood once told me she regarded Chicago as “New York with the heart left in;” but unable to yield this tribute without an accompanying joke, she added that the genuine Chicagoan had not only learned the Scotchman's prayer, “Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oorsels,” but had it abundantly answered! Thus it is alleged that when a true-spirited citizen from Chicago first visits New York, he exclaims, “It isn't much of a city after all.” When he drinks New York whisky he complains it isn't half as good as he gets at home, for it only burns “half-way down”! The Sunday newspapers can't compare with his; and as for the feet to be seen on Fifth Avenue, he contemptuously remarks, “Call that a foot!—our girls have them twice the size!” Of course this is a gross libel on the cultured representative of the West. The history of Chicago is indeed without a parallel. Fifty years back it was the haunt of the Indian and wolf; and to-day, in spite of the fearful fire of 1871, it has magnificent buildings, law-courts, public libraries, churches, and hotels. The Palmer House, an entirely fireproof building, is one of the best hotels in America, thanks to the untiring energy of its courteous manager, Mr. Willis Howe. The splendid houses on Michigan and Prairie Avenues are models of taste and elegance, and those who have had the good fortune to gain access to the right set, find in Chicago a thoroughly refined and cultivated society.

My first recollections of this city are connected with Mrs. Kate Doggett, whose death last March many are still deploring. Her wide range of talents, and extensive acquaintance with

53 European literature, attracted both men and women prominent in various departments of thought and labour, and her hospitable home in palmy days was therefore the centre of many distinguished gatherings. The social amenities which make up so-called “society life” were unpleasant to her, and a severe manner was apt to be mistaken by strangers for want of sympathy, especially as this was combined with a somewhat aggressive adherence to her own opinions, and a tendency to ignore the possibility of any other view. She founded the Philosophical Society and Fortnightly Club, and was certainly a power in the circle she moved in. After, a brief and pleasant stay at her house on Michigan Avenue, I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Jones, under whose kind auspices I visited everything of interest in the city, including an institution about 100 miles away from it, viz., the Home for Disabled Soldiers at Milwaukee. We were escorted there by General Osborne, who materially aided in achieving the one victory ever gained over the redoubtable Stonewall Jackcson and shared with General Sheridan the honour of receiving one of the two pistols awarded to the “bravest generals in the Union Army.”

As one of the managers of the National Asylums, established on the contributions of “bounty jumpers” and the fines of deserters, General Osborne invited me to see the Wisconsin Home, where deserving soldiers are cared for at the expense of bad ones. After a pleasant dinner at the Governor's, we were taken to the Institution itself, and received by the officers and their wives, who accompanied us through the building—the library and reading-rooms, lecture and concert hall, post and telegraph office, and hospital ward, with its excellent staff of nurses, until we reached the workshops, 54 where those who desire it can learn any kind of trade. At five o'clock the bugle sounded, and 600 soldiers assembled in the concert-hall. I was conducted to the platform by the Governor, General Osborne, and Colonel Ludwicke, and the inevitable speeches occupied at least an hour.

At the conclusion of this part of the entertainment the soldiers, at the Governor's invitation, sent a most “enthusiastic greeting” to the British Army accompanied by deafening cheers. How I was to convey it I never knew. But I thoroughly understood what it meant, and the constant expressions of devotion to the old country which are heard throughout the States

cannot fail to awaken the traveller's cordial response. The fervid words of the American poet simply express the widespread sentiment of his countrymen, and must certainly find an echo in every manly English breast:—

“Britons—in hope and creed, In blood and tongue our brothers; We too are heirs of Runnymede, And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed Are not alone the mother's!

“Thicker than water,'—in one rill, Through centuries of story, Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still We share with them its good and ill, The shadow and the glory!

“Joint-heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave Nor length of years can part us, Their right is ours to shrine and grave, The common freehold of the brave, The gift of saints and martyrs.

55

“Our very sins and sorrows teach Our kindred frail and human; We carp at faults with bitter speech, The while, for one unshared by each, We have a score in common.”

In spite of recent drastic comments, which have naturally excited some resentment in the breasts of our American cousins, even Sir Lepel Griffin owns that they are indeed “bone of our bone;” and he recognises that when the united Anglo-Saxon race, disdaining all possible occasion of quarrel, joins hands across the Atlantic, “the peace and progress of the world will be insured.” Whether such utterances as are to be found elsewhere in Sir Lepel's book are likely to “cement this lasting alliance” is perhaps another question, but it is satisfactory to note that an Englishman who has discovered so many faults in “the Great Republic” frankly acknowledges that the position “in which Americans have placed their women is the best guarantee that the nation will outgrow the blemishes” he now complains of, and “will in the future attain a higher civilisation than has been enjoyed by any people who have regarded their intellectual and political life as the undivided dominion of man.”

CHAPTER V.

A visit to the University of Michigan—President Angel—Andrew White of Cornell—Professor Coit Tyler—Kansas State University—Chancellor Lippincott—Discussion about co-education—Columbia College—Dr. Dix and Professor Drisler—Consequences of higher education on health—Views of Frances Power Cobbe, George MacDonald, Mrs. Joseph Choate, President Barnard—Rise and progress of the movement in England—Miss Dawes, the first Master of Arts in the London University—Mrs. Lucy Mitchell.

The University of Michigan, which through State aid offers its privileges to all persons of either sex who are qualified for admission, was naturally an object of considerable interest to me. Here I was told that while the question of co-education was being discussed in the Eastern States it had been practically settled in the West. At the President's house at Ann Arbour I had the pleasure of meeting Andrew White, then President of Cornell, and I heard him lecture on “The Battlefields of Science,” describing the opposition which had been encountered in every period of history from superstition and fanaticism.

The following day Professor Coit Tyler took me over the University, which is organised in three departments—literature, science, and arts; medicine and surgery; and law. I saw the women students attending all classes save the medical; here they have separate lectures and clinical demonstrations. One of these I attended personally, and 57 when it concluded the sixty women left the room, and in another moment their places were filled by men, who listened to the same lecture we heard, accompanied by the same illustrations. “Far from injuring the scholarship here,” remarked one of the graduates, “they are, by their earnestness and fidelity, stimulating it; their presence is beginning to give class-room conversation that delicate, chaste, and humane tone which the recognition of women among the readers of books has been giving to English literature during the last hundred years.” The President assured me that none of the ladies had found the curriculum too heavy for their physical endurance, adding emphatically, “any woman who can endure the strain that modern dress and modern society make upon her, can certainly endure any college course of instruction.” The same testimony was afforded by President White

of Cornell, who declared it would be difficult to find women in better health than those at Cornell, and that “the effect of study was far less disastrous than frivolous, aimless lives.” President Warren, of the Boston University, has also recently stated that he could not recall a single instance in nine years of a girl's health giving way from overwork.

When I visited the Kansas State University last March (1884), the Chancellor spoke in the strongest terms about the success of the movement there, claiming that the co-education scheme having been carried in the Legislature of 1864, Kansas deserves the credit of being the first State in the Union to adopt it. “A kindlier and more courteous spirit has marked all the students, the roughness and brutality known in so many Eastern colleges have never appeared here, and in seventeen years of the most radical 58 co-education not a whisper of scandal has disturbed the social life of the University.”

But in spite of what has been accomplished at the Boston University, Michigan, Oberlin and Cornell, the propriety of opening universities to women is still hotly disputed in some quarters. The matter was being vigorously contested in New York in many circles in the spring of 1883, Columbia College being the battlefield and the Rev. Dr. Dix the leader of the opposing force, who boldly predicted the “ruin of the sex” as the result of the movement. Dr. Dix is evidently in sympathy with the Pope, who was horror-stricken at the proposal to found a college for women at Montpellier, which he feared would “inflate” their minds with “the pride of a vain and impotent science.”

I was also much amused at the support the opposition received from Dr. Drisler, the Greek professor, who expressed to the *Tribune* reporter “the fear that girls would take to cigarette-smoking, hotel dinners with toasts and responses, and the punch-bowl” if ever admitted to men's colleges.

Direful indeed are to be the consequences of higher education. Health is to perish before it, matrimony to become distasteful, and motherhood impossible! As women are able to go through severe fatigue as nurses in cases of fever and prolonged illness, as they toil in

factories, at sewing-machines, and wash-tubs, I can only suppose these gentlemen think that their physical strength may be drawn upon as much as we like as long as we carefully abstain from allowing them to exert their minds.

I wish people who feel such a tender solicitude for the welfare of girls would take the trouble to trace to its right source what Miss Cobbe describes as “the little health of 59 women.” What of the heavy skirts which have to be dragged up and down steep stairs, which collect a vast amount of dampness and dirt if a girl ventures out on a rainy day, and necessitate an entire change of clothing on her return; the high-heeled boots and the low-necked dresses, the ill-cooked and irregular meals, and the barbarous custom of letting bad hot air into houses in the place of the wholesome open fires which give warmth and ventilation at the same time?

The worst thing possible is to be obliged to live as hundreds of young ladies are forced to do in fashionable society, in obedience to customs which are destructive to everything worthy and noble. George MacDonald says he believes “many women go into consumption just from discontent. The discontent of a soul that was meant to sit at the Father's table, and so cannot content itself with the husks that the swine eat.” I venture to assert that reasonable clothing, plenty of air and exercise, combined with mental activity, would put an end to half the bodily ailments by which women are now troubled. The proper exercise of the intellectual powers would prove the best means of preventing and counteracting an undue development of the emotional nature. The extravagances of imagination and feeling have much to do with the ill-health of girls.

Miss Maria Mitchell, professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, read a remarkable paper before the first Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, in which she frankly stated that from a recent visit to England she could not help thinking that there was more interest in educational questions on our side of the Atlantic. “I rarely meet in my own country,” she said, “one who is interested 60 in the education of women, unless she is herself an educator. The mass of our people do not believe in the education of women.

They believe that women should know no more of mathematics than just to be able to count. But do not most people, even of the intelligent classes, believe that above all things a woman's first duty is to be useful in the kitchen and ornamental in the parlour? Public sentiment does not yet require learning in women, society is decidedly opposed to it; and however public sentiment may be constructed, ‘society’ is decidedly fashioned by women. It belongs to women themselves to introduce a better order of things.”

The listlessness of wealthy women to the educational needs of their sex is apparent in several directions. How few women, for instance, of either nation have left money for the benefit of women's needs and colleges! Well might Mrs. Stanton point to the vast sums left to men's colleges: Mrs. Bunn of Baltimore left 30,000 dollars to Princeton, Mrs. Garretson gave 300,000 dollars to an Illinois college, and Mrs. Dudley of Albany presented 150,000 dollars to a scientific institute for men, “while Harvard,” she continued, “has received three gifts of 25,000 dollars each from Miss Plummer, Mary Townsend, and Sarah Jackson, and from other ladies 30,000 dollars, and yet for years returned her thanks by closing her doors against all New England's daughters.” Even then, when the “Annex” was first opened about five years ago, the ladies had to pay fifty dollars more than the men for the privilege of lecturers to themselves.

Since Miss Mitchell uttered the regret I have quoted, I think her countrywomen have really exerted themselves to bring about a “better state of things.” A charter has been obtained for the Harvard Annex, which is now known under 61 the more dignified title of “The Society for the Collegiate Education of Women,” and I have to thank Mr. Gilman for a very pleasant visit there in the spring of 1883. I received Mrs. Louis Agassiz's valuable testimony that “all anxiety respecting the presence of young ladies in the Harvard University was dissipated by the result of the first year's trial.” While admitting that it is improbable that many women will desire a collegiate education, Mrs. Agassiz maintains that those who intend to become teachers, writers, journalists, or have a strong impulse for intellectual and scientific pursuits, should have the opportunity of doing so.

Mrs. Joseph Choate, when speaking of the efforts of the New York Association for the Higher Education of Women, assured me that the reason why American women ask admission into existing colleges is that they experience, as we do in England, the greatest difficulty in obtaining first-rate teaching in separate colleges, and they naturally look to the opening of the university classes as the simplest and best means of providing higher education and raising a class of really cultivated teachers.

In February 1883 Mrs. Choate forwarded to the trustees of Columbia College the petition in which the Association I have spoken of stated that the present condition of public opinion both here and abroad favoured admitting women to the same educational advantages as men, and cited the recent action of the Universities of Cambridge and London. The trustees were requested to extend to properly qualified women the advantages of Columbia College, by admitting them to examinations and lectures. This petition was signed by about 1400 persons, including President Arthur, 62 General Grant, Secretary Folger, Justice Davis, ex-Judge Dillon, the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby, Henry C. Potter, John Hall, Richard S. Storrs, and Robert Collyer, Drs. Austin Flint, Frederick R. Sturgis, William A. Hammond, and Alonzo Clark, Lloyd Aspinwall, Mr. Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Edmund C. Stedman, John Jay, George William, many principals and teachers in schools for young ladies, and by prominent ladies and gentlemen of New York and Brooklyn.

The trustees of Columbia College, however, satisfied themselves with declaring that co-education which they were not asked to decide upon, was “inexpedient,” but nevertheless undertook to prepare a course of study to be pursued outside the College with examinations by its professors and a diploma or testimonial to be given to those who successfully passed the three-years' course. They declined, however, to admit women to the College lectures and examinations.

Columbia had always been regarded as a wealthy College, but it soon afterwards transpired that she was burdened with a heavy debt, and had no money with which to

provide for the instruction of women. Those who signed the petition were told if they desired to found a school, it must be entirely detached from the University; the Board would not go further than agree to “consider how best to develop the growth of so interesting a foundation.”

President Barnard of Columbia has frequently expressed his sympathy with Mrs. Choate and her colleagues. In his speech before the Convocation of the University of the State of New York in 1882, he demonstrated with great force why the colleges should be opened to talent irrespective of sex, and in answer to the objection that young ladies under such 63 circumstances would be in danger of social familiarity with undesirable persons, he remarked—

“To say that women sitting in the same lecture-room with men for three or four hours a day are mingled socially with them during that time is to speak nonsense, or rather to say what is not true in fact. I know whereof I speak. As an officer of a college in another State, I have had classes of women, of from fifty to a hundred at once, in daily attendance on my lectures with my regular classes of young men, without any communication taking place between them whatever beyond a respectful bow in passing. Young women might with just as much propriety be prohibited from going to church because young men are there; and the same suggestion is still more applicable to attendance at the opera or the theatre, or the social receptions at the colleges which young ladies are allowed to attend, and during which there is no limit at all to freedom of intercourse, which extends often deep into the night, with the accompaniment of music and dancing and solitary rambles through all the wide expanse of the college halls and the grounds. There is no need of social ‘mingling’ between young men and women in colleges at all, and with proper arrangements there will be none. The experience of schools of inferior grade shows this plainly enough. Of the several hundred academies of the State of New York under the direction of the regents of this University, the larger portion receive both male and female students. The scheme of instruction which these institutions attempt to carry out embraces nearly or quite every subject taught in our colleges, and the ages of many of their pupils are as advanced as the

average age of college students. Yet though this system has been in operation in these academies time out of mind, we have never heard of any injurious consequences resulting from the intermingling of the sexes in their class-rooms or out of them. I myself, in my juvenile days, was a member of such an academy in the State of Massachusetts. In the same academy at the same time there were not only boys and girls of tender age, but also young men and young women, quite grown up. During school-hours, though all the pupils were assembled together in the same room, there was no possible intercommunication between them; out of school-hours the boys gathered together to pursue their sports or went and came by themselves, and the girls did the same. Between these two classes there was practically no intercourse at all—certainly no more than occasionally occurs in going to or from church."

In spite of the good opinion Miss Mitchell formed of the 64 interest felt in England on the educational question, it took a great many years to extinguish Mrs. Malaprop's sentiments, though few would have expressed them quite so openly or ignorantly: "I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew, or Algebra or Simony, or Fluxions or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning! Nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts, and as she grew up I would have her instructed in Geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; above all, she should be taught orthodoxy. This, Sir Anthony is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it." For a long time English girls for the most part only received an education which simply aimed at a mere smattering of languages, a little instrumental music, the use of the globes and dumbbells, and a few superficial general notions. At best they were but dipped in a solution of accomplishments, a process which only left on them a thin varnish, which never bore the test of time.

Their education stopped at the very moment when it should begin in real earnest. A youth's plea of serious study is received as a valid excuse for his inability to answer the casual demands of society. But in our wealthy classes, under the stern rule of fashion and frivolity, social claims and pleasures compel higher duties to give way before them. 65 A girl's work seldom takes precedence over other people's amusement: invitations to gossip, morning calls, and afternoon parties kill the day, and her studies are thrown to the winds; as Miss Cobbe says, “a woman is generally at the beck and call of somebody, generally of everybody.”

But the vexed question of the higher education of women at last attracted the attention of some of our foremost men in England; the revelations made by the Schools Inquiry Commission aroused even public indignation when the imperfect teaching given in many of our pretentious ladies' colleges was exposed, and then people began to ask, “What can be done to remedy this state of things?”

The *Englishwoman's Magazine* was started in 1858 by Miss Parkes, Miss Adelaide Procter, Miss Hays, and a few other ladies, who were determined to keep the matter before the public. Miss Boucherett founded a society for the same purpose, chiefly, however, directed towards promoting the employment of women. The Social Science Association also called a committee to consider the best way of advancing the interests of the sex, and Lord Brougham invited me to join its deliberations.

Subsequently, I organised in my own house a series of fortnightly breakfast parties and conferences, for the purpose of discussing the best means of inducing the Universities to admit girls to their local examinations. Thanks to the joint exertions of Lord Shaftesbury, Miss Emily Davis, the Rev. F. Maurice, Canon Kingsley, Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Nassau Senior, Lord Houghton, Mr. Russell Gurney, and others, the University of Cambridge, in December 1863, was induced to grant “an experimental examination,” at which upwards of ninety girls presented themselves. Shortly after E 66 both Oxford and Cambridge admitted girls to their local examinations, and in 1882, 4000 students were examined at the various

local centres. The Universities of Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Durham, and St. Andrews then followed the good lead, and in 1878 the University of London secured a special charter for the admission of women to University degrees on the same terms and conditions as men. This is our only English University which insists on no conditions of collegiate residence.

Then came the establishment of Girton and Newnham Colleges at Cambridge. At first the University only sanctioned this step by allowing its examiners to report on the students' papers; about four years ago it consented to give women certificates equivalent to degrees.

Oxford for a long time, acting on its traditional conservatism, held aloof, though two institutions for women—Lady Margaret Hall and Sommerville College—had been opened there. But this year (1884) the friends of the higher education have won an important victory. The statute framed for admitting women to certain of the examinations provided for undergraduates was carried by a majority of 464 to 321, and for the future women will have at Oxford the privileges accorded at Cambridge, Edinburgh, the University of London, and elsewhere, of “a fair field and no favour.” Degrees will not be given at Oxford, but it is to be hoped that the certificates accorded to women students will be definite enough to give them a “marketable value.”

The social dignity, if not the remuneration of teaching, depends very largely on such a stamp of recognition. The last census shows that there are more than 120,000 women teachers in Great Britain and Ireland, and to these a certificate 67 or University degree is certainly a matter of the highest importance.

The examinations at the London University are notoriously severe, and therefore the friends of the movement have reason to view with the utmost satisfaction the result of the examination concluded in July 1884, when the highest distinction yet achieved by a woman was obtained by Miss Dawes, a clergyman's daughter. Several hundreds have

passed the matriculation examination, but only fifty ladies have hitherto received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, eight that of Science, and three that of Medicine. Miss Mary Clara Dawes passed the matriculation examination in January 1879, and gained the forty-seventh place in the Honours division. In last year's B.A. examination she obtained honours in classics, with the first place in the second class. This summer she is placed fourth in the list of the Masters of Arts of the year who have taken the degree in the first branch of examination. Mrs. Sophia Bryant, daughter of a late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, also obtained the degree of Doctor of Science; and it is worthy of note that her work for the University degree has been carried on simultaneously for five years with teaching of a high order, as mathematical mistress at the North London Collegiate School for Girls,—a fact which is an answer to much of the current questioning as to overwork for women.

Indeed women are reaping laurels this year in several important directions; it is said that “Michael Field” is but the *nom de plume* of the lady who has produced the poetic dramas “Callirrhoe” and “Fair Rosamond,” and that the American student Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, so well known to frequenters of the British Museum reading-room, and to the *savants* of Berlin, has just published one of the best books ever written on Greek Art.

CHAPTER VI.

Vassar College—Professor Maria Mitchell—President Caldwell—Life of the students —Effect of study upon health—Improvements in the direction of out-door amusements between visits in 1873 and 1883—Riding, lawn-tennis, and boating—Wellesley College and its firebrigade manned by girls—Mills' Seminary, the Vassar of the Pacific coast—Miss Haskell at Godfrey—Payment of female teachers in public schools—English governesses —Colonel Higginson on the gross injustice of the inequalities existing between the salaries of men and women teachers in the United States—Kate Field on the difficulties surrounding journalism—Anna Dickinson—The growing taste for plays *versus* lectures.

Library of Congress

Miss Maria Mitchell, to whom I alluded in the last chapter, gave me my first invitation to Vassar College, where she holds the position of Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory. Her reputation in the New World is as deservedly great as Caroline Herschel's was in the Old.

I was not prepared for the beautiful surroundings of the College, which is charmingly situated on the banks of the magnificent Hudson river, with the Catskill mountains stretching along the north and the Fishkills on the south. The first day I knocked at the portal, on which I did not find the poet's ideal inscription, “Let no man enter in, on pain of death,” though Tennyson's “Princess” had always been associated with my thoughts of Vassar. Nor did I 69 find within the “academic silks; in hue the lilac, with a silken hood to each, and zoned with gold”—collegiate costumes so familiar to playgoers of the season, thanks to the brilliant setting of the Gilbert and Sullivan burlesque of the Princess Ida and her girl graduates.

It was a bright but bitterly cold morning. The Ice King had set his seal on land and water, the snow deep on the ground at Poughkeepsie, and

“Every pine and fir and hemlock Wore ermine too dear for an earl, And the poorest twig on the elm-tree Was ridged inch deep with pearl.”

When I revisited Vassar in 1883 the spring was far advanced, the atmosphere was balmy, the skies were clear, the landscape exquisite in its early verdure, and the sun shone forth in marvellous splendour. On this occasion, as the guest of the College, I was ensconced with due pomp and ceremony in the Founder's Room, with its quaint old furniture of the First Empire, and the portraits of various distinguished people on the walls. Among them Matthew Vassar, “the founder, friend, and father” of the College, who appeared to be solemnly watching me as I entered in my note-book before retiring to rest a few remarks respecting the splendid memorial he left behind him for the benefit of American girls.

With pardonable pride I first record the fact that Mr. Vassar was an Englishman, born on the Norfolk coast. Having acquired a vast fortune in America, he determined to found an institution which should be to girls what Harvard and Yale are to boys. In 1860 he obtained a 70 charter from the Legislature of New York, transferred 400,000 dollars to trustees, chose the site, and erected the magnificent building in which some of the brightest and best American women have spent their happiest years. Several mothers complained to me that daughters are always asking “to spend another year at Vassar.” After the pleasant time I spent there with President and Mrs. Caldwell, and what I saw of the life of these bright and enthusiastic girls, I do not wonder that they are loath to quit a place full of such pleasant companionship, happy experiences, and perfect freedom from care.

Mr. Vassar's munificence did not end with his first gift: 20,000 dollars were expended on an Art Gallery, 75,000 dollars on building purposes, and at his death the College was found to be his principal inheritor.

Some idea of the size of Vassar—which stands on its own 200 acres—may be gathered from the fact that, in the main building, besides accommodation for 400 students, there are six independent dwellings for the president, resident professors, rooms for managers and 100 servants, lecture-halls, class-rooms, parlours, a library, dining-hall, and chapel. The laboratory is a separate building in the grounds, and so is the observatory, containing some splendid instruments, over which Professor Maria Mitchell reigns supreme. As you look into that strong, good face, shadowed by grey curls, which soften its outline and grace it with a beauty which often comes with age, you can understand the magnetic sympathy which holds her youthful scholars spellbound, and makes their scientific investigations full of delight as well as of wonder.

The students “room” together in groups, three or four 71 sharing a pleasant little study, round which their separate small but well-ventilated bedrooms are arranged, and these are furnished according to individual taste. Pleasant glimpses into character were afforded me of the owners thereof by sundry conversations in them. Some of these little “parlours”

would have even gladdened the heart of Oscar Wilde, had he been permitted to peep into them—so “utterly too-too” are they in colouring and furniture.

In speaking on the health question, Miss Mitchell and the doctor in charge of the physical well-being of the girls at Vassar stated that those who studied the hardest were the healthiest, and they did not hesitate to attribute the general delicacy of American women to the terrible severity and extremes of the climate, the mode of heating the houses, and the widespread disinclination to physical exercise, to say nothing of the intemperate use of iced water. I may note here, that while inspecting the steward's department I learned that one item for that day's dinner was 200 quarts of ice-cream. Founder's day is the greatest in the calendar at Vassar; it is the anniversary of Mr. Matthew Vassar's birthday. Studies are laid aside, and the evening is devoted to festivity. Cards of invitation are sent out weeks previously by the students, and scores of young gentlemen and friends from all parts of the country respond, and “a real elegant time” is generally the result.

There was an excellent riding-school attached to Vassar when I first went there is 1873, and I was very sorry to find it had disappeared; “want of funds” was the reason assigned. A welcome was given to the girls at the Harvard Annex to Dr. Sargeant's gymnasium there, but so little advantage was taken of it that he told me he was obliged 72 after a short time to discontinue the classes. Considering that the physical education of the future mothers of the Republic is as important as the mental, these facts are much to be regretted. Fortunately the Hudson river and the lake in the Vassar College grounds are available for boating in the summer and skating in the winter, and many a student has achieved honourable distinction for herself in handling the oar.

On the whole, however, it struck me during my last visit to America that a great improvement had been effected generally respecting out-door healthy amusements. Lawn tennis had become quite popular, and many girls I saw were expert players. Considerable rivalry was displayed, not only in point of skill, but costume; and very attractive these bright American girls look in their tight-fitting jerseys and short skirts. Many of the New York

girls ride well, too, and are very particular about the cut of their London habits. You often see in the early morning parties of ten and twelve riding together in Central Park, with well-mounted grooms behind them. As one of the leaders of society remarked to me as we were driving together, the “magnificence of the horses and carriages and sleighs to be seen at the fashionable hour is one of the greatest signs of the growth of wealth and luxury in this republican city.” Some of the girls frequent the fencing-school, but are too much inclined to be content with the simplest movements; only a few of the more daring spirits encounter the thrust. “As soon as one of them makes a pass they both run away,” confessed one of the teachers of the noble art.

I was greatly disappointed to be unable to visit Wellesley College, but was fortunate enough, at ex-Governor Claflin's 73 at Boston, to meet the president, a bright, charming lady, very young to hold such a responsible position, but one who is quite “master of the situation.” The College is open to all, but the severe course of study soon weeds out the stupid and the ignorant, for graduates from Wellesley are intended to rank with graduates from Harvard and Yale. I hope the practical work in connection with the fire-brigade will never disappear at Wellesley, as the riding-school has at Vassar. The girls work the hand-pumps distributed throughout the building, every pump having six pails for water. Each pump has a captain and a company of six girls, who are drilled in handling pumps, forming lines, and passing the pails of water—an excellent discipline, teaching what regular action is worth in the presence of a danger unfortunately so frequent in American hotels and houses.

Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith's Colleges hold the position in the Eastern States that Mills' seminary does in the West. I spent a very pleasant day at the latter during my stay in San Francisco. The girl graduates enrolled represent not only California, but even the Sandwich Islands, British Columbia, and Mexico. Crossing the beautiful bay by the ferry, I reached Oakland, and was driven, behind a splendid pair of American trotters, through lovely scenery to the foot of the San Pablo range of mountains. In a secluded spot, in the midst of the pine, oak, and eucalyptus trees, for which this part of the world

is noted, I found a remarkably imposing building, full of eager, vivacious Western girls at the most restless, assertive age, every one of them with some unlived romance in her heart. It appeared marvellous that such perfect discipline should be maintained. The whole thing seemed to go like clockwork, though it is not easy to 74 understand how all those throbbing heart-strings are kept wound up and in order. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the value of such an institution on the Pacific coast, nor the magnanimity of its founder, Mrs. Mills. Never had girls finer opportunities for study in the midst of surroundings more attractive.

Nor can I forget while writing about colleges for girls the two days I spent at the Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, about twenty miles from St. Louis. I think if any one asked me to name one of the “best times” I had during my last trip to America, I should unhesitatingly reply, “the hours I spent with Miss Haskell at Monticello.” Endowed with a fine personal presence, which might be too imposing but for the genial manner and sweet womanliness of her nature, Miss Haskell's boundless share of genuine humour carries the stranger's heart into instant and willing captivity. Seldom have I met with any one whose influence was so magnetic and healthy. She has one of those rare and beautiful natures which seems at once to bring out all the good in those with whom she comes in contact. Fortunate indeed are the girls who find themselves placed under the beneficent care of this intellectual woman, who, in spite of her vast learning and grave responsibilities, retains such a buoyant youthful nature, that when the hour comes for throwing down the reins of government, and promoting the wholesome fun, which is so important an item in a girl's well-being, the youngest student in the College does not enter into any admissible frolic with keener zest than its wise and cultured principal. Miss Haskell is still the leader, for she is the heart and soul of the entertainment, the merriest spirit in all the happy throng.

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The system of co-education admits of discussion, but there is no question whatever about the advantages of such colleges as these, when every effort has been made to raise them to the height of great educational institutions. Their endowments and gifted professors give

them a distinct *prestige* , and cannot fail to educate the minds of the people, and teach them to realise the benefit of full collegiate advantages for women.

I was somewhat curious to ascertain if ordinary women teachers in America suffered as much as English women do from want of adequate salaries. I fear it is so, and there seems yet the opportunity for an honourable rivalship in seeing which country shall first rate a woman's work at its true value. In America teachers are more trusted; they are certainly in great request, and their work is excellent; but, thanks to tradition and prejudice, they are still underpaid. I read in one place of the preference for female teachers “on the score of their cheapness, as well as on the ground of their general efficiency.” Another report declared, “We demand and receive the best talent, and lavish on it per diem a sum scarcely equal to the amount paid to the washerwoman.” The average salaries of women teachers in Vermont range from eight dollars per month (with board) to 750 a year, those of men from twenty dollars a month to 1600 a year. A teacher, in speaking of this matter to me, said, “we are expected to work with alacrity, give up our time, be well posted in every subject, dress like ladies, and accept a salary which a French cook would scorn.” In the grammar-schools the male principals receive 3000 dollars per annum, and vice-principals 2500, the women occupying a similar position receiving 2000 and 1200 76 dollars, and yet the work is as onerous for a woman as for a man. To be successful, a school-teacher must have equal physical and mental energy, the women require the same preparatory training, pass the same examinations, teach the same number of hours, the work calls from them the same entire devotion; it does not only mean teaching, but the far higher task of shaping careless, dull children into intelligent men and women, and the still more delicate work of guiding the lawless and precocious. The question of marriage, which is often assigned as the reason of higher payment in the case of men, is quite irrelevant. The men are paid more whether they are married or single, and women are paid less, though they may be widows with families to support. People are perhaps beginning to be ashamed of advancing the argument often heard in times past in England, viz., that women are less extravagant in their habits, and require less food, etc., than men. But only

the other day the daughter of a British officer—a thoroughly qualified governess—told me that she had offered her services in that capacity to a lady, who replied, “I shall be glad to engage you to teach my children in return for a comfortable home, as you must have a pension sufficient for your requirements without salary.” Who would dare to propose such a thing to a man? Our very servants and charwomen are thought worthy of their hire, but it is more difficult than people generally suppose for educated women to obtain justice.

I was both surprised and pained to see the following advertisement in the *New York Tribune* a few months ago, for I had hoped American women would never reach this extremity: “A lone lady of culture would give her time in reading, writing for, and otherwise conducing to the happiness 77 and interest of a lady of means,—for a *home.* ” It is true that young men in both our countries have nowadays to encounter keen competition, but there is no class of men compelled to offer intellectual service in return for food and shelter.

The inequality in the salaries of the sexes reminds me of Colonel Higginson's observation to me when we were once discussing the same subject at Boston. He naïvely remarked, “Like Charles Lamb, who atoned for coming so late to his office in the morning by leaving it early in the afternoon, we have in the United States first half educated the women, and then, to restore the balance, only half paid them.”

Since these words were spoken much has been done to remedy the first injustice; and most assuredly the day will come when competent teachers will be paid for competent work irrespective of sex.

That winter Anna Dickinson was lecturing on “What's to hinder?” in which she maintained that men received large salaries because they earned them, while women get a small salary, and half the time do not earn that! This she attributed to the poor nature of their work generally. She did not, to my mind, lay quite sufficient stress upon the reason which accounts for women's shortcomings in all directions of work, namely the want

of due training, though she admitted that while “public opinion” makes it pre-eminently dishonourable for a man to be idle, it not only stimulates the love of ease in women, but binds them hand and foot, to prevent them from working. “If a woman has to work,” she continued, “let her choose her work, learn her work, and know her work, and the world will doff its cap, and acknowledge her true worth.”

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The recognition, as far as equal wages are concerned, has not yet come, and that is a recognition which is of the greatest importance. The very day after hearing Miss Dickinson's lecture, I visited the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Broadway; there, the lady-superintendent, although her ability is indisputable, was in receipt of considerably lower salary than would be offered to a man under the same circumstances. Among the operators was one who had learned the business in Russia and spoke several languages, and was consequently often appealed to by the authorities in the masculine department; nevertheless, she was not paid a higher salary than the rest, and I am convinced it is this want of legitimate reward which depresses women in the various occupations they take up. Even in literature women are sometimes handicapped by sex. I was told on authority I could not doubt, that a well-known American authoress, having always conducted her business by correspondence with the firm that published her books, was supposed to be one of the lords of creation, and paid accordingly. When her sex was accidentally discovered, the payments were reduced. In the lecture-field, Anna Dickinson, however, was a remarkable illustration that the higher arts are often as just in their rewards to women as to men. Patti and Christine Nilsson are certainly as well paid as any male singer. The “leading lady” of a theatrical company often receives a higher salary than “the leading man,” and the same applies as a rule to literature, though by no means to journalism.

Miss Kate Field has recently expressed herself so definitely as to the difficulties a woman journalist experiences, that I shall quote her opinion here, as her means of forming a 79 correct view in this particular direction in her own country far exceed my own:—

“In journalism woman's opportunity is vastly inferior to man's. I know of women who are strong editorial writers, but their sex is their crime. Women, as a rule, are not favourites in newspaper offices, though Miss Nelly Hutchinson, of the *New York Tribune* , whose services are invaluable, is, I believe, thoroughly appreciated. She is an exception to the rule. Women are accepted as correspondents, but otherwise they have little chance as journalists. A reporter must go everywhere at all hours; woman cannot then be an ordinary reporter. There is no reason why she should not be a literary critic, and, on evening papers, there is no good reason why she should not be a musical and dramatic critic; but as a matter of fact she rarely is given the opportunity.

“In literature proper, I should say the woman of genius has an equal chance with the man of genius; that the woman of less than genius has inferior training than man, and hence is at a disadvantage. In journalism a woman's sex is her misfortune, and nothing but undaunted pluck can obtain for her what is within easy reach of less able men—remember that I refer to daily journalism. Miss Mary L. Booth is a shining example of woman's success in editing a weekly paper. Mrs. Frank Leslie cannot fairly be placed in the same category, as she inherited Frank Leslie's publications from her husband; but the masterly manner in which she has resuscitated them from old creditors, and turned bankrupt stock into a yearly income of 100,000 dollars and more, proves what woman can do even in the finance of weekly journalism.”

Miss Dickinson's own career was unique. The first thing that struck you when you looked at her face, surrounded by a mass of raven-black curly hair, was the extreme power, passion, and spirited beauty of the dark flashing eyes, and her whole physique denoted great nervous power. At one time she was a teacher in a school, then the fastest adjuster in the United States' Mint. At the invitation of William Lloyd Garrison she addressed a

New England meeting from Theodore Parker's pulpit, and her magnetic power over her audience was so great, that she was requested to give 80 a course of political lectures, which were afterwards described as “galvanising the desponding loyalists to life,”—a march of “triumph ending in a complete republican victory.” From that time Anna Dickinson's position as an orator was secure, and she received for many years a larger income than any other regular lecturer. Latterly Miss Dickinson endeavoured to obtain dramatic laurels, to the great regret of most of her friends, and much to the loss of the lecture-goers. Whatever may be her title to favour as an actress, I cannot say, not having had the chance of seeing her in this capacity, but there is no question as to her skill as a playwright! Her “Anne Boleyn” is a tragedy full of powerful situations from beginning to end. When I last saw Miss Dickinson at the Palmer House, Chicago, in March 1884, she had been confined to her room for weeks with a nervous illness; but her want of “fair play” on the stage had not daunted her, and her conversation was as piquant, vital, and magnetic as ever. I was glad to hear that she intended, as soon as her strength permitted, to return to her work as a lecturer, where she will doubtless soon regain the position she abandoned for the stage, although the platform will never be as popular as of old. The American people have ceased to support the literary institutes as they did ten years ago, the vital questions which once occupied the attention of the speakers and audiences have received their solution, those that now arise are discussed elsewhere. The public as a rule asks for amusement, not instruction. The Rev. Joseph Cook, who is regarded as a “leading local light” on the American platform, had but poor support throughout the country during this last lecture season. A Buffalo paper stated that only 112 dollars remained after paying expenses, and an appeal was 81 issued to make up the amount to 500 dollars. Even the most popular speakers are forced to be contented with smaller fees and smaller audiences, with the exception of Colonel Ingersoll, who can fill the huge Music Hall at Chicago from floor to ceiling, and whose progress through the West this winter was certainly most remarkable. Whether people sympathise or not with his attacks on “Orthodoxy,” they at least have given his opinions a wide and impartial hearing throughout the country.

The travelling theatrical company, however, now penetrates into regions where once the lecturer was the only joy,—the one link with the great world beyond. If they clash, the playactors have a full house and the lecturer stands dismayed before a row of empty benches. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and I for one have no cause to complain of the kind welcome given me in most of the Institutes I spoke in during my last visit; but the following squib from an American paper represents the change of opinion which has taken place of late years in regard to this once popular form of entertainment, —a change Transatlantic cousins do not hesitate to ascribe to the introduction of English lecturers! “Many persons, in addition to denying themselves their usual luxuries, believe in self-immolation, and compel themselves to suffer as many inflictions as possible. For this class a lecture course is provided.” F

CHAPTER VII.

The Quaker city—Changes in society—School of Young Lady Potters—New Century Club —The Mint, and women employed in it—Theatres and English artists—Silk culture—Mr. George W. Childs, the Ledger, and his work-people—Wootton—Original manuscripts and autographs—Walt Whitman: his views on New York, Boston, Washington, and the West— Mrs. Hannah Smith and the Temperance Union—Coffee-houses.

The “Quaker city” may certainly pride itself on being one of the finest in the States, but the Philadelphians, though they glory in their historical relics, are just now sweeping away many of their picturesque houses, and replacing them with some glaring new red brick and marble blocks, which certainly do not represent the highest type of architectural beauty. The Slate Roof House, with its traditions of Penn, has gone within the last few years, and the Franklin Library has been upholstered in the newest fashion, and now the house in which Jefferson was supposed to have written the Declaration is being destroyed. A change, too, has come over “society.” Once this was the city in which family antecedents were prized most highly, but now wealth has fought its way, and even the exclusive Assembly Balls have changed their character. The very names of some of the streets have

been altered, though the principal ones still bear the titles bestowed by the founder of the city, Walnut Street, Chestnut Street, Vine Street, Mulberry Street, etc., taking their 83 names from the abundance of the trees which used to flourish in them.

But in spite of all changes Philadelphia retains a very high position, and many of the innovations which are to be met with daily in cities like New York and Baltimore are not tolerated here. For instance, “society ladies” do not attempt to paint their faces and improve their natural charms, after the fashion set by many of their sisters in other places. A leading doctor in Philadelphia told me that a Baltimore lady who was staying here lately attempted to walk down Chestnut Street as she did at home, but found herself subjected to comments which were far from pleasant, and was obliged to abandon the rouge which she could indulge in freely elsewhere, as she was fortunately unwilling to place herself in a mistaken position. The Quaker leaven still works with good results, though many old customs have been laid aside with the slate-coloured bonnets, cloaks, and old-fashioned prejudices. A healthy spirit of activity and desire for mental culture prevails, and the Philadelphian ladies are first and foremost in all good works.

A most interesting sight can be obtained by a visit to the School of Young Lady Potters, which is just now affording an admirable outlet for artistic tendencies. There you find a number of bright-looking girls, in appropriate costumes of long-sleeved gingham aprons, modelling church cornices or capitals for pillars, in the first place, then advancing to the full-length figure. Here also the students are taught the chemistry of colours and anatomy, and find not only a delightful occupation, but a very remunerative one.

The ladies, too, have founded an excellent club, which, under the name of “The New Century Club,” not only 84 affords a pleasant place for social gatherings and entertainments, but supplies a centre for all interested in women's work and welfare. Directly I arrived “The New Century Club” gave me a delightful reception, at which I met most of the representative women in Philadelphia—doctors, chemists, teachers, students,

artists, journalists, and wealthy ladies who are interested in all that belongs to social progress.

Valuable practical work goes on in connection with this Club, which doubtless lies at the bottom of its success. Various committees have been formed for helping those who need advice and aid. For example, an association is at work for he “Legal Protection of Working Women,” which gives clearer ideas to those engaged in toil of the legal character of contracts, and helps them to a proper conception of business relations—undertakes to look into disputes, and to protect its members in cases of difficulty. Nor is the art of cooking neglected, though music, literary work, etc., come within the scope of the Club's labours. The fifth year of its existence has just come to an end, and in spite of its having improved quarters, it can close its report with the satisfactory statement of “no debts” but cash in hand.

I spent a very interesting morning in the Mint, the superintendent, Colonel Snowden, kindly enabling our party to see the entire process under specially favourable circumstances. We first inspected the Deposit Weighing Room, where all the precious metals are received and weighed; then we were admitted to the vault with its double iron doors defying the burglar's art, in which are kept the bars of gold and silver and the plate which is sent to be converted into coin by those who need to part with their treasures for 85 the necessaries of life, and we listened to some sad stories from the chief official in this department about the destitute ladies who come to sell their precious relics, showing that life goes as hardly with the women of this country sometimes as it does at home. Then came the Melting Room with its fiery furnaces, and the Rooms of the Refiners, who cast the metals into ingots or small bars, and the Rolling Room; but the process which interested me most was naturally the Adjusting Room, in which seventy-five women sat before sensitive adjusting assay scales, in leather aprons, one end tacked to the table and fastened under their arms to catch any gold that might fall. Each operator has a fine flat file, and takes a planchet from a pile by her side and puts it in the scales. The work, though monotonous, looked easy, but much skill, I was told, is required in filing the coin to prevent waste or error. A number

of women were also in the Coining Room, in which were several coining presses, coining from 80 to 120 coins a minute. The ladies employed in the Mint are well cared for in many directions, but their rate of payment cannot be considered very high for a Government office, as it only amounts to a dollar and a half a day.

A great excitement has been caused here recently by the arrest of some miscreants who were stealing bodies from Lebanon Cemetery for dissection at Jefferson Medical College. It appears that the horrible system of “body-snatching” is still being kept up, and three doctors have been implicated and indicted through the action of the *Philadelphia Press* , which has determined to put a stop to this ghastly business.

Until this year (1883) theatrical ventures have never been 86 very successful in this city; but during this season a decided change has set in, and all the theatres have flourished. Mrs. Langtry has attracted the largest audiences ever known, in spite of the most cruelly severe newspaper criticisms I ever read on her private character and capabilities as an actress, though it must, of course, be acknowledged that she challenged observation in both directions. A year later I found Mr. Irving and Mr. Wyndham were dividing the theatrical honours of Philadelphia between them, one being the novelty of the season, the other an established favourite throughout the States. It seemed quite strange to see so many familiar English faces dotted about the hotel dining-room, and the eager interchange of English newspapers was quite a feature of a “trip” in the elevator, in which some member of the English contingent was sure to be found between ten A.M. and six o'clock. Mr. Wyndham added not a little to the pleasant week we spent at the Continental Hotel by sundry pleasant breakfasts and dinners.

I was very pleased with the success achieved by the Women's Silk Culture Association; after nearly three years' work it seems to have established itself on a permanent basis, and executes large orders for the reeling of silk from the cocoon. Many pupils have attended the school and been taught the process of hatching silkworm eggs and rearing insects, and then they have gone into other cities to introduce the new enterprise, which

promises to prove an important source of remunerative occupation in the United States. At first the Association commenced without a properly constructed reel, but one has now been constructed of cast-iron which produces excellent results, running off four skeins of silk at one time—the process only needing careful attention, and 87 being easily acquired. Every energy is employed to develop this industry by the planting of mulberry-trees, and great attention has been given to the value of Osage orange leaves as food for silkworms; and as these trees abound in this country, there is no necessity for deferring the raising of the silkworm on account of food. An interesting experiment was made lately in this direction. Mrs. Van Dusen presented the Association with eighteen ounces of cocoons raised on Osage orange leaves, which were reeled into six and a half ounces of silk, and Rossmasster and Itschner, the well-known Philadelphia silk manufacturers, dyed it a beautiful crimson; and the ribbon made from this silk was pronounced most satisfactory. Young ladies are specially urged to learn the reeling, on the ground that it belongs to the fine arts; and certainly many in Philadelphia are thus able to support themselves, and I was told of one who had started for Florida in order to establish a school there, a relative having purchased land and planted trees while she was studying in this excellent institution in Chestnut Street. The recent exhibition has given a great impetus to the work, the whole process of silk culture having been shown, from the egg, the tiny worm, the cocoon, to the reeling and weaving of the beautiful fabric.

Many of my pleasantest recollections of Philadelphia are due to the unfailing courtesy of Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the *Ledger* , who invariably entertains with princely hospitality the passing traveller. Mr. Childs is naturally proud of the fact that he started in life without a dollar, and with no friends but his own untiring industry and stout heart. To-day he is one of the millionaires of America, and few have forwarded public enterprises or aided private charities with a more liberal hand.

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The *Ledger* , a prosperous commercial journal, universally respected, is published in a splendid printing-office, built at a cost of half a million of dollars. Outside, at each corner,

is a marble fountain, which furnishes water to the thirsty wayfarer; within are not only well ventilated rooms, but baths have been built in different parts of the office, which are much prized by the printers. Everything moves like clockwork, the division of labour, from the “printer's devil” to the editor, being the result of the same masterly discrimination, which enabled the owner to amass his own enormous fortune. I was greatly interested in Mr. Childs's plans for placing life insurances within the reach of his employés, and the small houses and gardens his arrangements enable them to purchase for themselves, and finally their interest in a “burial lot” which he has provided for the time when life's fitful fever is o'er.

Before Mr. Childs owned the *Ledger* it often contained the feeble, heartless jokes usually indulged in at the expense of women in general, and old maids and mothers-in-law in particular. It is his boast that never since the day it passed into his hands has a single innuendo even against a woman appeared in it.

Mr. and Mrs. Childs spend a great part of the year at their lovely country-place, “Wootton:” to this is attached a model farm, a source of special interest to Mrs. Childs, who herself supplied the plans of some of the farm-buildings, thus securing a special kind of rural architecture which she thought best suited to their surroundings. The town residence in Walnut Street is full of Art treasures of all kinds. Original manuscripts of books by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bryant, Lowell, Edgar Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, 89 Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine* , Charles Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* , and many others. Here, too, is Lord Byron's writing-desk, and many rare and valuable relics, together with autograph letters from most of the distinguished men and women of the age.

Although I knew Walt Whitman was living near Philadelphia, I was scarcely prepared to find him the cherished guest in a Quaker family of the strictest total abstinence and anti-tobacco persuasion, or as the loved centre of a group of admiring girls just fresh from college; and yet that was the manner of my introduction to the strange poet who has shocked the susceptibilities of the English-speaking race by the freedom with which he

has glorified the body and all that appertains to mans physical life. I shall, however, never forget the delightful hours spent in the society of this most eccentric genius. I fancy Walt Whitman must resemble Socrates, with his grand, massive head, his flowing white hair and shaggy beard, his open, Byronic collar adding to his weird but venerable appearance. He certainly follows the ancient philosopher's lead by starting grave discussions, which are by no means treated from a surface point of view, and in which every one present is expected to take a fair share. His young disciples, on the occasion in question, were nothing loath to contribute their quota. Young America does not sit at the master's feet and worship; it has definite opinions, which it deems as much deserving of hearing as other people's, and it gives them forth with the bold confidence born of youthful inexperience and immaturity. Many were the topics which arose that day during the prolonged dinner, and able the arguments *pro* and *con.* , one of the most brilliant contributors being Dr. Buck, the 90 head of the Canadian State Insane Asylum; the subjects ranged from ancient and modern religions, the morality of the old gods, to the battle now raging in the States respecting co-education.

Walt Whitman was also very anxious to impress upon me that the grand receptions tendered in all large cities to distinguished English visitors failed to give any idea of the “purport” of this grand Republic. In Europe, he admitted, the best flavour and significance of the race may be looked for in its upper classes; here, he declares, the rule is reversed, and the “pulse-beats of the nation are never to be found in the sure-to-be-put-forward-on-such-occasions-citizens!” In fact, what passes current as “society” is to him “dangerously noisome and vapoury,” while inexhaustible supplies of the true gold ore can be found in “America's general humanity.” New York, perhaps, promises something out of her tremendous and varied material; but Boston, “with its bloodless Unitarianism and its circle of mummies, its complacent vanity of scientism and literature, mere grammatical correctness”—poor Boston gives Mr. Walt Whitman no satisfaction whatever. “And look at Washington,” he cried; “it is full of a sort of high life below stairs. No farce can be funnier than the crowds bowing before our Presidents and their wives, the Cabinet officers

and Senators—our representatives born of good labouring, mechanic, or farm stock antecedents attempting full dress receptions, foreign ceremonies, and etiquettes—it is ridiculous!" He was, however, somewhat quieted in his mind as to the chances I had of coming to some right conclusion about his country when he heard that my programme included visits to Colorado, Texas, and California. He told me he was contemplating 91 the publication of a poem as a companion to "Leaves of Grass," based upon the experiences of old age. Dr. Buck is one of Walt Whitman's most ardent followers, and certainly there is a personal magnetism about this rugged bard which makes itself felt; and though he is sprung from what we term "the people," he is certainly a cultured man. Walt Whitman is a deep thinker and an able talker; but surely his truest friends must regret that he did not accept Emerson's advice, and use the pruning-knife freely before publishing his "Leaves of Grass."

No one can fully appreciate a cold or bronchial attack till he has indulged in what America furnishes in this pleasing direction. It can be safely backed for severity and tenacity against our puny English attempts. For some time I was obliged to avoid night air, and was therefore unable to be present at a charming entertainment Mr. and Mrs. Bellangee Cox gave at the Aldine Hotel to Lord and Lady Bury, who were then travelling through the country on a combined pleasure and business trip—the latter having reference to certain railway interests in which Lord Bury and Mr. M'Henry consider themselves badly used.

Philadelphia is a stronghold of the Woman's Temperance Union. The president, Mrs. Hannah Smith, is a splendid woman, and keeps the great organisation under her control in thorough activity and order. The total abstainers here are rigid in their condemnation of the use of alcohol, and regard its use at the Holy Communion as utterly unjustifiable. The following incident may be cited in proof of this. A coffee-house was opened, and "an all-day prayer-meeting" was the ceremony decided on to celebrate the day. Ministers of various denominations were invited to lead the exercises 92 at different hours. During the evening a Presbyterian joined the worshippers, against whom a prejudice is entertained in extreme circles, because he still uses wine when administering the Sacrament in

his own church. He delivered an eloquent prayer on the curse of drink, and when he concluded a Quaker lady rose with “a message from the Lord,” which also took the form of a prayer, in which she fervently pleaded that the minister might cease to dishonour God “by making the Lord's house smell like a grog-shop by placing on the Lord's table the produce thereof.” This will give some idea of the feeling entertained respecting the use of wine under the most sacred circumstances. But “the drink question” is undoubtedly forced upon all here who value health and sobriety, in a way it is hard for any English person to realise who has not travelled through the States. Moderation seems a difficult, if not an unknown virtue in this direction. People are either extreme abstainers or hard drinkers. The light wines which with us have supplanted the fiery sherries and full-bodied ports of our ancestors, are only used by Americans whose tastes have been cultivated by foreign travel; they would not be appreciated by the general palate, and their cost is too high to admit of their general use. Consequently, in the best hotels you see people daily sitting down to a somewhat extensive dinner, but drinking with it only iced water, milk, or the weakest of tea. After dinner, unhappily, many of the gentlemen visit the whisky bar, and, as the exhilarating nature of this climate renders spirit drinking more deadly than it is in England, no one who values the welfare of others can be indifferent to the terrible evils which spring from it. The only question is—the best way to correct them. “Shut up the theatres, they are hotbeds 93 of vice,” was the cry of the old bigoted Puritan; but we are now beginning to see that the Church and the Stage can work together for the moral elevation of the people, and it may be that the introduction of light wines in the place of these intoxicating ardent spirits might be really more useful than the bitter condemnation of all who do not join the ranks of the total abstinence party.

The tropical warmth with which the liquor question is sometimes discussed, has just given rise to a curious case of libel. The druggists have often been accused of dispensing “poison,” and, with curious significance, they are the sole dispensers of alcohol in many parts of America. A minister in Oberlin, Ohio, lately attacked in the course of his sermon a druggist who was known to sell rum for “medicinal purposes,” and said that when his

guilty spirit approached the gates of hell the shrieks of those he had destroyed should pierce his ears “with hell's first welcome.” The use of such intemperate language is greatly to be regretted, especially in the pulpit. But many ministers, from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher downwards, indulge in utterances which strike the English ear as peculiar. American preachers, as a rule, however, bring something more than the dry husks of a dead theology into the pulpit; they do not, perhaps, “vex the dull ear of drowsy men” as often as some of their British brethren. If they “vex” them, it is more likely to be after the fashion of a minister in Hebron, who was so indignant with his congregation for their apathy, that, I was told, he called them at a recent prayer-meeting “blockheads,” and complained that there was no more expression in their faces than in “so many wooden heads”! Since this occurrence, I hear “apathy” has given place to a remarkably critical and attentive attitude, 94 which is rendering the reverend gentleman extremely uncomfortable.

The preacher was doubtless only experiencing what many speakers and actors feel before an unresponsive audience. Mdlle. Rhea, when acting at Utica, complained that the audience was as undemonstrative and cold as Arctic ice. “How can I warm this assemblage?” she asked in despair; “it chills me; it seems as if I were playing to people far away. Nothing but dynamite will stir such a house!”

Perhaps this coldness may account for the introduction of some startling and unseemly novelties into reform meetings of a serious character. They are certainly calculated to arouse attention and evoke response. For instance, at a temperance meeting held in New York one Sunday afternoon in March, an actor was introduced to give a representation of three stages of drunkenness and *delirium tremens.* I regret to hear this “created enthusiasm.” Such an exhibition is quite as distasteful to earnest workers in the temperance cause there, as a recent meeting of “saved drunkards” in Exeter Hall proved to refined people here. All kinds of sensational stories were detailed by the various speakers. One credited himself “with every crime but murder” with evident satisfaction. A Devonshire girl described with undisguised gusto the life she had led before she joined the Salvation Army; then followed speeches from people who gave their names as “Old

Whisky," "The Tramp," "The Black Bishop," and the "Cockney Brandy-drinker,"—all describing themselves as thieves, drunkards, wife-beaters, and guilty of other criminal offences. Such revolting exhibitions can only injure the cause they are supposed to aid, and should be discouraged in both countries.

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Miss Frances Willard is one of the foremost and best temperance advocates in America, and devotes her entire life in support of what she regards "as the most vital question of the day."

Well organised coffee-houses are essential aids to the temperance movement, but they must rival the gin-palace in brilliancy, warmth, and attraction. The artisan requires a place where he is sure to find good substitutes for the alcohol he is advised to relinquish; he wants cheerful rooms and pleasant company; help, not dictation or patronage, from people who are richer and more cultured than himself, and he is entitled to a fair choice of healthy recreations. The stagnation from which he suffers only needs to be stirred by a vigorous judicious hand, and healthy growths will soon make their appearance. Those who try to provide good amusements for the working classes, and cultivate a greater taste for music, art, and literature, will more effectually empty the drinking saloons than any prohibition or Act of Parliament. To warn people against dangerous indulgences is but to advertise them; the reformer's true wisdom lies in offering something which shall compete in the open market with such seductive pleasures, and thus to win his fellow-creatures from drinking, gambling, debasing spectacles and cruel sports.

CHAPTER VIII.

Boston: its east wind, culture, and English look—False accusation of "decadence," but gaps in the aristocracy of letters between first and second visits—Longfellow, James Fields, Professor Agassiz—Asthma and its remedies—John Greenleaf Whittier—Oliver Wendell Holmes—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and the New England Club—Victoria Discussion

Society—Evacuation Day in New York and Forefathers' Day in Boston—Rev. Edward Everett Hale—Visit to the Boston University with the Dean and Mrs. Talbot—Miss Peabody and the Kindergarten—The Papyrus Club—Dr. Harriet Hunt—The Bible and the Woman question.

Fifty years ago Fanny Kemble spoke of “the bitter, bleak east wind—the only wind that blows in Boston,” and added, “it keeps us all in a state of misanthropy and universal dissatisfaction.” I admit “the bitter bleak east wind,” which played cruel havoc with my throat and lungs, but I repudiate entirely the “misanthropy and dissatisfaction.” An Englishwoman certainly feels sooner more “at home” in Boston than in any other town in America. The very streets have an English look about them, and the conditions of life here are much more like those of the mother country, to say nothing of the people, who undoubtedly retain many of the characteristics of their ancestors. It is far less cosmopolitan than New York, which Joaquin Miller describes as “an iron-fronted, iron-footed, and iron-hearted town;” further declaring, that its screaming, screeching, swift, and very crooked elevated railroad is just typical of 97 the city itself—“iron, all iron, iron and paint.” Commerce and money-getting are certainly the features of New York; everybody dabbles in stocks, and Wall Street is the centre of interest. The very boys know how many thousands there are in a million before they learn the commandments. But in Boston a different spirit prevails. Life is taken far more quietly, less at high pressure, and people are valued more for their culture than their wealth. The ladies are equally remarkable for their “independence,” but less for their dress. The gay colours I noticed in New York are not to be seen here. The houses are far more like homes, and if they have not the magnificence of the Fifth Avenue palaces, they all contain more or less of a library of books. A literary atmosphere pervades the place. Indeed, Boston is the acknowledged centre of intellectual culture and literary work. Some writers declare that Boston is losing her mental pre-eminence, that there are no rising authors to take the places of those literary giants who once made her famous, and that she will soon cease to be regarded as the “Athens of America.” The true Bostonian indignantly disclaims this allegation, and declares “that more

culture to the square inch was never known there" than exists at the present moment in the "hub of the universe;" so much so, that "a little English Philistinism would be a positive relief," retorted a New England journalist with whom I was discussing the accusation of "decadence."

But it will not be easy to replace the aristocracy of letters which reigned in Boston when Prescott, George Ticknor, Theodore Parker, Dr. Channing, and Emerson were familiar figures in Beacon Street. Even the ten years which elapsed between my first and second visit had turned many a valued G 98 presence into a "majestic memory." The grand-looking old poet Longfellow, the genial scholar Professor Agassiz, and my kind friend James Fields, had, with other notable persons, joined the majority, and left many "a vacant chair." On whom have their mantles descended?

Time, however, had dealt gently with John Greenleaf Whittier. I found him celebrating his seventy-fifth anniversary in December 1882. The evening I lectured in Tremont Temple he sent me a kindly message: "The night air" kept him at home, he said, but he "was with me in spirit." On his birthday, in his pleasant rooms in the Hotel Winthrop, overlooking Bowdoin Street, sat the venerable old man, with a mass of snow-white hair rising above a towering forehead, surrounded by tokens of affectionate esteem sent from far and near. One exquisite bouquet I had seen the day before while dining with the wife of its donor, ex-Governor Claflin. It was from their hothouses, and consisted of seventy-five roses—each flower marking a year; and for the fragrance of these American roses to be appreciated they must be enjoyed here, freshly gathered, for no description can convey any idea of their delicious perfume.

And *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* —dear old Oliver Wendell Holmes—had still a welcome for me. As of old, I found him the centre of the wit and humour passing round the circle. His conversation is as rich as ever in vigour and delicious whimsicality. If his individuality is acknowledged in his writings, how much more is it felt by those who are brought within the magic circle of his personal influence! As a fellow-sufferer from asthma,

we had early found a bond of sympathy in discussing a complaint which hitherto has baffled the science of the whole world, though America must 99 have the credit of the discovery of the best palliative I know, viz., Himrod's asthma powder, from the fumes of which I have invariably derived the greatest possible relief. Some years ago I gave it to Dr. Morell Mackenzie of London, who has found it of inestimable value to sufferers from that painful malady here. I have tried every remedy ever invented, and Himrod's cure is the only one in which I have absolute confidence.

At the New England Club Mrs. Julia Ward Howe introduced me to the leading women in various reform movements. This Club was formed not merely to secure a central place of meeting, but with the hope that from personal contact with each other women might learn that much-needed lesson, “to be more just and generous to their own sex.” Mrs. Howe has been a marked woman in her own country for many years. Her “Battle Hymn of the Republic” was justly regarded as one of the most spirited utterances during the terrible civil war which kindled “the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps.” I think Mrs. Howe is one of the best drawing-room speakers in America. She is a woman of great culture; and if her speeches perhaps lack the terseness which characterises the use of plain Saxon, they are full of thought, and very marvels of polish. She is one of those brave women

“Who to herself is true, And what she dares to dream of, dares to do.”

Though Mrs. Howe had once sung of the “fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,” she was the first to cross the Atlantic to advocate at the Peace Congress the great principles of human brotherhood, and to urge that the time 100 had come when the antagonisms of nations and society should be settled in some calmer manner than by bitterness and bloodshed. I had then the pleasure of asking her to preside at one of the debates of the Victoria Discussion Society, when Dr. Zerffi read a paper on “Women in Art.” This Society was organised in London for a twofold object,—to afford a neutral meeting-point for all interested in women's work, and to give ladies an increased opportunity for oral utterance. Miss Becker, Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Amberley, and one or two Englishwomen, had at this

time lectured in public, but very few ladies had dared even to join in a discussion at a Social Science Congress.

No society ever yet escaped difficulties and disappointments, or failed to fall short of the expectations of sanguine promoters; for societies, like individuals, have an unfortunate way of seldom realising their highest aspirations. In spite of all drawbacks, however, the Victoria Discussion Society, during its few years' existence, certainly accomplished a great deal of the work I had called it into existence to perform. It brought together a number of earnest people who would never otherwise have met, and enabled them to compare their varied experiences, and it encouraged many ladies to express valuable opinions, who, under other circumstances, would probably have been too nervous to afford help to other workers, but “would have died with all their music in them.” Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Dr. Garrett Anderson, in the opening session of the Victoria Discussion Society, gave an account of their practical experiences in the field of Medicine. Lords Shaftesbury and Houghton expressed their approval of medical training for women, which was of great moment just then to the cause. “Ginx's 101 Baby,” in the person of Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., discoursed on the condition of the poorer classes, and advocated emigration under the leadership of one of our Colonial Governors, Sir George Grey; while Chunder Sen took back to India fresh inspirations for the extension of women's education there. I cannot enumerate here the important subjects discussed from time to time, or the influential people thus brought into practical sympathy with one another, but must content myself with saying that an impetus was given to the passing of the Act to secure the property and earnings of married women by the able way in which Mr. Herbert Mozley and Sir J. Erskine Perry advanced its interests at some of our meetings.

Two very important annual celebrations take place in America in the concluding months of the year. New York makes the grandest possible preparations for “Evacuation Day” in November. “What is Evacuation Day?” asked a young English lady in my presence, much to my amusement, for I had been already initiated into the mystery. Whereon the eyes of the patriotic Yankee whom she thus rashly interrogated kindled, and with considerable

pride he answered, “Well, I guess next Monday will be the hundredth anniversary of the day when the Britishers saw they had better quit for that tight little island of yours;” and then he proceeded to enlarge with great enthusiasm on the courage and patriotism of his forefathers, who freed his country from English despotism.

A century ago, at the dinner given by General Clinton to celebrate the exit of English rulers, the toast of the evening was, “May the remembrance of this day be a terror to princes!” In spite of all efforts in 1883 to revive enthusiasm 102 of the people, the toasts were more in keeping with the generous spirit of the present time, which induces this great Republic to offer a cordial greeting to all foreign potentates, whether crowned by right of mere heritage of lands, or by reason of gifts which make them kings in the realms of literature and art.

On the 22d of December Boston keeps “Forefathers' Day.” Two hundred and sixty years ago the Pilgrim Fathers arrived at Plymouth in the *Mayflower;* and what would those harsh, solemn, unbending Englishmen have said could they have foreseen how their descendants would commemorate the event? For these were the men who forbade every kind of amusement; all genial conviviality was a sin in the eyes of these angular, sanctimonious Puritans, who bade adieu to their native land because they would not bow the knee to Baal. Plymouth, it is true, kept the day as a holiday, with display of flags and salutes by cannons, while the Standish Guards formed in line and marched to the rock on which the Pilgrims landed; after which a service was held in the church and a hymn sung, composed for the occasion by Governor Long. But elsewhere dinners marked the event. The “New England Sons” in Pennsylvania had a splendid banquet at the Union League Assembly Hall; Delmonico's was of course the scene of the New York festivity; and as for Boston, it is strange but true that one great feature of Boston life is its public dinners. As the Rev. Edward Everett Hale told me, “a representative man may dine in public, if he pleases, nearly every night of the year.” Everything begins and goes on with dinners, except the ladies' associations—and they have “social teas” instead. Not that the “flowing bowl” is indulged in at even all the 103 gentlemen's dinners, for Boston is

a stronghold of temperance. At many dinners no wine is to be seen at all, and yet the Rev. C. A. Bartol, in an after-dinner speech, urged the advocates of total abstinence to extra exertions in the cause, as the “rum interest,” as he described it, had elected the last Mayor of Boston and the Governor of Massachusetts. The nation is not suffering from the “overwork” on which Herbert Spencer laid such emphasis, but, according to Mr. Bartol, from “over-drinking, over-smoking, and over-indulgence in all sensual desires.” I had but brief glimpses of Mr. Everett Hale and James Freeman Clarke—the one had only just returned from Europe, and the other was absent lecturing; but both were hard at work helping to crush sectarian disputes and theological wrangling, fearlessly pointing out the dangers to be dreaded in this country, where those who have suddenly grown rich do not assume the responsibility for the use of their wealth which is felt by an aristocracy of standing. Our European aristocracies at least know that they are under some obligation to the nation. The American aristocracy of wealth too often feels none.

The Dean of the Boston University invited me to visit the School of Medicine, and I spent a very pleasant morning there with Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Hemmaway, the President of Wellesley College, and other representative ladies. The Dean conducted me through the building, not even sparing me the dissecting-room; and when I entered the lecture-room, in which about 200 students of both sexes were assembled, I received a greeting as unexpected as it was gratifying. The Dean gave an informal history of the College, and spoke from the experience of this School of 104 Medicine strongly in favour of co-education, after which I was requested to say a few words about what had been accomplished in England.

Ten years ago, at the New England Club, I made the acquaintance of a delightful old lady, Miss E. P. Peabody, who is regarded as the mother of the Kindergarten system in America. She studied Froebel's methods in Germany, and introduced that admirable form of teaching in her own country. Her entire life has been devoted to the work, and in 1882 I found her still discoursing on her favourite theme, impressing an excellent maxim on her hearers, which might be adopted with advantage in other places than Kindergartens —“Never give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain.” The world would be a very

different place, if we acted on this golden rule in all our dealings with each other in daily life. In April 1884 Miss Peabody kept her 80th birthday, surrounded by a large gathering of her friends. During the winter she had occupied herself with the Piute Indian affairs, and, notwithstanding her loss of sight, had written scores of letters on the subject to Senators whom she hoped to influence. Strange to say, though Miss Peabody writes now chiefly by the sense of touch, her handwriting is far more legible than some of the productions of those who are in fall possession of their eyesight. Passing events, social reforms, and political movements, still excite in her the same vivid interest as of old, and accordingly Miss Peabody's friends never fail to spend many hours with her daily, for the purpose of reading the newspapers and new books, a duty and pleasure largely shared by her niece, Mrs. Hawthorne Lathrop, a Boston beauty of the golden-haired type, whom I first met at the Papyrus Club dinner—a charming 105 entertainment, at which her husband read a humorous account of a supposed interview with Don Quixote, and after other original poems and tales contributed by Colonel Lyman, Governor Long, Mr. Babbitt, etc., Boyle O'Reilly recited a really powerful poem, indicating the results of the growing breach between labour and capital, a strife which is undoubtedly looming on the American horizon.

When I first went to Boston, I received a message from one of the earliest pioneer lady doctors begging me to go and see her, as she was “too old and too ill to leave her room.” Pleasant indeed was the interview which followed, for Dr. Harriet Hunt was not only a clever physician, but a warm-hearted woman, of whose kindly and helpful deeds I had often been told. In her personal presence one realised the earnest simplicity of her character, and her buoyant spirits and ringing laugh betokened the good-will to all and peace which reigned within. She was one of the first to protest against “the unpardonable sin” of bringing up girls without a knowledge of domestic duties and responsibilities—those solid attainments which endure when youthful “attractions” pass away. “It *must* soon be seen that bringing up girls for nothing but marriage mingles poison in the cup of domestic life, and is traitorous to the virtue of both sexes, for neither suffers alone.”

These brave words were written in 1827; they are still needed in 1884, proving that it is only by line upon line, and precept upon precept, we shall ever succeed in bringing such truths home. To this very hour, in both countries, a woman's claim to equal educational advantages, in order that she may worthily fulfil her own place in the world, and prove a real help-meet for man, is met by many with the charge that she is “ruthlessly 106 shattering household gods,” and that “man can offer no protection to the being who tauntingly proclaims herself his rival; he can feel no reverence, not even pity, for the nondescript who tramples on her most precious privileges, and vainly grasps at the rights *of man.* ” There are still to be found in every city Jeremiahs like Dr. Dix of New York, who lament over these “indecorous” efforts to plunge into “coarse rivalry with man.” Not that there seems much chance of the survival of any kind of good woman at all, according to the reverend gentlemen—very happily described by Mrs. Devereux Blake as the “theological Rip Van Winkle of the age;” for in his Lenten lecture he stated that “real women”—whatever he meant by that singular term—were dying out, and that “the ideal of an earnest, modest, simple womanhood” is being superseded by a poor substitute made of “vulgarity, heartlessness, froth, and chaff,”—terrible accusations, followed by arguments drawn from the Bible supposed to be unanswerable, and therefore crushing. Such opponents seem to forget that while “the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.” The same apostle who told “wives to obey their husbands,” also said, “Slaves, obey your masters”—a recognition, perhaps, of a prevailing custom, but certainly not an approval of it. It was indeed only natural that St. Paul, who declared himself ready to refrain from meat all the days of his life rather than offend a weak brother, should urge Greek converts to be “keepers at home,” in days when no respectable matron or maiden ever left the house save for religious festivals.

But now, when custom obliges ladies to take part in amusements of all kinds, I suspect the inspired writer would be the first to say that only a perverse generation could 107 persist in keeping women apart from the more serious concerns of life, while it requires such licence in another direction. It is no longer a question of “the home or the world;” it is a case of

sober interests or frivolous pursuits; the one will tend to raise the whole nation, the other will ultimately destroy it.

It seems to me that the Bible, falsely supposed to crush demands stigmatised by opponents as “unfeminine and ungodly,” really contains the very essence of the claims advanced. For instance, what more do we want than the fulfilment of this injunction in sacred writ: “Give every woman of the fruit of her hand, and let her works praise her in the gates.” Christianity, in truth, was the signal for the breaking down of false and artificial barriers, though it has proved a signal some of its professors, in the stubbornness of their hearts, resolutely refuse to see. They indulge in confusing discourses on “broad lines of demarcation,” “masculine and feminine characteristics;” forgetting that the very highest thought of God includes the blending of those elements which, in common speech, we call masculine and feminine. The grandest human characters include these selfsame qualities, the true man having much of the noble woman, and the noble woman having somewhat of the true man. It is time to reject as heathenish the notion of separate codes of virtue, and to look for modesty in men and courage in women, and then we shall find that what is true of the highest humanity is true of the world at large, and that for the service of that world the spirit and power of woman is as much needed as the spirit and power of man.

Who can doubt this in a State like Massachusetts, full of the practical work already accomplished by women in schools, 108 reformatories, and other directions? Take, for example, that marvellous prison managed entirely by women, in which the superintendent, chaplain, physician alike are women, whose wonderful efforts in reclaiming the erring ones under their care have been crowned with such signal success.

But wise convictions, like light, dawn gradually, and the mists of prejudice which still enshroud some minds will not be dispersed till people cease to dogmatise on the deepest and most delicate chords of human nature.

CHAPTER IX.

English and American receptions contrasted.—St. Louis,—Absence of gentlemen at afternoon receptions—Innovation at St. Louis—Mrs. Bigelow's “At home”—Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson of Chicago—Illinois women—Judge Bradwell and his lawyer wife—Dr. and Mrs. Hoggan of London—Incident during a railway journey—Charlotte Cushman on and off the stage—Compared as a reader with Fanny Kemble—Mr, Sothern and Miss Cushman at a steamer banquet—The ruse to avoid speech-making—The model town of Pullman—Caboose travelling in Wisconsin and Minnesota—Cincinnati during the flood of 1883—Governor Noyes—Murat Halstead and Mr. Probasco.

There is an institution in America very familiar to the distinguished traveller, entailing so much physical discomfort and mental disappointment to all concerned, that I venture to hope for its speedy overthrow, as one of those shams of society far more “honoured in the breach than the observance.” I trust my good friends across the Atlantic will not accuse me of being ungrateful or ungracious if I express in these pages sentiments, many of them acknowledged to me in private, though they have as yet not seen their way to fly in the face of an established custom.

Receptions arranged for the introduction of a stranger into the society of a city in which he finds himself for the first time when crowded and protracted, are perhaps equally wearisome in all parts of the world. Our arrangements in London for this inevitable ceremony are bad enough, but at 110 least the recipient of the honour is seated in some comfortable, though conspicuous, place, and allowed a brief respite for something approaching the interchange of ideas with the most notable people in the assembly, who are alone presented, on the ground that, as the time allotted is not indefinite, the number of introductions must of necessity be limited also, and in keeping with its stern demands. The rest of the company are quite content to be present on the occasion, and to extract their enjoyment from social intercourse with one another. They recognise the fact that any other course involves the hopeless confusion of the stranger they seek to honour. In America, however, a different fashion prevails. Each person expects a formal introduction,

and would be much outraged if this barren honour were neglected. Consequently, the guest in question has to stand with the host or hostess at the door to be presented to and shake hands with every one who enters the house, and the same ceremony has to be gone through when they quit it. The bare interchange of names, mutual bows, with murmurs about “the pleasure such an introduction affords,” as the crowd sweeps by, is the beginning and end of such ceremonials. Social intercourse is an impossibility, and recognition in the street the following day, on the part of the stranger, is a hopeless task. A perfect sea of kind faces have succeeded each other in such bewildering rapidity that no permanent impression could possibly be retained.

There is another objectionable feature in an afternoon reception organised for the benefit of a lady, which we also escape in England. Except at Washington and Boston, gentlemen are not even invited. They are supposed to be too busy at their various occupations to countenance such entertainments. Unlike the Old World, which prides itself on its “leisure 111 class,” America refuses to acknowledge the existence of men who can afford to give to society the hours claimed by work. I fancy, however, that if a glimpse could be obtained into the city offices and city club-houses, some strange discrepancy would be sometimes discovered between *what is* and what is *supposed to be.* Be this as it may, gentlemen are rarely seen at these afternoon receptions. I shall have the courage of my opinions, and boldly declare that while such a form of “receiving” exists, this is a fact much to be lamented in the interests of all who take part in them. I have thoroughly enjoyed many a luncheon, and even a dinner of “ladies only,” but I certainly think the success of a large reception depends very greatly upon the due balance of the sexes being as far as possible preserved.

“An afternoon” was kindly arranged for me by one of the most brilliant ladies in St. Louis, during my stay in that city. I was previously entertained at luncheon by my host and hostess, but when the hour arrived for the appearance of the general company, to my great surprise my host prepared to depart, intending to leave his wife to receive without his assistance the 150 ladies who had been invited to meet me. Our united entreaties,

and my suggestion that he should start the innovation there, on the excuse that it was out of deference to an English guest, prevailed, and he consented to remain. Afterwards he frankly confessed that he had greatly enjoyed himself, though he pretended to be much afraid of the indignation of the husbands, who as usual had not even been asked to accompany their wives. The American gentleman as a rule makes a ceremonial call in the evening, during the hours the Englishman regards his castle as sacred, and expects no one without a definite invitation to cross its 112 threshold. In circles where the English fashionable dinner-hour of from seven to eight has been adopted, this practice is naturally dying out, and gentlemen pay their respects to the lady of the house on the day she announces herself as “at home.” In these houses I have often met as many gentlemen as lady callers between three and five o'clock. I remember once at Mrs. Bigelow's in New York mistaking the English stranger who was talking to me for an American, owing to his familiarity with the country, and the manners and customs throughout the State. At last he explained his nationality, adding he had “been on this side of the water more or less for six years.” “On business?” I ventured to ask. “Not at all,” was his reply. “You are irresistibly drawn to this country,” I suggested. “I am irretrievably *overdrawn* in the old,” was his ready and amusing rejoinder.

Among the pleasantest welcomes I received during my second visit to Chicago, was a notable reception given by Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson in her house in Michigan Avenue, in conjunction with the famous Fortnightly Club of that city. It was very crowded, and difficult to obtain much conversation with any one present; but nevertheless it was impossible not to appreciate what was so kindly intentioned, and so ably carried out, that it was justly described by the papers next day “as a public demonstration of Chicago's best citizens.” A few years before I had seen a great deal of Dr. Stevenson in London: she studied in our medical schools there, and was one of Professor Huxley's brightest pupils. To-day she is a leading physician in Chicago, with a large and increasing practice, often called upon to drive out into the country in the middle of the night through the frost and snow, to some 113 patient who has the bad taste to require her services at

such an inconvenient season. Dr. Stevenson is a remarkably tall, handsome woman, with a commanding presence; she is an uncompromising upholder of the dignity of her profession, a stern administrator of allopathic draughts and pills, but so sympathetic and womanly withal, that her patients not only have confidence in her skill, but firm faith in her never-failing tenderness and kindness. She has consequently attracted round her a number of enthusiastic friends, and is one of the leading spirits at the Woman's Medical College and Dispensary. The last time I met her was at a little gathering at Mrs. Gilbert's, when she delighted all present by a wonderfully clever little skit on the nineteenth century upheaval of old-fashioned beliefs and customs, in which she very cleverly exposed the absurd contradictions which abound in modern society. It was full of pungent humour, yet a reverent and almost pathetic undercurrent pervaded every line. If Dr. Stevenson is induced to publish it in the form of a Christmas *brochure* , with the charming illustrations a friend had made on her manuscript, I trust it will reach England, where the author is pleasantly remembered by a group of cordial friends.

The prairie State derives its name from the word “Mini,” signifying “living men.” It certainly has contained many ladies who deserve to rank under that denomination as well, for countless women have distinguished themselves in various directions. Miss Willard, President of Evanston College, is now the acknowledged leader of the temperance party in America. The assistant State entomologist was a woman. I knew a lady journalist in receipt of 2500 dollars a year for her work on a daily paper as book reviewer and fashion editor; but it is somewhat singular not to find “a H 114 notary-public” there, as in other places, considering the laws of the State are more liberal than any other in the Union regarding the power of married or single women to enter into contracts, and carry on any profession or trade they please. Women are eligible for any position in the public schools, and as lawyers have obtained enviable reputations. Miss Alta M. Hullett was admitted to the bar before she was nineteen; but her health failed her, and she went to California, where she died of hereditary consumption. It is often said that no professional man would marry a lady who aspired to rival him in his own career. A notable exception to this theory is to

be found in Chicago. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, the first lawyer admitted in the State, not only married Judge Bradwell, but a business partnership exists between them. She also edits the *Legal News* , which is esteemed “a great authority” in the West.

A similar refutation of this doctrine may be found in medical circles in London in the case of Dr. Hoggan and his clever wife, Dr. Frances Hoggan. I must relate a curious incident *à propos* of the assertion that a man always objects to the admission of women into his own profession. Dr. Hoggan was requested by the friends of Dr. Susan Dimock of Boston to undertake the melancholy task of identifying her body, as during that lady's voyage to Europe in pursuit of a well-earned holiday, she had perished in the ship-wreck of the *Schiller* , off the Scilly Islands.

During his journey to the place where the lamentable accident occurred, Dr. Hoggan had to change trains, and on entering another carriage he found an old lady engaged in a vehement discussion on “woman's sphere.” The opposition was maintained by two young ladies, who were evidently 115 staunch champions of a woman's right to make use of her talents for her own advantage as well as for the good of others. As the veteran representative of the clinging-dependence-upon-man-theory found that the forces were against her, she turned to the new-comer for sympathy and assistance.

“I am sure,” she said, “that this gentleman, does not approve of women who compete with men in trades and professions.”

“On the contrary, madam,” Dr. Hoggan replied, “I am quite in favour of women undertaking any work for which they are fitted.”

“Surely,” she exclaimed with horror, “the idea of a woman doctor is thoroughly repulsive to you?”

“Certainly not,” he answered quietly, “though I am a medical man myself.”

“I am certain that you would never dream of marrying such a woman,” she cried, thinking now at least she should obtain the convincing answer wherewith most to discomfit her young marriageable opponents.

“Madam,” replied Dr. Hoggan placidly, “that is just what I have done. My wife is a doctor in London, with an excellent practice.” *Tableaux.*

I was fortunate enough during my first visit to America once again to meet a woman I had held in special honour ever since I had made her acquaintance abroad. Charlotte Cushman's fascination of manner, to my mind far above mere beauty of feature, with her marvellous charm of expression and boundless humour, had always an irresistible attraction for me both on and off the stage, while her pure and noble life and generous actions commanded a respect 116 seldom given to those so often contemptuously denominated “playactors.” Miss Cushman loved the art she adorned with a devoted singleness of purpose, and showed the world that a woman may be *sans peur et sans reproche* in this perilous profession. She was giving a series of readings at this time in the principal cities in America. Her powerful intellect and passionate nature, combined with her personal magnetism and wonderful, deep-toned voice, enabled her to hold her audiences as spellbound throughout her recitals as she ever did in her famous representations of “Meg Merrilees,” “Lady Macbeth,” or “Queen Katherine.” As a reader she was more than the peer of her sister artist Fanny Kemble, whose recital of “Midsummer Night's Dream” in Exeter Hall gave me, in the days of my youth, my first dramatic inspiration. Indeed Miss Cushman had genius of the highest order. Her acting had a magnetic effect upon those on the stage with her; for the time being she lifted them up to a level near her own, for the atmosphere of genius is felt behind the footlights as much as it is in the auditorium. Her two watchwords were “Devotion and Work,” secrets of success which aspirants for dramatic honours, however celebrated, would do well to take to heart, for no great eminence can be ever reached without them.

Before I pass away from the reminiscences connected with this gifted artist, I must narrate an amusing experience in which Mr. Sothern was involved. Some years ago a London Shipping Company gave a grand banquet on a new steamer about to start for Australia. I was sitting between Miss Cushman and Mr. Sothern, and soon after the speeches commenced he leaned behind my chair and whispered 117 something to Miss Cushman, who at the same moment placed her hand on her forehead and gave a tragic groan, as if in sudden pain. “Lord Dundreary” started up, and while confusion reigned, gallantly offered to lead her into “fresh air on deck.” Taking her by the arm, he carefully escorted her from the crowded saloon, with every sign of anxious solicitude, to the carriage which conveyed them both from the docks. Not a suspicion of the truth crossed the minds of those present, the rapid exit excited profound sympathy, and for a moment even cast a gloom over the company. Years afterwards I happened to be in the Manchester theatre on Mr. Sothern's benefit night, when he was bound to address the audience at the conclusion of the play. He began by confessing that speech-making was an ordeal he had always dreaded, and that in strict confidence he would tell how he once evaded it in the presence of a lady “now in the stage-box” to his right. Mr. Sothern then explained the mystery of the sudden departure from that steamer banquet. On receiving a slip of paper from the chairman towards the end of the *déjeuner* , asking him to respond to some toast, a happy thought struck him. He begged Miss Cushman to be taken, ill immediately. Her ready and clever compliance with his request enabled him to escape from the dilemma, and to leave without detection or loss of dignity, for every one supposed that with commendable chivalry he was sacrificing the rest of the day's enjoyment in order to escort a sick friend home.

No one should leave Chicago without visiting the model village built by Mr. George M. Pullman, the inventor of the palace car which bears his name. About twelve miles from the city, on the banks of Lake Calumet, is one of the 118 prettiest towns I saw in the West, built not only for the manufacturing of these luxurious railroad cars, but for the health and comfort of the 3000 men who are employed in making them. Picturesque brick houses, costing from 1500 to 15,000 dollars, arranged in flats, containing all modern appliances,

have been built in rows, and are rented by the work-people at prices corresponding to size and location. The town is lighted with gas, has a good water. supply, and a thorough system of drainage. There is not a drinking saloon in the whole place, though wine can be purchased at the hotel, which has been opened for the convenience of visitors. “The Arcade,” an immense store, supplies all the necessaries of life, and a farm near the outskirts provides the milk, butter, and vegetables consumed by the inhabitants of this happy village, which extends over 4000 acres of prairie land, and has already cost its founder about six millions of dollars. Churches have been built, and excellent schools, and that great boon, a public library, has been opened, with 10,000 books selected by Mrs. Pullman, who has taken the greatest interest in helping to secure the welfare of the place ever since the first stone was laid in 1880. “I believed that workmen would appreciate stylish homes, so I resolved to try the experiment,” said Mr. Pullman, “and it is a complete success.” Undoubtedly the employer's best policy is to elevate the tastes of the people. Nice surroundings make men better citizens. “Our poorest workmen,” continued Mr. Pullman, “can now get a comfortable house in Pullman, and we are daily seeing good results from it.”

The Allen Paper Car-Wheel Company, in which Mr. Pullman has an interest, has also pitched its tent in this 119 model town, for there is a growing tendency to remove great factories out of the city limits; accordingly, “Hyde Park,” which begins at Thirty-ninth Street, and runs along Lake Michigan towards Indiana, has become a huge town, and is a perfect hive of industries.

Mr. Pullman will not allow the purchase of property within the boundaries of his own domains, as he fears it would deprive “the projectors of the enterprise” of the power to enforce their own ideas as to architecture as well as government; but to make the place easy of access, at a cheap rate, he has opened a railway connecting his model town with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and Pennsylvania Railroads.

In one of Will Carleton's remarkable farm ballads there is a story showing that even wedded bliss is not appreciated without “fifteen minutes' experience” of the other side of the picture, and I am certain that no traveller accustomed to Pullman cars will prize them properly till he has had to leave the main routes and travel long distances over lines where such luxuries are unobtainable.

Once I imagined I had reached the lowest depth of American railway travelling when I found myself compelled to take the ordinary car. A journey through the wilds of Wisconsin taught me otherwise. I was even condemned to a freight, that is, a cattle train, to which, for the accommodation of human passengers, a “caboose” is attached. This, being interpreted, means a kind of luggage van, in which seats are placed, and you find your only chance of getting to your destination is to take your place with fellow-travellers who, not to put too fine a point upon it, stand in terrible need of the national piece of china 120 known as “a spittoon,” but which, unhappily, is a little refinement beyond this mode of locomotion. I penetrated as far as the borders of Minnesota, where the wolves still haunt the woods, and occasionally commit havoc in the “deer parks;” where open buggies with pairs of utterly untrained horses met me at the dépôts, and conveyed me, after various perils, to the hotel of the town, and in which I often encountered food and society of the very strangest description. How gladly I returned to Chicago and the Palmer House, with its excellent *cuisine* , can never be described! I left the city in all the glories of a curiously late Indian summer, and found her white with the first beautiful snow of the season, ringing with the sound of the sleigh bells, and hospitable as ever,—dinners and luncheons for me, and sleigh-drives and dances for the young friend who accompanied me in my third series of wanderings through this vast country.

The visit to Cincinnati which naturally remains most vividly impressed upon my mind is the time I spent there during the great flood of 1883. I arrived on the 11th of February, in time to lecture at the Grand Opera-house in the afternoon. I found the city besieged by a raging river—in fact, just commencing a terrible struggle with the mighty Ohio,

which had overflowed its banks, and was then rising rapidly. Some of my audience had already found the bridges impassable, and had actually crossed from the Kentucky side in skiffs. When the lecture was over I was driven through the flooded districts as far as carriage and horses dare venture, and I saw a picture of desolation which I shall not easily forget. Stout hearts and hands were busy trying to save household goods and property of all descriptions; 121 women and children were being rescued in boats through the windows of their houses, having clung with a natural but imprudent tenacity to their homes to the very last moment. Cattle unwisely left in their quarters in the same vain spirit of hopefulness were standing nearly up to their backs in water, and all kinds of things were floating through the streets beside the boats which were speeding on their errands of mercy through the inundated parts of the stricken city. When the shades of night fell upon Cincinnati, men became conscious that their gravest apprehensions were about to be realised.

Before morning dawned the waterworks and gasworks were both under water, and for days the city was in darkness, save for a few electric lights and the oil lamps and candles hastily secured for household use. On the 13th it was hoped that the raging river had reached its maximum—the waters had already crept up until they had exceeded the famous record of the last flood in 1832; but the hours wore on, and though at one time the waste of waters began to decline, in the evening the pitiless rain came down in torrents for hours, and by the morning the awful flood started again on its upward course. The river rose at the rate of nearly two inches an hour, and houses and stores were seized in its relentless grasp that were quite expected to escape destruction.

I was dining that night with some representative Cincinnati people, and the excitement betrayed by the gentlemen who all day long had been watching the loss of their valuable property, and striving to carry help to the human victims of this fearful inundation, was in marked contrast to the usual calmness of nineteenth-century manners. And 122 no wonder: surrounded by the rising flood, railroad communication endangered, telegraph wires destroyed, 300 telephone instruments under water already, the supply of gas and

water cut off, who could say what would happen before the end was reached? And when Governor Noyes—late American Minister in Paris—remarked “he did not know when such a gloom had possessed this city,” every heart at that table responded to the truth of his observation. But a month before, Cincinnati had forwarded to the flooded districts of Germany a large and liberal donation in aid of the sufferers there, little dreaming she would so soon be called upon to face a calamity of even vaster dimensions within her own walls. Along the riverside matters were at their worst. Laurenceburg and one-half of Aurora were under water—in fact, the whole cluster of towns in the Ohio valley were completely at the mercy of the relentless element. Hundreds of houses were from ten to thirty feet under water, the people were driven from their homes, and the court-houses and public buildings were crowded with those who escaped with their lives in their hands, while all they possessed was ruthlessly destroyed.

One of the railroad dépôts in Cincinnati was swept away, and all the tracks were for some distance under water. The theatres, strange to say, were not closed, though only the hardiest playgoers ventured out through the gloomy streets: the great bulk of the people felt they could not attempt to enjoy themselves surrounded by so much misery. Added to that, there was no gas, so the stage was deprived of footlights, and the hastily devised electric lights did not supply their place very satisfactorily. Mrs. Langtry had both fire and water to combat during her first American tour. 123 Her *début* in New York was delayed by the Park Theatre fire, and her engagement in Cincinnati Seriously damaged by the flood; indeed, but for the great advance sale of tickets it would have been completely ruined. As it was, ticket-holders were unable to avail themselves of the seats they had purchased, for people were afraid of leaving their homes; consequently the theatre presented a cheerless appearance, and the electric light played strange tricks with the performers, who were followed by ghastly shadows of strange dimensions and fantastic shapes. When the river began to fall, the serious question arose how to save the buildings, which it was feared the departing waters would carry with them.

It is a grand thing to see how the best side of human nature comes to the front in moments like these. Money poured in from all quarters, and Cincinnati merchants, who had lost heavily themselves, gave liberally and ungrudgingly to homeless sufferers in their hour of need. Nor were the ladies behind in deeds of genuine charity. They not only carried food to the hungry, but were busily at work for days making clothes for the shivering women and children who had lost not only their homes but all their worldly possessions. I met some who spared all they could out of their own slender wardrobes, thus fulfilling the poet's noble idea of true benevolence—

"'Tis not what we *give* , But what we share: The gift without the giver is bare."

The newspapers commenced a hot controversy respecting the causes of such floods, and some denounced the destruction 124 of the forests, and declared that the overflowing of the Ohio was due to the disappearance of the forests at the headwaters and along the banks. They maintained that if these forests had not been cut down, the snow would have melted far more slowly, and the river channel might have sufficed to carry off safely the increase in the volume of water, and advocated the cultivation of willows along the banks as well as the better protection of the trees.

There is a humorous side to every human calamity, and this great flood proved no exception to the rule. People at once began to plume themselves on the fact that the overflow of the river in 1832 could no longer be held up to them as the greatest ever known in Cincinnati. The thorough-bred Yankee spirit asserted itself by a grim satisfaction that this generation could now boast of having witnessed the most terrible overflow of the Ohio—that the flood of 1883 had "beaten all other famous records hollow."

But before poor Cincinnati lay in waiting not only the still worse flood of 1884, against which some wise precautions had been taken, but the unexpected three nights of terror, during which about 200 people lost their lives, when a lawless mob, reckless of life and

property, devastated the city, and exulted as the flames they had kindled destroyed its public buildings.

It will always be impossible for me to disassociate Cincinnati and Mr. Murat Halstead, the spirited chief of its leading newspaper, for whose family during the last twelve years I have entertained a strong personal friendship. Mr. and Mrs. Halstead have always contributed very greatly to my pleasure while staying in their neighbourhood, driving me to all the objects of interest within reach, and gathering 125 round them in their own house the friends they wished me to know. Nor can visits to Mr. Probasco's beautiful home at Clifton be left unrecorded. I found there one of the finest libraries I saw in the whole country, and some very fine statues and works of art. Some time since Mr. Probasco presented Cincinnati with a magnificent bronze fountain, standing on a massive base, *quatrefoil* in form, composed of blocks of Bavarian porphyry. The pedestal is ornamented with four bas-relief representations of the material use of water—steam, water-power, navigation, and fisheries. The central crowning figure is “the genius of water,” a woman in flowing, robes, standing on the shaft with outstretched arms, while the water descends from her hands in fine spray. This munificent gift, which cost 50,000 dollars, was given to the city on one condition, that it should be daily replenished with ice—a condition faithfully fulfilled.

CHAPTER X.

New Year's Day [1884] in Colorado—The Rocky Mountains—Denver—Mrs. Olive Wright—Greeley—Ralph Meeker—Dynamite Agitators—Colorado Springs—General Palmer's enterprise—Dr. Solly—President Tenny's picnic in January—Journey over the Rocky Mountains, through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas—Salida—Marshall Pass—Gunnison—Across the desert to Salt Lake City.

I watched “the old year out and new year in” under the shadow of the majestic range of the Rocky Mountains, in the midst of scenery more wild and magnificent than anything I ever imagined before, more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea; yet, thanks to

the lightness and purity of the atmosphere, I could breathe there with a freedom seldom vouchsafed to an asthmatic; and though the thermometer was at zero, such was the power of the sun during the morning hours, that it was far pleasanter to walk abroad without a sealskin than with one.

No wonder that invalids have sought Colorado as a land in which “life *is* worth living,” and become enthusiasts about a climate which is cool in summer and balmy in winter—a place noted for its exquisite blue skies and transparent atmosphere as well as its grand scenery. Of course I do not mean to say that there is no bad weather in Colorado, but it is certainly safe to assert that the belt of country skirting the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains enjoys an amount of sunshine and bright weather not to be 127 found in any other section of the United States; and the mineral springs—hot and cold, sulphur, soda and iron—are too numerous to mention, those of Manitou (six miles from this), Idaho, and Canyon Creek, being most resorted to as specifies for diseases of many kinds.

I left Chicago on the Saturday morning, and travelled for two nights and a day without leaving the cars, chiefly over barren prairies extending for hundreds of miles, across the Missouri by a picturesque bridge, which I saw to advantage from the opposite bank. Here the track became more interesting; and at last, shortly before we reached Denver, the Rocky Mountains came in sight, and for the first time I fully appreciated the illusion of distance. When our train seemed quite close to the base of these mountains, I learned that we were more than forty miles away!

Denver was chiefly generous to me in the matter of rain. Taking advantage, however, of the first fine day, I drove with Mrs. Olive Wright round the city and on to the hills beyond. Women have always been remarkable for their success with the young of their own species; but in Mrs. Wright I met a lady familiar with all the details of cattle-raising and colt-breaking. We have one lady in London who has turned her attention from the study of the law to the training and selling of horses, and who is well known to the *habituées* of Rotten Row, where she may be daily seen riding the horses she wishes to sell. There,

in the wild life at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, it was not perhaps surprising to meet with a practical advocate of “cattle-raising and colt-breaking as a desirable feminine employment.” Nor is Mrs. Wright the first in the field in Colorado. In 1869 a girl of twenty-one alighted from the Denver coach, 128 and secured an office, in which she opened an agency for Singer's sewing-machines. She had been left, at the death of her parents, a mere child in Illinois, without support, and had struck out a line for herself in Chicago. With nothing but her own industry and courage to help her, she secured a position as teacher in the Singer office in that city. When she asked to start a Denver agency, great was the astonishment of her employers; but she had displayed so much business tact they resolved to let her make the attempt. She had energetic men in rival establishments to contend with, but she rose superior to all obstacles, and won a pronounced success. She then married a cattle-dealer whose herds were numbered by thousands; and when he died, leaving her with two young sons, she at once assumed all the vast responsibilities, and became one of the leading cattle-dealers not only of Colorado, but of the United States. Fortune followed every venture she made, and “her income rolled in at the rate of from 100,000 to 300,000 dollars a year.” The month before I visited Denver she became the wife of Bishop Warren, but remains proud of the fact that, although she was once so poor, she owes this vast fortune chiefly to her own industry and perseverance.

I was somewhat disappointed, I must confess, in the Windsor Hotel. I suppose when one remembers how the city stands in the midst of an alkali desert—that twenty years ago it was “a sparsely-settled village with only log cabins, in which dwelt people in constant dread of Indians, who were expected to scalp every one in the place before nightfall —it is marvellous to think what has been already accomplished there in such a short space of time, and in the face of such difficulties. The streets are full of activity; 129 there fine houses and fast horses; carriages are to be seen with heraldic crests familiar to Europeans, but somewhat out of place in this land of equality. “Yes,” said a friend, in answer to a remark I made, “it reminds me of the old saying, people nowadays use coats of arms who wore coats without arms a few years back.” Considerable extravagance is

also to be seen—gorgeous clothes and pretentious entertainments; but at the same time there is energy and liberality—schools have been built, an excellent university opened, and if Denver has the faults, she has also the virtues, of a new wealthy Western city.

The Tabor Opera-house justly ranks as one of the finest theatres in America, and I saw it under the best possible circumstances. The Italian Opera Company arrived in Denver during one of my visits there, and Colonel Mapleson kindly invited me to be present on the opening night; so I not only heard Gerster sing, but saw the rank, fashion, and beauty of the city assembled to welcome her. Patti received an immense ovation next day, but I had to leave for Greeley—a town founded by Horace Greeley and his friend Mr. Meeker, on strictly temperance principles. The Indians not only resented the intrusion of the white men, but were rendered furious by the introduction of the agricultural machines they brought with them, and Mr. Meeker soon fell a prey to their vengeance. The *Greeley Tribune* is still conducted by a son of the murdered man. Ralph Meeker is one of the ablest journalists in America. He has travelled so much in Europe and lived so long abroad, knows England, France, and Russia as well as most Londoners know their own city, that he is thoroughly cosmopolitan; and many of his friends would certainly be surprised I 130 if they could have a glimpse of his present surroundings, and see him contentedly settling down in a place where the most stirring event is the addition of a new irrigating ditch or the arrival of an itinerant lecturer.

Unfortunately I just missed the meetings of the State Agricultural College at Denver, at which Mrs. Olive Wright read a very interesting paper on “What women are doing in Colorado.” Some women seem to be mining; the first prize at the last State fair was taken by a lady for skilful horsemanship and horsebreaking; and much of the value of the domestic cattle industry is, according to her paper, due to them. I certainly heard of girls on the prairies, who seemed to like a tramp over the plains in search of the boundary-line of their father's “claim” as much as the daughter of a British sportsman enjoys a morning on a Scotch moor during the grouse-shooting season. They become as used to handle the rifle as the plough, and many of the pioneer ladies I heard of were pursuing their studies

in their prairie homes. Some have gone through trials which even would shake the nerves of the sterner sex. I was told of a widow who had built her own “claim shack,” had it twice blown away by tornadoes and once burned to the ground in the course of two years; but she holds on to the life she has chosen, and in face and form is the embodiment of health.

I was in Denver when the Irish agitator P. J. Sheridan arrived. He was met at the dépôt by prominent citizens, and the Mayor took the chair at his lecture, in the course of which he spoke of “dynamite as God's chosen instrument at this period of the world's history”! The Americans were very indignant about this time at the London *Times* , for complaining, in a leader on this subject, that “an open 131 crusade against England was being preached in America.” That, perhaps, may be too broad a way of putting it, but it seemed to me very strange that such utterances as those of Sheridan's, and others I could cite, should be sanctioned by the presence of any official person. Sheridan, it will be remembered, was suspected of being concerned in the Phœnix Park tragedy, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were foully murdered, and the efforts of the English Government to secure his extradition after his escape to America were utterly futile.

Such men as Sheridan stir up endless ill-feeling between the two countries. In an interview with the reporter of the *Denver Tribune* , after declaring that he believed England could be made bankrupt by what he had the audacity to describe as “scientific warfare,” he proceeded to censure the United States Government for “submitting calmly to insults from England, such as the detention in prison of M'Sweeney and other American citizens without trial;” he stigmatised the American Minister, Lowell, as “a flunky,” and said the “bulk of the people were too much imbued and anxious to cultivate English manners and customs, and had altogether lost the pluck their forefathers showed a hundred years ago”!

Nor do these things only take place in the far West. I quote from a New York paper, of March 1884, the following account of the Brady Emergency Club meeting in that city, in which it says that the “enthusiasm was of a peculiarly cyclonic sort. Streams of British blood, blocks of exploding British buildings, and acres of burning British houses floated

about the dark little hall upon the traditionary wings of Irish eloquence, and dynamite, dirks, and knotted clubs seemed 132 ready to rise up from beneath the dusty floor and form in grim circles about the speakers' heads. Frank Byrne, who at one time was very badly wanted by the peace-loving detectives of England, gave a calm but cheerful explanation of the manner in which every English official in Ireland might be killed. The ordinary weapons of warfare were un fit to meet the condition of the Irish people. The most potent weapon within reach he declared to be dynamite. In addition there was the knife, the torch, the club, and the revolver. Mr. Byrne further declared that to kill all the Englishmen in Ireland was the sacred duty of every patriotic son of Erin. English cities should be burned, English barracks blown up, Dublin Castle levelled to the ground, and a viceregal personage killed every year until the stock ran out. These things were easy enough to do if the men in Ireland were given the means. ‘Learn us how to make dynamite,’ shouted a voice, ‘that's all we want!’ When the disturbing element had been subdued permanently the club went into secret session.”

Even Mr. Beecher on St. Patrick's Day was drawn into saying in an after-dinner speech, that while he deplored it, “people left to right themselves had a right to use whatever weapons their ignorance put into their hands”—a remark which called forth such comment that subsequently Mr. Beecher had to explain that he did not mean to “justify the use of dynamite, though he could not wonder, in the condition of things existing among the more ignorant classes, that they should be led to the adoption of such, means.”

The execution of O'Donnell drew forth some fiery speeches at Washington, in which “Representative Robinson”—all the speakers were members of the House—indulged in the 133 following extraordinary remarks, according to a special telegram to the *Chicago Inter-ocean:*

—“He said the English Government was the most despicable and damnable tyranny on the face of the earth. Referring to Matthew Arnold, who spoke recently here, he said that he couldn't lecture anyway. He dug up and read an old essay, written ten years ago, that

anybody could buy for half a cent, and yet all the would-be lords, the snobs, and the dudes of Washington were there to applaud and worship. He said that in the ages to come the name of Patrick O'Donnell would be more loved and honoured by patriotic, liberty-loving men everywhere than all the kings and queens of England. He proposed before long to find out whether the House of Representatives approved the course of the Minister at the Court of St. James. He carried in his pocket for some time a resolution to impeach Mr. Lowell, but his friends had dissuaded him from introducing it. If Minister Lowell had done his duty O'Donnell would be aliveto-day. James Russell Lowell was the great-grandson of a revolutionary Tory, one of the men whom George Washington hunted into the sea in 1776, as St. Patrick drove the snakes and toads from the soil of Ireland. The descendant of a degenerate sire had maintained the reputation of his family in this respect. Sixteen years ago Congress passed a law that no representative of this Government at foreign courts should dress himself up as a dude to please royal eyes. Not long ago a friend of the speaker called upon Mr. Lowell, and he found him dressed to appear at court in a garment that was a hybrid between breeches and pantaloons, and nobody could tell what it was. We must have Lord Russell Lowell called home. He ought not even to be allowed to vote here, for the speaker he could consistently take the oath to abjure allegiance to Victoria, Queen of England. He was not in any sense a fit man to represent this Government. He said he would not vote for any appropriation to support any American dudes abroad. Let us find some good healthy citizen out West—Indiana or Missouri—who wouldn't be afraid to let people know that he was a citizen of the United States. Lowell cost this Government 17,500 dollars a year. He could find a good hoosier from Indiana, or a puke from Missouri, who would far more worthily represent this nation, and for a great deal less money. Call home all those who are misrepresenting us abroad, and let the money we pay them be distributed among the poor. Mr. Robinson's remarks were most vigorously applauded.“

The next speaker, Representative Finerty of Chicago, 134 commenced by observing they had not assembled “for oratorical amusement,” but for a solemn purpose. “We are here,” he continued, “to lament the impotency of this mighty Government of ours, that has been

scared and spit upon and insulted by a nation that is not fit to blacken her shoes—a nation whose crowned head wears petticoats as an apology for her despicable tyranny."

While such utterances are received by cultured Americans with the ridicule and disgust they naturally inspire, it must be confessed that it is not often you meet with people across the Atlantic who do not consider that Ireland has been cruelly and persistently wronged by England. A few repudiate "the intolerable insult of being misrepresented by the crowd of Irish malcontents" among them, and consider that shipping dynamite from their ports to England "is a violation of the usages of civilised nations" I regret, however, to say I have heard even that justified as "a tit-for-tat retaliation" for the outrage of "allowing armed cruisers to prey upon the commerce of America." Last March a hope was expressed by an English journal that, "in the performance of an evident international duty, America would protect England from the shipment of dynamite by Irish revolutionists," and a newspaper of considerable standing in the United States did not scruple to reply, that while "the American people detest dynamiting, they also detest piracy. They especially detest being called upon by those who hold the accumulated profits of four years of piracy still in their possession to protect England from any of the natural though vexatious consequences of the disaffection of her subjects on the ground that this is an evident international duty."

135

From Denver to Colorado Springs the Rocky Mountains seemed to increase in beauty both as to variety of form and colour. I shall never forget that morning's journey, with the snow slightly spread on the ground, and sparkling with a thousand colours in the rays of a burning sun, which made the heat of the Pullman car so oppressive that we sought the freedom of the "platform" outside as we crept along on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway through this bewildering maze of ravine-scarred mountains. When I reached my destination I found General Palmer's carriage waiting for me, but, greatly to my disappointment, he and Mrs. Palmer had been suddenly summoned to New York; but their friends, Mr. Elwell and Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, were ready to welcome me in their place to their beautiful mountain home, Glen Eyrie, about six miles from Colorado

Springs. After a wild drive across the “Mesa”—the Spanish for plain—past the Garden of the Gods, I found myself descending an almost perpendicular road, which forcibly suggested a devotional exercise, as well as the prudent course of holding on to the wagonette, and there at the foot I saw a literal realisation of Cowper's desire for “a lodge in some vast wilderness,” at the entrance of a deep ravine at the foot of Pike's Peak—a region already well known to English readers through Bret Harte, and Colonel John Hay's “Pike County Ballads.” The lodge gates opened at our approach, and after a drive of considerable length up this wild canyon, amid fantastic vermilion-coloured rocks a hundred feet high, we came to the stables, and then another turn in the road gave me a full view of the picturesque house General Palmer built in this romantic gorge some ten years ago, much to the dissatisfaction of the Indians, who watched 136 the process with considerable indignation at the white man's encroachment on their territory, but wisely abandoned their wigwams, and retired from the fruitless struggle into Mexico and elsewhere.

It seems very strange to find in the midst of this wild country, and in the very heart of this ravine, so perfectly appointed a house, and to spend our Christmas Day after the Old World fashion—a splendid Christmas tree having been decked out with the usual bonbons, presents, and gay-coloured candles, and placed in the library for the special benefit of the eldest little daughter of the house, who had not only many gifts herself, but had prepared presents for all the servants and children of the retainers on the estate, who trooped in freely at the appointed hour, taking their places on the sofas and arm-chairs with the true American spirit of brotherhood and equality, which even the English butler and other servants from across the Atlantic seemed to share. Then came a dinner for the “grown-up” guests, with the usual crackers, apt quotations from Gilbert's famous “Bab Ballad” about the origin of the strange mottoes found therein, and after a due amount of startling tales of adventure by land and sea, and witty local stories, the piano came into request, and a German lady staying in the house “discoursed sweet music,” and some Christmas carols sung by her daughters concluded our evening's entertainment. Seldom have I heard Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn better interpreted by even professional players.

I must record one very remarkable incident of that Christmas Day. A great storm of wind swept over the Colorado plains, and even managed to effect an entrance 137 into this weird but secluded nook. It shook the house to its very foundation, and it was fortunate that all the guests had arranged to stay till the next day, for no one could have crossed the Mesa on so wild a night. We really trembled for the chimneys, the hothouses and the conservatories, but, strange to relate, no damage was done. As morning dawned the wind ceased, and the dazzling sun tempted all lovers of outdoor exercise into the pathless woods and up the mountain-sides; but when the news of the outer world reached us, no one was surprised to hear that a few miles away a freight train of nine heavily-loaded cars had been blown off the railway track at Monument Park, a place which is exposed to the full force of the wind as it sweeps in its mad career over plains extending hundreds of miles.

I used the expression, *news from the outer world* advisedly, for no postman desecrated the mountain seclusion of Glen Eyrie. If the mail-bag was wanted, a mounted messenger had to be sent to Colorado Springs, and no New York paper reached there till it was five days old. My dependence upon the morning newspaper has been a standing joke against me; for ever since I learned to take an interest in matters beyond the home which first sheltered me, I have always regarded it as quite as essential to my well-being as my breakfast, and never before had I found myself totally unable to procure this adjunct to a comfortable existence. Not even the little sheet published in Colorado Springs could reach Glen Eyrie by the accustomed breakfast-hour. Strange to say, in that new land, amid those new sights and associations, I found myself settling down to this novel state of things with the utmost composure, though, I confess, the opening of the mail-bag, with the possibilities of 138 English newspapers and letters, was always an event creating great excitement, and a New Year's greeting from dear old Manchester, in the shape of some photographs, was a welcome and opportune arrival on the very day itself, when the messenger returned early in the afternoon, after making a special expedition to the post-office on my behalf.

As the days passed by in far too swift succession, the better I appreciated the enthusiasm of those who had made Colorado, with its marvellous mountains, prairies, lakes, and waterfalls, their home, and no one could be admitted into the delightful society to be found in the unique town of Colorado Springs without being impressed with the fact that it is a most cosmopolitan, as well as cultured community, drawn from all parts of the earth. The “far West,” so often represented as a “wilderness,” given over to the reign of the wild “riotous rancheman,” where a race of ignorant backwoodsmen can alone be expected, is in reality peopled by the adventurous sons of Britain and young collegians from the more crowded Eastern States of America. Colorado Springs is, in fact, a very exceptional place, for its wonderful health-giving properties have attracted some of the best people from other cities, and it is really a charming resort. The streets are lined with trees—there are more than 7000 in this small town—and there are few days in the year when even invalids cannot venture out of doors. The dryness of the ground, the electric air, and the bright warm sunshine, render croquet and tennis pleasurable pursuits even in winter. No liquor can be sold, as every deed of land contains the forfeiture clause; nevertheless wine is to be found on the tables of the hospitable and wealthy inhabitants.

139

One of the best doctors in Colorado Springs is an Englishman, a nephew of Mr. Solly, who has done so much for working-men's clubs in England. Dr. Solly is quite the leading spirit of this Western colony, first and foremost in every progressive measure. “Renting out rooms” used to be a feature of life at the Springs, but latterly it has proved quite insufficient to accommodate the invalids and tourists who come in increasing numbers every year. “In fact,” said Dr. Solly, “the problem I have had to solve has been *how to house the outcast rich* ,” and the building of the Antlers Hotel was the way in which that difficulty was met. Scotch enterprise came to the assistance of the project in the person of Mr. James Caird of Dundee, and a handsome house of quarry-faced lava stone, capable of holding more than 100 persons, with broad piazzas commanding a lovely view of the surrounding mountains, was opened about two years ago. It is managed by a lady, who has shown

singular executive ability, and I shall always remember with pleasure the days I spent in “the bridal suite,” which was very handsomely assigned for my use during my stay there.

The windows of my sitting-room looked out on the mountains, the lofty summit of Pike's Peak, 14,300 feet high, towering above them all. As I write now in the noise and smoke of London, I vividly recall the hours spent in watching the marvellous panoramic changes that passed over the scene before me then. The rosy tints at dawn, the intense blue, the exquisite golden glow of sunset, and the great peaks standing out like weird, majestic phantoms through those clear, starlight nights.

The day after I had taken up my abode at the Antlers, 140 Miss Warren, the manager, called to see if I had everything I required in the hotel. During the conversation which ensued she surprised me by saying that she had reason “to be very grateful” to me. “How could this be, considering I had never seen her before in my life?” was my natural rejoinder. Then followed the strange and pleasing explanation. She had been at Cincinnati during the great flood of 1883, and was in some doubt as to the wisdom of undertaking the responsible position offered her at the Antlers. She was feeling too dispirited to believe in her capacity for properly filling the novel post of manager. She could not even purchase the hotel furniture she had gone there to buy, for the town was almost in darkness, and the inhabitants were full of the calamity that had come upon them. During that period she saw my lecture on “Woman's Work” advertised, and she resolved to hear it. It appears that I made some remarks that inspired her with courage, and enabled her to see her way clear before her. She determined to enter upon the work she subsequently carried on with so much credit to herself and satisfaction to her employers, and often had she wished to thank me for the encouragement so unwittingly given on that occasion. Earnest workers engaged in public work of any description will appreciate the feelings with which I received such unexpected testimony, for they know how very futile, and easily dispensed with, seem one's best efforts, and will readily understand how such a definite proof of help

afforded to some unknown conscientious but doubting heart not only renews your own hope, but stimulates you to fresh activity.

Twelve years ago there was hardly a house to be seen in Colorado Springs, and it owes its existence entirely to 141 General Palmer's enterprise. The town site was bought for 1 dollar and 25 cents an acre; to-day residence lots of 50 feet cost about 2000 dollars, and business lots of 25 feet are worth 5000 dollars. Why it should have been called Colorado Springs I cannot tell, for it possesses none; these, however, are to be found five miles off, at Manitou (which preserves its Indian name, “Spirit of the Waters”), where the celebrated soda and iron springs abound, and a flourishing town has also sprung up. Canon Kingsley spent much of his time in America as the guest of Dr. Bell, a London physician, who settled at Manitou, after aiding General Palmer in his long explorations through this region, long before the Indians and buffaloes had departed and the trains had arrived.

In 1870, when General Palmer projected the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, the largest city in the huge State of Colorado could scarcely claim 5000 inhabitants, and the entire population of the vast State was only 40,000; yet hardly were 1200 miles of railway built, when new cities throughout Colorado developed with surprising rapidity. In this remote mountain region of the “Springs,” the capital of the El Paso county, is now found a town capable of supporting an endowed college, eight churches, a handsome club, and an opera-house, at which there is a fair stock company. Good travelling theatrical combinations often visit it. I found the Boston Ideal Opera Company in possession last New Year's Day, and it is always crammed from floor to ceiling for amateur entertainments, which are as popular in this isolated Western sanitorium as in the more robust cities in the Eastern States. Theatrical enterprises for the benefit of local charities usually take place under the generalship of 142 Dr. Solly, who is not only a very clever actor, but a first-rate manager. This active, public-spirited gentleman spares no pains to have dresses and cast as perfect as he can make them. Rehearsals are carried on day after day as carefully as if the amateur players depended for their daily bread upon the success of the play they have undertaken to produce. An ambitious but really

admirable performance of “The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing” came off during my stay there, in which Miss Stretell—sister-in-law of Comyns Carr, of “Far from the Madding Crowd” and “Called Back” dramatic notoriety—greatly distinguished herself. Considering how large a proportion of the inhabitants of Colorado Springs are regarded as.invalids, I was absolutely astonished at the gaiety which prevailed in this secluded nook among the mountains. There were not only literary debating clubs, popular lectures, select poetical readings by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson (one of the best read, most cultured ladies I ever met), but dinners, picnics, and, last but not least, balls, which were kept up with great spirit long after the sun arose the next morning!

The marked features of the Colorado climate are the dry air and clear sunlight. President Tenney told me that, according to the observation of six consecutive years, there was an average of 300 clear and fine days in each. No wonder that the breathless asthmatic or consumptive patient exclaims, with Shakespeare's heroine in the Forest of Arden, “I like this place, and willingly would spend my time in it.” I believe that P. T. Barnum once said that the Colorado people were the most disappointed he ever saw. “Two-thirds of them came here to die,” he exclaimed, “ *and they can't do it!* This wonderful air brings them 143 back from the verge of the tomb.” But the region of the Rocky Mountains offers inducements of many other kinds: the active man finds boundless opportunities in cattle ranches, sheep-keeping, and horse-raising, to say nothing of the coal, iron, lead, silver, and even gold with which the State abounds; while the sportsman is attracted by the wild deer, antelope, and elk, and more dangerous game in the shape of wolves and bears, which still infest the forests of pine and cedar. How the heart of “Red Spinner” would rejoice in the trout-fishing to be found in the neighbourhood of Lord Dunraven's estate, “Estes Park,” and revel in the speckled beauties of the finny tribe that haunt the streams and lakes of Colorado! While the invalid is restored to health by the mineral springs and the soft yet exhilarating air, the overworked merchant from some crowded city also finds the completest freedom from letters, telegrams, and newspapers in the recesses of these mountains, where there is indeed “a solitude where none intrude.” The signal station on

Pike's Peak is said to be the highest habitation in the world. Little we think as we read “the weather probabilities” of how the men on that snowbound rocky summit, 2000 miles west of New York, flash down the mountain-side and over the wild prairies of America the information gathered from the signs they have learned to interpret by the use of the meteorological instruments which have found their way to that wild outpost.

It is impossible to convey any idea of “The Garden of the Gods,” with its massive red sandstone portals, 380 feet high, the various wild mountain passes, Rainbow Falls, or the Cheyenne Canyon (the Spanish for ravine); and who in England would believe in a *frozen waterfall?* Yet that was 144 one of the strange sights witnessed during an expedition over the Ute Pass.

It will be equally difficult, I expect, for friends at home to imagine a picnic in winter, with snow-capped mountains around, frozen streams across which carriages could even venture in safety, and yet a sun so hot that overcoats and sealskins were dispensed with as a merry party discussed an excellent luncheon under the shade of the pine-trees, in which blue jay birds were perched. Such was the *al fresco* repast I enjoyed on the 12th of January, thanks to the hospitality of President Tenney. And this was but an episode in a delightful day's excursion far away in the depths of the Cheyenne Canyon, among wondrous rocks of black, grey, and bright red sandstone, often vivid with patches of yellow and green lichen. Sometimes we were looking at waterfalls, or peering into vast fantastic chasms, and at other moments gazing at the perpendicular rocks towering above our heads. Every moment was “a picture for remembrance.”

I must candidly confess that during my tour through Colorado “a change came o'er the spirit of my dream,” and Nature obtained a hold over me in those Rocky Mountains she had never had before. My early years were spent in the country, but I soon learned to love the town. I became a thorough Londoner at heart. Humanity had an attraction for me that nature never possessed; men and women, with their struggles, hopes, and fears, interested me far more than the finest landscape; with them I ever felt a sympathy and

companionship that land and sea could not inspire—in fact, the lonely mountain and the restless wave beating without result on the unresponsive shore used often 145 to fill me with a depression I could not endure. But Colorado scenery, combined with such a glorious climate, at last “enthused ” me, as our Yankee cousins would call it. The very sense of *living* was an absolute delight which cannot be realised by those who have never experienced the buoyancy of this electric air. I had often before wondered how cultured young men, with the results of hundreds of years of civilisation within their reach, could relinquish them for the privations of primeval life in the wilds of Australia and America. Now I understood something of the compensation of “God's free air,” even on a cattle ranche far away from the enjoyments of art and literature; and the feeling deepened during my trip over the Rocky Mountains, through the marvellous Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, after I left Colorado Springs.

I started by an early morning train to Pueblo, and branched off on the Leadville line, which brought me to what the inhabitants of this great Republic have well named the Royal Gorge. Mr. Ruskin's heart would indeed have ached to see the solemnity and majesty of this weird ravine desecrated by the noisy, ugly, puffing locomotive which drew our train through its mystic shades by the side of the river, under the giant cliffs 3000 feet high, that seemed to frown on its intrusive presence, and even to threaten its puny form with destruction!

The giant of the nineteenth century—the ogre who, while he brings these lovely places within ordinary reach, spoils their picturesqueness and destroys their solitude—is gradually asserting his sway throughout this wild district. Slowly but surely he is even winding his stealthy way, 14,220 feet above the sea-level, up Pike's Peak itself. How Colorado K 146 will hereafter be affected by this railroad I really cannot say; but it is certain there are few Americans left who love the wild forests and mountains well enough to protest, like their countryman Thoreau, against railways, steamboats, and telegraphs. The trail of this restless, nervous, bustling, mammon-worshipping age is over all; the spirit which animates Wall Street asserts itself in the wild canyons of the Rocky Mountains, and many a dollar-

loving inhabitant of Manitou is now rejoicing at the prospective “increase of tourists.” People who have hitherto refrained from making this grand ascent on mules, as involving too much time and exertion, are expected to avail themselves of the iron horse, which in a few months will be disturbing the serenity of the eagles, hawks, and coyotes, who have until now shared with the signal station the possession of the grandest peak of the American Alps.

I reached Salida at six o'clock one evening, and have great reason to rejoice that my bones are not reposing there at this minute. In the ordinary reckless American fashion, our train came to a standstill on the centre lines, facing the dépôt, instead of drawing up to a respectable platform on which passengers could alight with ease and safety. The smallest country railway station in Great Britain is furnished with this necessary appendage of safe travel, but across the ocean, platforms are luxuries rarely indulged in! Accordingly I had to step out of the Pullman car in the middle of the track, and naturally at once proceeded to cross the lines to theépôt, never noticing in the deepening shades of evening that another train was coming up. But for the timely intervention of a stranger, who kindly but very uncomfortably seized me by the throat, I most certainly 147 should have been run over by the locomotive, if not killed on the spot, for the engine steamed past as he held me firmly, in his saving but surprising grasp. Nothing strikes the English traveller with more dismay than the heedless disregard of life in America. The railway tracks are unprotected; they often run through the busiest streets, killing foot-passengers and scaring horses with equal impartiality. On the prairies, dead cows and horses on the track are of course facts of daily occurrence; indeed all the locomotives are provided with “cow-catchers” Certainly, in places “where men most do congregate” a placard greets the eye, “When the bell rings, look out for the locomotive;” but as the train dashes past your carriage as you wait at some dry goods store, “Deaths on the Track” is naturally a standing heading for a daily paragraph in American newspapers.

Salida is a sheltered village into which no snow ever penetrates, and the air was so soft and balmy that I stayed on the balcony of the hotel that January evening watching in the

moonlight the famous Sangre de Criste range of mountains. After resting till four o'clock, I started without any breakfast, or the comforts of a Pullman car, in order to see the sun rise over the celebrated Marshall Pass. Never, shall I forget that journey. No pen or pencil can ever do justice to the scenes through which we passed. The Denver and Rio Grande Railway is indeed a very marvel of engineering skill. The man who planned it seems to have lassoed the mountains and caught them in a tangle of coils. The single track winds round and round in curves so sharp that from our middle compartment we could see the engine in front of us, as well as the rear carriage, and far ahead was 148 our pilot-engine, looking like a child's toy in the midst of this grand landscape, which was only marred by the inevitable snowsheds, the one near the summit being just four miles long. No human being inhabits this wild region save coyotes, bears, and eagles, and the men who live in huts along the track, to see that it is cleared of the falling boulders from the rocks above. At last we reached an elevation of 10,857 feet, the highest railway track in America, and witnessed a glorious sunrise. Then began our descent on the other side, five hours bringing us to Gunnison. After this we entered the Black Canyon, where the rocks are as high as those of the Royal Gorge, and the chasm wider. Another climb by a steep grade—213 feet to the mile—and we were at the Cedar Divide; before me lay the Uncompahyne Valley and the Wahsatch Mountains beyond. At the Grande Junction a veritable desert of 150 miles of prairie had to be traversed; our train struck on a mining camp at which there had been an accident, and stopped to take four injured men “on board,” to procure them medical help at the nearest town.

The sunset that evening was a worthy pendant to the sunrise seen at the Marshall Pass: the last glorious rays of the departing sun lighted up the peaks and snowy summits of the mountains with a brilliancy of colour no artist would dare, even were it possible, to represent on canvas; and then, as there is no twilight here, darkness quickly ensued, the Pullman car was lighted up, the porter began to make the beds, and before ten o'clock every one was comfortably sleeping, while the train sped on through the night, and landed us at six o'clock the following morning at Salt Lake City. If travellers from New York to San

Francisco 149 care to enjoy some of the grandest scenery in the world, they will abandon the old road across the dull prairies. Branch off at Denver by this new route, and there is an ever-changing panorama of snow-crowned mountains, deep gorges, forest-covered slopes, and a remembrance for a lifetime. Even those to whom the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas are familiar, will appreciate the glimpses of glory to be obtained as they stand on the brink of those terrible precipices during a railroad journey over the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER XI.

Brigham Young and the “true inwardness of Mormonism”—Inducements to converts to emigrate to the “promised land”—Polygamy kept out of sight—Zion's poet-laureate, Eliza Snow—Mrs. Emmeline Wells, etc.—Mormon women and wives—The effects of polygamy—Sermons in the Tabernacle and Sunday evening ward meetings—Brigham Young and others on the “women's discontent”—Exclusion of unmarried women from the kingdom of heaven—Introduction of second wives—The effect of any lengthened visit to Salt Lake City—War between Mormons and Gentiles—Endowment House, with its religious dramas, baptisms, and sealings.

When Brigham Young and his Mormon followers were driven from Nauvoo in 1847, he started with a band of pioneers to find “fresh fields and pastures new,” and following for several hundred miles a trapper's trail, according to the directions received from scouts wisely sent in advance, he reached the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains, and there before him lay the beautiful valley which extends some forty miles to the Great Salt Lake. No wonder that the keen eye of the “prophet” at once discerned his opportunities, and that he resolved to build up his “Zion” on this fertile spot. The territory really belonged to Mexico, but Brigham Young hoisted the United States flag, and under the banner of religion established a temporal power which his followers retain to the present hour.

Many persons expected that Mormonism would collapse when Brigham Young died, but such people little understood 151 its “true inwardness.” There are few systems so thoroughly well organised; the Jesuits themselves are not a more disciplined body than the Latter Day Saints.

In the opinion of those best fitted to form an unprejudiced and independent judgment, I found Mormonism regarded as “a carefully organised land speculation scheme.” The land “flowing with milk and honey” is what the agent missionaries have ever promised to intending converts, and everywhere their spies have gone forth to search for fertile places in the West, where they might build cities and plant vineyards. One-thirteenth part of Utah can be irrigated, and the best positions in Idaho, Arizona, and South-Western Colorado have been chosen for the same reason. Between three or four hundred missionaries are constantly employed in Europe and having been furnished with lists of the people who have already emigrated to various parts of Utah, they find out their relatives and friends, and tell them how admirably these settlers are getting on, offering them forty acres of land, if they like to join them in these happy valleys, where every man sits under the shadow of his own fig-tree, and owns his own house and land. Of course to avail themselves of these advantages they must embrace the Mormon faith. For the most part the doctrine of polygamy is carefully suppressed till the promised land is in sight and retreat impossible. These ignorant people, drawn from English hamlets, the rural districts of Scotland, Wales, Sweden, and Germany, gratefully accept the land as the generous gift of the Mormon Church, instead of realising the source from which it really comes, the United States Homestead Law, and they willingly agree to pay the yearly tax imposed by the Mormon hierarchy—a tax which produces 152 such a splendid annual revenue for the support of the Church.

I endeavoured as far as I could during my residence in Salt Lake City to study, without prejudice, the problem this extraordinary community presents; and while it is very painful to me, after the kindness and courtesy I received from the President of the Mormons

downwards, to write any words which must sound harsh and condemnatory, I must needs speak without fear or favour from my own “point of view,” even if the judgment formed be crude and erroneous. I have studied the literature given to me by friends who were anxious I should not be misled by the Gentiles surrounding me, and I have patiently listened to the arguments in favour of the system; but the more I read and the more I hear, the less justification can I discover for a religion which has in times past countenanced the grossest frauds, cold-blooded murders, the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and to the present hour sanctions the hateful system of polygamy, which strikes, in my opinion, the deadliest blow at the purity of family life, and involves the cruellest subjection and the most hopeless degradation of the women belonging to the community.

It must of course be acknowledged that even among the Mormon ladies themselves there is a vast amount of conflicting testimony as to the happiness enjoyed, notwithstanding the very much married condition of their lords and masters! Eliza Snow, known as “Zion's poet-laureate,” and “high priestess”—the first plural wife of Joseph Smith, after he received the astounding revelation, and subsequently one of Brigham Young's wives, assured me with apparent sincerity of her perfect faith and entire satisfaction in the teachings 153 and practices of Mormonism. I was invited to the entertainment which celebrated her eightieth birthday, on the 21st of January [1884], when “her dauntless and undying heroism” were extolled in poems and addresses, and tributes of respect, in shape of gifts and flowers, were showered on this “veteran mother in Israel,”—a name she appears to bear, though no children rise up and call her blessed. She believes in plural marriage as sacredly as she does in any other institution God has revealed; she regards it as “necessary for the redemption of the human family from the low state of corruption into which it has sunk,” and maintains that it tends to promote “virtue, purity, and holiness.” In conjunction with Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, Mrs. King, and others, with whom, in spite of the gulf between us on these vital points, I had much pleasant social intercourse, she esteems it her highest privilege to “labour” with rebellious wives who are wicked enough to object to plural marriages; and many a young girl has been induced against her better feelings to

enter into polygamy on the representations and persuasions of these energetic fanatics. Continually Mrs. Hannah T. King, an English lady, said to me, “The laws of this Church coincide with the laws of my nature; I have three beautiful daughters living in polygamy. They were educated in all the refinements of the world, but gladly left their home and its early attractions to obey God. I have been in the Church now for thirty years, and would not return to my former state for Queen Victoria's crown and all its appendages.”

Most indignantly do these ladies repudiate the assertion that Mormon women are slaves to the passions and caprices of men, “down-trodden victims” of a profligate conspiracy, and they freely express their sympathy for Gentile 154 women who are subjected to “infidelities no Mormon wife ever experiences”! They are proud of principles it seems my plain duty to assail, and boldly assert “there is no place on earth where woman's virtue is more protected than in Salt Lake City.” They would have it believed that they represent the opinions of Mormon women generally, and wives in particular, when they say that the women of their community enjoy more “rights” than are accorded to the sex elsewhere; they assure you that they are “thoroughly contented, and filled with righteous indignation” towards those who would fain put an end to the plural marriages of the saints. They read with “disgust” the wicked misrepresentations of Gentile travellers describing them as “poor-spirited and depressed,” and are ready to resent “impertinent efforts” to deliver them from “a tyranny” which, in their opinion, does not exist, and retort that “the carnal Gentile mind” cannot comprehend either the will of God, or the peace and happiness of the patriarchal order of marriage.

On the other hand, though Mormon women are watched with a scrutiny they find it difficult to evade, and seem to fear that the very walls have ears to hear and tongues to betray them, it was confided to me by more than one plural wife that “the accursed doctrine of polygamy” had poisoned her happiness and blighted her life. Many a poor soul has bravely tried to bear with silent submission the dreaded affliction of a second wife, pacing her lonely chamber all night, struggling with keen anguish, naturally mixed with bitter indignation, as she realised that she had lost the “rights” most sacred to a true woman, the

undivided possession of her husband's love. Although trained to regard 155 “the sacrifice” as a religious duty, and a “means of exalting the husband in the kingdom of heaven,” many a victim has asked with breaking heart how a merciful God could ever have implanted such feelings in her nature only to torture her, and to require her to crush them at the bidding of the man to whom she has freely yielded all the fresh affections of her youth.

No one with any insight into human nature can for one moment suppose that women are happy under this yoke. No loving wife can see her husband's affections straying to another woman with placid submission. Some are perhaps indifferent when they have outlived their love, but far more pass their lives in strife and jealousy—evil passions which destroy all the good in them. I was told of a wife who had sought Eliza Snow's counsel in the supreme hour of her anguish, when her dearly loved husband was about to take unto himself a second wife, a prettier and more attractive girl than herself. “I cannot live,” she cried in her despair, “and see her with him.”

“Pray for resignation,” said the poetess.

“I do, but I shall die if he brings her home,” was still the despairing response.

The woman must indeed have been lost in the “priestess” before Eliza Snow's lips could have framed the cruel answer: “Die, then; there are hundreds of women up in that burying-ground who have gone there because they could not be resigned to the will and order of God.”

Sometimes the husband “breaks the news gently.” He says the authorities have urged him to take another wife, “and explained to him how great his loss will be in the celestial world if he does not live up to his privileges here.”

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I knew a wife who reminded her husband that on her marriage with him he solemnly swore that she should be “his sole and only wife;” but he unblushingly replied that “a promise

wrong in itself could not be kept;" revelation not only justified, but compelled the breaking of it; that he had now awakened to a sense of his religious duties, and dared no longer neglect them. Many have boldly asserted that they take additional wives "against their own wishes," only "to increase their kingdom," and to hold "a more exalted position in the Church and the world to come." But no one who has studied the matter can believe for a moment that polygamy is "the trial" to a husband's "faith" some Mormons would have their first wife suppose it! She, at least, is not slow to notice his altered manner towards herself; his ill-concealed anxiety to be with the new object of his affections as much as other duties allow; his readiness to attend the meetings at which the young lady is likely to be present; his sacrificing efforts to make himself "look as attractive as possible" in the eyes of his latest love, and his laudable desire thus to carry out the command of God.

"When I suddenly met my husband one evening, walking with his intended bride, looking tenderly into her eyes, with the expression I had once known so well, and with all the proud consciousness of a triumphant lover, my very heart turned to stone. At first I longed for vengeance on the father of my children; I felt degraded and humiliated at the recollection of the loving devotion I had given him for years," was the confession of one lady, who told me the story of her life while the tears rolled down her face, though years had passed since the fatal day, when "endurance" had taken the place of love, and she had realised in her 157 own home, through the husband she had once so fondly worshipped, the bitter sacrifices polygamy demanded from its victims.

The only way in which any submission whatever to this detestable system was obtained was simply through the doctrine "that the husband is empowered to teach the wife the law and will of God," and that she is bound to believe what he teaches: "She shall believe, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God," according to that arch-impostor, "Joseph Smith the Seer."

There is ample proof that women have hated polygamy from the days when the evil thing was instituted by Joseph Smith to the present time, though few dare own it, for

obvious reasons. Nothing was more convincing to my own mind than the allusions I saw to “discontented women” in sermons published in the Mormon newspaper, the *Deseret News* , in times when a far greater freedom of speech was used in the Tabernacle and at the Bishop's Sunday evening ward meetings, and far less discretion shown in the publication of Mormon extempore utterances.

In one sermon, for example, these remarkable words occur: “We have women here who like anything but the celestial law of God, and, if they could, would break asunder the cable of the Church of Christ; *there is scarcely a mother in Israel but would do it this day.* And they talk it to their husbands, to their daughters, and to their neighbours, and say that they have not seen a week's happiness since they became acquainted with that law, or since their husbands took a second wife.” For it must be remembered that many had embraced the Mormon faith years before “plural marriage” had been dreamt of. At first it was only hinted at, 158 under men's breath, then stigmatised as a calumny. The gift of tongues, the power of effecting cures by the laying on of hands, had long been the boast of the Latter Day Saints. The doctrine of polygamy, however, was not only at first denounced by the elders and bishops, but even the President himself, then *Apostle* John Taylor, denied that “the Mormons were growing unsound on the marriage question.” In a public discussion in France, he declared that they were accused by their enemies “of actions the most depraved, which none but a corrupt heart could have conceived. These things are too outrageous to admit of belief.” Nevertheless, a short time after these words were uttered, all prevarications were silenced by the bold publication of the revelation which was said to have been made to Joseph Smith some ten years previously, and actually carried into practice by saints who had had “from the beginning faith enough to live up to God's command.”

No wonder the women rebelled against the recognition of a system which could not but fill their minds with evil forebodings, and might altogether destroy their dearly prized home happiness.

President Brigham Young evidently had a hard time of it when his repulsive doctrine was first enforced. He had to demand submission in extremely plain terms before he smothered what he described as the “everlasting whinings of many of the women of this territory.” He said:—

“Now for my proposition: it is more particularly for my sisters, as it is frequently happening that women say that they are unhappy. Men will say, ‘My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my second wife;’ ‘No, not a happy day for a year.’ It is said that, women are tied down and abused; that they are misused, and have not the liberty they ought to have; that many of them are 159 wading through a perfect flood of tears, because of the conduct of some men, together with their own folly.

“I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them, as well as all others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women of this community, and then write it back to the States, and do as you please with it. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th day of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, ‘Now, go your way, my women with the rest, go your way.’ And my wives have got to do one of the two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty. ‘What, first wife too?’ Yes, I will liberate you all.

“I know what my women will say: they will say, ‘You can have as many women as you please, Brigham.’ But I want to go somewhere and do something to get rid of the whiners: I do not want them to receive a part of the truth, and spurn the rest out of doors.”

I am glad the ruthless tyrant had at least the grace to speak of the poor women as *enduring* “the afflictions of this world.” Bishop Heber C. Kimbal, in many discourses too

coarse for quotation, also afforded complete evidence that neither specious promises that those who accepted plural marriage should be “queens in heaven and rulers throughout eternity,” nor threats of the “free inheritance of hell” for all who refused submission, could at first induce the women allured into the community placidly to accept a practice so revolting to nineteenth century civilisation. How could the victims of the system go forth into the wilderness with their children? They naturally succumbed to Brigham Young, who was one of the greatest despots that ever lived; and even under the gentler sway of the present day, you can see by the depressed faces of the wives the martyrdom they are passing through. How best to free them is another matter 160 Here and there a woman has had sufficient courage to take her life in her own hands, and go forth with her children from the home to which another wife has been brought; but these women are exceptionally brave, and it is impossible to describe the sufferings and privations they have encountered. Consequently they have served as warnings to deter, rather than as beacons to encourage, feebler sisters to escape from outrages inflicted in the name of religion.

A plural wife is also kept in check by being told that while in the Church she is an “honourable wife,” but as an “apostate” loses her position both with “saints” and outsiders; her children will be stigmatised as illegitimate, and she herself subjected to slander and personal abuse.

The Mormons declare that they never take another wife without the “consent” of the first. It is true that the first wife is forced, by a barbarous rite, to place her rival's hand in that of her husband during the sealing ceremony in the Endowment House; but this mockery is endured because the wife dare not refuse. Many wives try to believe that, in thus “kissing the Lord's rod,” they are fulfilling the will of God, and offering up a sacrifice for which they will be rewarded in the world to come. Others regard this as an “act of perjury,” from which there is no escape. Never shall I forget the heart-rending story told me by one lady, who

had been compelled, after many happy years of marriage, to go through this revolting ceremony shortly before she was once again to become a mother.

It seems strange that women can act so basely towards each other. It has indeed to be admitted that, among the members of all religious sects in every part of the world, 161 women are to be found who are mean enough to supplant others secretly; they lure away the heart which is bound in honour elsewhere, but they have at least the grace to be ashamed of their villainy, and have not the cruelty, save in the most abandoned cases, to parade their triumph in the face of the forsaken wife. It must, however, be remembered that misguided Mormon girls have been taught from childhood that they cannot “rise again at the last day” unless they have been “sealed” in this world; that without a husband no woman can enter the kingdom of heaven!

Girls, too, are told that polygamy is practised everywhere, in one form or another, and that the *open* plurality of the Mormon husband is the only pure and holy system. According to the saints, “sin or polygamy” *must* exist. They are informed that polygamy tends to promote their own physical wellbeing, enabling them to escape many complaints which embitter the lives, and destroy the domestic happiness of other women, and that it also secures the sound health of their offspring.

Consequently, a Salt Lake City belle speculates as openly about her chance of becoming the favourite wife of the man who has attracted her, as an English maiden contemplates her opportunities for securing the beau of the neighbourhood. Taught from her cradle to regard polygamy as right, she often prefers to be the second, third, or even fourth wife, on the ground that she will be “more petted and loved,” and less liable to be supplanted in her turn. She seems dead to the feeling that she is acting “basely” by assuming such a relationship with another woman's husband. She would resent the imputation “with righteous indignation.” She regards her conduct as natural and becoming, and in proper L 162 conformity with God's will; for has she not been taught that the great object of her existence is to be ready to “build up Zion,” and “to become a mother in Israel”?

No one who has simply visited Salt Lake City as a passing tourist can imagine the peculiarity of the life there. The external features of the place alone affect him. The great lake, so salt that the bather is compelled to have recourse immediately to a tub of fresh water, and so buoyant that nobody has been known to sink in it; the barren but majestic mountains which surround the town; the shady sidewalks; the mammoth store, familiarly known as “Zion's Co-op.,” with its motto, “Holiness to the Lord,” and a representation of the All-seeing Eye of God as its sign; the red stone City Hall, and the well-built, substantial theatres. He sees the Guardo House, lately known as the “Amelia Palace,” after the favourite wife of Brigham Young, for whom it was built; the Eagle Gate is pointed out, also the Lion House and the Beehive—the first with a crouching lion over the front entrance, the second with a carved beehive, Utah's insignia,—and finally, the crowning wonder of all, the Temple block, the Sacred Square of the Latter Day Saints, which covers ten acres, and contains the magnificent Temple now in course of erection, the Assembly Hall, the mysterious Endowment House, into which no Gentile is allowed to enter, and the famous Tabernacle, with its farfamed organ. If he stays over Sunday, he perhaps attends a service there. He is probably taken down Brigham Street, and informed that the endless residences he sees belong to Brigham Young's widows and children, and two houses in particular are pointed out as belonging to two of his daughters and their numerous families, both sisters being 163 married to the same man. But here his experience generally ends.

Unless the traveller remains long enough to become personally acquainted with the residents of this place, he will certainly miss the strange sensation I experienced when I realised that for the first time in my life I was in a city of two peoples—Mormons and Gentiles—who no more mingle than oil and water, but hate one another with that worst of all hatreds, the rancour founded on religious differences. “A rascally, lying, double-dealing sect,” is the Gentile definition of the Latter Day Saints, who in their turn are stigmatised for having introduced “drinking-saloons and every kind of iniquity” into the midst of a God-fearing, sober, frugal, hard-working people. In the Tabernacle and Mormon newspapers

are exhortations “to live holy lives in spite of persecution, to build up the kingdom;” while the Gentile press and pulpits call for “fire and sword” to destroy “a wholesale animalism unknown since the days of Mahomet.”

The sermons in the Sunday evening ward meetings of the Mormons chiefly consisted in advice as to the raising of cattle, the destruction of vermin, the cleaning of water-ditches, and other worldly concerns; and indeed some of the sermons in earlier times were couched in language so coarse and revolting, that ladies have told me they hardly knew how to endure it. Rabelais himself could not have surpassed it!

I learned from both Gentile and Mormon sources the secrets of the Endowment House, through which it is considered the sacred duty of a good Mormon to pass, but respecting which, under the penalty of death, every Mormon mouth is ordered 164 to be closed. In the Endowment House are administered the three oaths by which allegiance is sworn to Mormon laws in preference to those of the United States—oaths binding them to stand by each other, and to keep Gentile influence, as far as possible, out of the territory. Here also take place the baptisms, the plural marriages, and the Garden of Eden dramas. The first ceremony includes wholesale immersion. The male and female candidates are bidden to take off their shoes in an anteroom, before they pass into the room divided by a heavy curtain which separates the men from the women. Here each person is undressed, and washed from head to foot by the officiating priest on one side of the division, and a priestess on the women's side of the curtain. After this they are anointed with green olive oil, while unpleasantly appropriate prayers are said over every part of the body. The new celestial name is whispered into the ear of each. This is never to be spoken, only thought of, “to keep away evil spirits,” until it is confided to the husband. Then a combination garment is put on: this is never to be wholly removed. It is supposed to keep the wearer from sickness, and even death. When a clean one is required, the saints are to slip out one limb at a time, but never to be entirely without it. I may mention that the baptismal or religious name invariably given to the woman is “Sarah,” very much to the disappointment of many of the more romantic girls. Indeed, this poverty of invention seems to have caused

general dissatisfaction to the ladies of Utah. When the women have been arrayed in white dresses, and the men have donned white shirts, the curtain is withdrawn, and they face each other to their mutual confusion! A brief discourse follows, and the play begins 165 when they have been ushered into a room painted over with various masonic signs. Voices are heard outside; Jehovah is supposed to be telling Elohim to order Michael to collect the elements together, and to make the earth. When it is pronounced good, man is made from a handful of dust; and while all the candidates shut their eyes, one of the men is taken and placed as Adam in the garden of Eden, and ordered to fall into a deep sleep. This he is obliging enough to do, and one of the ladies is selected in the same way to represent Eve. In a corner of the room an apple-tree has been rudely painted, and Adam and Eve are invited to eat of any tree but that. Before long, however, a little old gentleman in black tights, with an apron, appears on the scene to play the important part of the devil. The present actor of this *rôle* is known as “Brother Thomas.” He assisted at the administration of the Sacrament the first Sunday I was in Salt Lake City.

After the temptation and the fall, aprons are produced for the entire company, composed of green silk, on which nine fig-leaves have been worked in brown. Then a voice calls for Adam, who tries to hide himself; and so on throughout this absurd and irreverent travesty. This ends the first degree.

Certain passwords and signals, known as grips, are taught at every stage of these performances. The men are adorned with caps like those worn by pastry-cooks, and the women are put into caps with veils. Good Mormons are buried in their Endowment robes, and the veil worn by the women covers their faces in the coffin. This veil must be lifted by their husbands on the morning of the resurrection, and thus 166 alone can a woman see God. Without a husband to perform this office, no woman can be “resurrected.”

The candidates have now passed into a room called the world, where temptations assail them. All kinds of men are introduced into this scene representing different creeds, which are coarsely satirised. Peter, James, and John take part in this act, and the devil is also

busily employed in telling every one “to take their own pleasure, and never mind about religion at all.” At last Peter ejects him summarily from the room. All this time the people are supposed to be looking for “a plan of salvation.” At last a man appears, and declares that after 1800 years a gospel had been revealed by an angel to a young boy named Joseph Smith, together with all the gifts, blessings, and prophecies of olden times. This last revelation to the world is called “The Latter Day Dispensation.” The priests receive it with joy, as the thing they have been searching for. Then other “grips” are given, and the next degree is completed.

Very terrible are the oaths, with their attendant penalties, which are taken while “passing through the Endowment House.” Every one has to swear to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, and never to reveal what happens to them during these ceremonies. Absolute obedience to the priesthood is enjoined, also chaste lives, which, in the case of the men, is explained as “never taking wives save by permission.” The penalty for breaking these oaths is to have the tongue and heart cut out while the victim lives, and in “the world to come, everlasting damnation.” The first part of the penalty is said to have been enforced many times by Brigham Young; the second, fortunately, was not within the tyrant's command, except in the imagination of his victims.

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The marriage candidates then proceed to the sealing-room Once the names were written in a book, and the ceremony performed in the presence of witnesses. Both these forms are, however, now dispensed with, and no certificate is given. Polygamous marriages *may* possibly prove troublesome, so no record of them whatever is kept. I know of a case in which the officiating priest denied in a court of law all knowledge of a certain marriage; and, under compulsion, the wife, with the baby in her arms, swore that she did not know who was its father, in order that the too much married husband might evade the punishment which the United States Government sometimes vainly tries to inflict for this defiance of its law.

Kneeling at a little wooden altar together, the couple to be “sealed” are married by the priest, after declaring their willingness to take each other, and the man is told to look to God, and the woman to look to her husband as her God, and to yield him unquestioning obedience.

The marriages are for time and eternity, or for time only, as may be agreed upon. Rich elderly ladies are married by men who sometimes undertake to look after their property on earth, and become their real husbands in heaven. One kind of spiritual wife—what grim satire lies in the very choice of that word!—is a lady already married to one who does not sufficiently “exalt” her, so she is secretly sealed to a holier brother. In the resurrection she will be the wife of the latter altogether, to the exclusion of the earthly husband. Women are often sealed to a distinguished man or departed saint. Some have been patriotically sealed to George Washington, whose chances of heaven were considered but slight with only one wife. The 168 proxies who act in these ceremonies are generally elders and bishops, who pass over the earthly children of the union to the heavenly husband in the next world. A Boston lady, with whose daughter I am well acquainted, deserted her husband and children to follow Brigham Young, by whom she was sealed to Joseph Smith, he acting proxy. On earth she has borne Brigham's name, and lives now on the means he left her, but in the resurrection she will be passed on to Mr. Joseph Smith.

Certainly America has been the scene of strange matrimonial experiments. What with the Mormons, the Free Love Institutions, the Shakers, and the Oneida community, she may indeed be said to have carried off the palm in this direction; and, at the same time, she is equally unrivalled in the freedom of her divorce laws, which occasionally produce unprecedented complications. “For instance,” writes Mrs. Devereux Blake, “a man who has been married, divorced, and remarried, will, in travelling, find himself sometimes a bachelor, sometimes married to his first wife, sometimes to his second. Sometimes he is a divorced man, and sometimes a bigamist, according to the laws of the State in which

he is travelling.” In short, the divorce law, as it stands at present, gives a colouring to the Mormon's statement that it differs from polygamy only in name.

I was greatly disappointed in the architectural character of the Tabernacle. Instead of being grand or imposing, the roof resembles a huge dish-cover with a handle, and when I saw it I rather sympathised with the traveller who likened the entire building “to a gigantic prairie dog-hole.” In the winter, as it has been found impossible to warm it, the services are held in the Assembly Hall, which holds more than 169 2000 people, and is always so crowded, that it is with great difficulty a stranger can secure a seat. As an Episcopalian, I must certainly say that the administration of the Holy Communion on the Sunday afternoon struck me as most painfully, though doubtless it was unintentionally, irreverent. It was administered while the sermon was being preached Twelve elders stood behind a long table, and broke up bread as fast as they could, which was then handed round the entire congregation by young men, who followed with silver flagons containing water. With this the mothers of several babies present actually slaked their infants' thirst, and silenced, for the time being, their shrill screams. The preacher broke off his discourse to partake of each as they were passed along the daïs on which he stood among the other bishops and apostles, who occupied this raised platform above the sacramental table. Behind them all sat President Taylor, on whom Brigham Young's mantle has descended.

The hymn which preceded the Sacrament commenced—

“Behold the great Redeemer die, A broken law to satisfy; He dies a sacrifice for sin, That man may live, and glory win.”

The sermon, which lasted nearly two hours, was on repentance, faith, baptism, and the laying-on of hands, described as the four first principles of the gospel taught by Joseph Smith, for which the “saints had been persecuted, and would be till the end of the world.” Then followed the doctrine of “redemption beyond the grave,” which the preacher maintained “ought at once to induce honest and good people to view the religion of the

Latter Day Saints with favour." Then he warned his hearers to expect tribulation in this world, for 170 God had determined to have "a tried people;" but in spite of all persecution the kingdom of God would be built up by the hands of the apostles, for "it is not," he said, "a struggle between the 150,000 Latter Day Saints and the world, any more than it was a contest between Luther and the priests, but it is a conflict between truth and error, right and wrong. This work," continued the preacher, "was begun by Joseph Smith, and the clash of opinions and the conflict of ideas which existed at Nauvoo does not pertain to the Latter Day Saints, but to the whole human family. Can this conflict cease at the command of man? Can laws be passed to stop the onward march of these principles? No more can it be done to-day than it could in the days of the Puritans and the Huguenots. Has it been left for this land to engage in persecution for religious belief? The doctrine of redemption beyond the grave recently advanced by Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn and Dr. Thomas of Chicago was revealed to Joseph Smith years ago, and thus it is that the world is gradually adopting the principles that have been a part of our faith since the organisation of this Church. This plan of salvation is broad enough to admit all who have lived in the past, or who are to come in the future. Though we may have principles obnoxious to the world, and in conflict with even the honest and good people of the world, yet when they come to reflect in regard to this one principle of redemption beyond the grave which we believe in, that alone ought to suffice to make them look upon us with more favour, and to hold us in higher esteem. But human nature is strong in these matters, and hard to convince. God will have a tried people, who shall pass through tribulations. This work and this struggle will continue; the kingdom of God will be 171 built up; our temples will arise, and we will all eventually join hands with the apostles and the good and true of all nations."

The preacher, Elder John Morgan, a Scotchman, called on me at the Continental Hotel the next day, and seemed anxious to know how the sermon had struck me. He took me to the Legislature, which was then sitting. Actual polygamists are now excluded from the Legislature, but the entire body has hitherto followed the directions of the Church, and asserted its loyalty to Mormon despotism and polygamy, and has passed an election

law which would do away with the results of the Edmunds' Bill had the Governor signed it, for it would have restored the franchise to all polygamists, except the few who have been convicted by the Government, and would have conferred the privilege of voting on immigrants, after only six months' residence in the country.

During my visit to this assembly I heard and saw nothing of much interest, save a full-length oil-painting of Brigham Young, who was originally a stone-mason and builder. I stayed in one of the houses he helped in early life to build—Governor Seward's residence at Auburn, in the State of New York; and his early want of education and consequent refinement may perhaps be remembered as some excuse for the coarseness of his addresses in the Tabernacle. There is certainly no despotism so severe as that of the man not accustomed to power, who by dint of unscrupulous use of talent achieves a position of absolute sovereignty. President Young's slightest word was law. The Mormon rebel of to-day, under the milder sway of President Taylor, may be perhaps brought to reason by the cutting off of the water-supply on 172 which his farming operations depend, but under the rule of the Napoleon of Mormonism the sickening horrors of the Black Vault enforced obedience, or silenced the unruly member. The people were not only oppressed and robbed, but were continually face to face with the terrible “rite of blood atonement.” Whatever “the Lord” called for, whether life or property, had to be surrendered at once; and Bishop Heber Kimbal did not hesitate to say in his sermons, “while Brigham Young lived, he was the only Lord that the people had to do with.” How plainly but speciously the shedding of blood for the remission of sins was taught, is certainly proved by the following extract from a sermon preached by Brigham Young in the Tabernacle on the 8th of February 1857, and afterwards published in the official organ of the saints:—

“Suppose a man is overtaken in a gross fault, that he has committed a sin which he knows will deprive him of that exaltation which he desires, and that he cannot attain to it without the shedding of his blood, and also knows that by having his blood shed he will atone for

that sin, and be saved and exalted with the gods, is there a man or woman in this house but what would say, ‘Shed my blood, that I may be saved and exalted with the gods?’

“All mankind love themselves; and let these principles be known by an individual, and he would be glad to have his blood shed. That would be loving themselves even unto an eternal exaltation. Will you love your brothers and sisters likewise when they have committed a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of their blood? Will you love that man or woman well enough to shed their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. He never told a man or woman to love their enemies in their wickedness. He never intended any such thing.

“I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance in the last resurrection if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled upon the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder Brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, conquers death, hell, and the grave. I have known a great many men who 173 have left this Church, for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation; but if their blood had been spilled it would have been better for them. The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force.

“This is loving our neighbour as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; and if he wants salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood upon the ground in order that he may be saved, spill it. Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, would not be satisfied nor rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain that salvation you desire. That is the way to love mankind.”

As a natural consequence of this teaching, credulous and ignorant fanatics were easily induced to carry out hints plainly directed by the cunning President at some obnoxious

individual, who was forthwith put out of the way, on the ground that by thus spilling his blood they were saving his immortal soul, and giving the best possible proof of their own brotherhood.

There are many documents which amply justify what I have written about the real feeling of the ladies of Utah. Some time ago a petition was sent to Congress signed by nearly 500 women, numbers of whom had a “personal and bitter experience of the practical workings of polygamy.” I am acquainted with some of the ladies: one was the wife of William S. Godbe, who began at this crisis an effort to start a reformed branch of the Mormon Church, in which polygamy should not be tolerated. The despotism of Brigham Young was very plainly denounced, and his frequent resort to “the atonement by blood” doctrine alluded to in these remarkable words: “Never in this world will the history of these dark deeds be fully written, for the victim and witness of many a tragedy are hidden together in the 174 grave;” and again, speaking of Brigham Young as being the ecclesiastical, civil, and military head of the territory, the document continues, “The history of his *reign* —for it is nothing else—is written in characters of blood.” But in spite of all this testimony, Mr. Cannon has actually asserted that the whole foundation of the blood atonement charge is that the Latter Day Saints believe in “the Biblical doctrine that men who commit crimes should be executed”!

When it was known in America that I was visiting Salt Lake City, several of the leading newspapers expressed the hope that I should bring the “real inwardness” of Mormonism before our people at home. “A very large proportion of the victims,” wrote the *Chicago Interocean* , “are importations from Great Britain. Missionaries, supplied with ample letters of credit, act as panders for polygamy in the large towns and hamlets, inducing poor people to accept family tickets to Utah, generally withholding from them the knowledge of what awaits the girls of the household. Mr. Evarts, when Secretary of State, tried to check this evil through consuls, but he could accomplish nothing. Queen Victoria should

protect her subjects from such imposition. Our Government would gladly co-operate in any feasible plan having that object in view."

How far Her Majesty can "protect her subjects" in this direction I cannot undertake to say; but believing that some service can be done by presenting to the public true pictures of Mormon life, I have endeavoured in these pages to give my readers the benefit of all the information I obtained while residing among this "peculiar people," which I consider has an important bearing on the extraordinary phase 175 presented to the world by the social life and practices of the Latter Day Saints.

The feeling of the necessity for a better understanding among the English people of the true nature of Mormonism has certainly been very much strengthened by the numerous letters I have received from strangers since my return to this country. Many persons have written to me about a friend, a niece, or even a daughter. "She has gone to Salt Lake City, and is longing to come back, she is so unhappy," is the burden of several letters now lying by my side. Another writes that "agents of Mormonism are still inducing numbers of our young people in the east of London to go out of our country; they are deluded by the missionary's perversion of the Scriptures to suit his own inclinations, and allured with the belief that in Salt Lake City they will find Zion or Paradise at once."

A few years ago such a missionary visited a remote district in Cornwall. He made many converts, among them a respectable, worthy woman, who, at her sister's death, had taken charge of her children, and brought them up with such tender affection that the eldest daughter quite regarded her in the light of a mother. Great was the grief and consternation of that little household when it was discovered that the "aunt" had resolved to join the band of Mormon converts and leave her home and kindred to seek the New Jerusalem, in the heart of the great American continent. Three years later the missionary returned to the same place for new recruits. Nothing in the meanwhile had been heard of the dearly-loved relative whose departure had left such a blank in that once happy little home. Joy filled the entire household on hearing of her happiness and prosperity in the far-away

176 land of her adoption. The eldest daughter was much moved when told that her “aunt-mother” greatly desired her family and friends to join her, and share in the good things that had fallen to her lot, and at last she herself was induced to accept the faith which brought with it such rich spiritual and temporal benefits, and finally consented to leave her father and the rest of the children to start off to Utah, with a few other converts from the village. She would write for her dear ones to join her, she thought, when she found the “promised land” all it was represented. Meanwhile she was delighted with the idea of “the joyful surprise” she would give her aunt, and set forth, gaily anticipating that happy reunion,—little dreaming, poor girl, of the fate that really awaited her! Of course the degrading doctrine of polygamy had in both instances been carefully kept out of sight. She was assured that all her past sins had been washed away by the waters of baptism, and the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit were freely promised her in the impressive and convincing language which the Mormon brothers who are selected for this work know so well how to use.

During the sea voyage the missionary's deep interest in his young disciple's spiritual condition was exchanged for the more attractive attentions of an ordinary lover, and, as might be expected, he gradually succeeded in winning this young and inexperienced girl's affections. Naturally proud of her conquest of this “great and good man's heart,” she gladly consented to marry him. On landing in New York some little delay was experienced. The “elder” was awaiting fresh instructions, he said; but the time passed very pleasantly, while he made full use of all his opportunities, representing to her how much better it would be if 177 the marriage took place while they waited in the city, before they started forth on the long journey across the plains. Having by this time gained complete ascendency over the girl's mind and heart, she contentedly yielded to his solicitation; the marriage ceremony was performed, and she felt that when she met her aunt her cup of happiness would indeed be filled to the brim. Just before, however, they reached the town in Utah where her husband resided, it was rudely dashed from her lips by the startling acknowledgment of the polygamy practised by the saints, and the still more dreadful announcement that he

was himself already married, and would have to take her to his first wife's own abode on reaching their destination. Stunned by a revelation as unexpected as it was repugnant, with the happy joy and loving pride which had hitherto filled her soul turned thus suddenly into bitterness and distrust, the poor girl began to anticipate with simple horror the meeting between herself and the supplanted wife; for her husband's protestations of devotion, combined with the early training she had received from her aunt in her simple English home, made her feel as if she had basely helped to injure and betray the slighted wife, who would now be required to give place to a rival in her husband's affections. Imagine her dismay when the home was reached and the first wife proved to be her own aunt! The veil is better drawn over the misery endured by both these victims. Deceived alike by the man who combined the religious teacher with the apparently devoted husband into a position they both regarded as equally degrading, tortured by the love more easily kindled than extinguished in the heart of a true woman, the shock proved fatal to the aunt. Crushed and humiliated, M 178 after a few months of mental anguish and physical suffering death came to her bruised spirit, not as a stern conqueror, but as a welcome deliverer from a bondage against which her whole nature revolted.

This is no romance, it is one of the many sad histories I know to be true; I could recount others still more heart-rending, but too many of the tales of plural wives are not only painful but revolting. It is by no means uncommon for a Mormon to marry two sisters, and the marriage of an aged elder with his own youthful step-daughter has even outraged the feelings of a wretched mother; but as a good wife she was bound to submit to this horrible ordeal, for was not this the celestial order of marriage, and undertaken in obedience to direct revelation?

CHAPTER XII.

The President's Secretary, Mr. George Reynolds—Mr. G. Q. Cannon—A religious argument after the President's luncheon—The ox-team wagon journey across the plains —Mormon amusements, theatres, and dances—The effect of stage-plays on the plural

wives—Captain Boyd on the Latter Day Saints—The Mormon Bible—The Doctrines and Covenants—“Joseph the Seer's” revelations from the Lord to his wife Emma—The women's right to the franchise and their deprivation of dower—Accusations against the Gentiles—Mormon criminal statistics—The Salt Lake Tribune on “Gulled English travellers”—Celestial marriages and divorces—Governor Murray—Mrs. Paddick—The duty of Congress.

As I have already stated, nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy shown to me by the leading Mormons. Shortly after my arrival at Salt Lake City, the President gave a large luncheon party in my honour at the Guardo House. He kindly sent his own carriage to the hotel for me, and his Secretary was desired to explain how a cold had unfortunately detained him in the house, but that he had given instructions that, before proceeding to the Guardo House, I should be driven to the chief points of interest in the neighbourhood, and to the hills, from which a magnificent view of the city could be obtained. I discovered subsequently that the said Secretary who had me thus in charge was the notorious Mr. George Reynolds, one of the few 180 Mormon husbands *convicted* of polygamy under the Act passed in 1862, and subjected to the penalty of his transgression. After his two years' imprisonment, however, he returned to his former wives, though I believe he has abstained from increasing their number.

When I arrived at the Guardo House, one of the daughters met me—a pleasant girl about twenty years of age, who seemed very proud of the city, and anxious I should admire all its institutions. On entering the drawing-room, the President presented me to a lady, “One of my wives” being the strange formulary! I soon found myself in the thick of apostles, priests, and priestesses. Foremost among the latter was “Sister Eliza Snow,” the Mormon poetess, who, in spite of having, celebrated her eightieth birthday two or three days previously, had evidently lost none of her vigour and enthusiasm, as she fully showed in an effort she made at the conclusion of the luncheon for my conversion. Opposite me sat Joseph F. Smith, nephew of the Mormon founder, and next him a lady from Stockport, “sealed” to President Taylor for the life that now is and that which is to come. Both of them alluded

openly to their relationship, and regretted I did not see the value of forming associations which would last throughout eternity.

President John Taylor is a mild, benevolent-looking old gentleman from Cumberland, and was a Methodist preacher in England before his conversion to Mormonism; he is a very intelligent but not a strong man, consequently he yields to the advice of his two counsellors, Mr. George Q. Cannon and Mr. Joseph Smith—both of them men of brains, the former, who was born in Liverpool, having to a certain degree the polish of the man of the world as well. None of 181 Mr. Cannon's wives were present with him on this occasion; he took the young English lady travelling with me—Miss Charlotte Robinson—in to luncheon, and made himself particularly agreeable, talking on many matters with the familiarity of a man who has seen and read much, and taken a keen interest in matters beyond his own immediate religion and circle.

While we were discussing the good things provided, which, I may remark, were excellently cooked, and served by six young ladies, who were evidently related to the President —probably his daughters, the conversation was general. It included the usual topics introduced at such gatherings, and of course the inevitable question, “How did I like America?” Before we left the table, however, “Sister Eliza” attacked me on certain vital questions, likely, in her opinion, to put a Gentile to open confusion. For instance, if I admitted that I regarded the Bible as an inspired book, how could I reject the doctrine of plural marriage, which was decidedly taught in it and practised by Biblical saints “whom the Lord loved”? If I believed that God walked and talked with holy men of old, that He gave them the gift of prophecy, and vouchsafed to them special revelations, why should His power be limited now? Those who were stubborn and stiff-necked in days gone by had refused to listen to God's servants then, just as the Gentiles of to-day reject the teachings of Joseph Smith, and deny the revelations made to Latter Day Saints! When she spoke of the heavenly joys in store for those who had obeyed God's commandments by having plural wives on earth, I ventured to remind her of the answer Christ gave the Sadducees, to the effect that “when they rise from the dead they neither marry nor are 182 given in

marriage, but are as the angels in heaven;" but in reply there was quite a general chorus to the effect that the marriages had already taken place on earth, and, in short, the verse was held to establish their dicta on the propriety of arranging such relationships in the present world for enjoyment in the next.

The conversation was but another instance of the way in which all things read according to our personal "point of view." As I remarked to my Mormon friends, it reminded me of the story of the dream that during one night the Bible became a blank, and when the people were called together the next day to supply as far as possible the valuable guidance the world had thus lost, each denomination furnished that part of the text that exactly coincided with its own way of thinking, and conveniently forgot the rest! To reconstruct the Bible upon this system was, however, deemed worse than useless; the work was consequently abandoned, and the blank Bible remained, the legend states, as a witness against the inhabitants of that city for evermore. From time immemorial there have not been wanting in every community those who thus "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction," and religious arguments are notoriously futile everywhere!

Many present at that luncheon party had crossed the plains long before the Great Pacific Railroad made travelling from New York to Salt Lake City only a matter of a few days' journey, and they gave most interesting accounts of perilous adventures with Indians, and of life in ox-team wagons, when fifteen miles a day was esteemed a fair progress, and every evening saw the emigrants in some newly pitched tent, where they beguiled the weary hours 183 with song and story. Sometimes rivers had to be forded, at other times no water could be found; the women and children shared with strong men the agonies of thirst; the sun smote them by day, and the cruel frosts of the night crippled them with rheumatism, and many who expected to see the promised Zion were left by the wayside in lonely graves, for sickness of all kinds came upon them in that terrible desert, and winter with its fearful hardships overtook the wanderers. After the privations recounted, I wondered that any one had survived to tell the tale!

Dances are very popular in Utah; some of them are opened and closed by prayer by some of the so-called elders, who are invariably present, and take an active part in the dancing, one discharging the onerous duties of “floor-master,” for “calling the figures” is quite a feature of a country dance in America. These dances are the delight of the Mormon brethren and younger sisters, and are eagerly anticipated by them. They afford excellent opportunities for “courtships.” The wives, after one dance with their husbands, sit patiently round the room while their lords enjoy themselves with the young girls who have recently attracted their fancy. Many a heartache has been experienced in these gay and festive scenes. A wife has watched with kindling eye her husband's devotion to his last love, till, unable to endure it any longer, she has taken refuge in the dressing-room, and vented her feelings in angry and indignant words to a group of sympathetic listeners of her own sex. English chaperones sometimes find the task of watching and waiting dreary enough; but what is the anxiety of seeing a daughter dancing with young Briefless, or sitting out a “square” with some ineligible in the conservatory, or some other equally secluded spot, to 184 the anguish of beholding a husband using every art to win another bride, knowing that the girl he has selected will probably not scruple to claim from him the complete surrender of his affections, which, for the time being, Utah husbands—like other gentlemen—are generally willing to accord.

Literary and choral unions, glee clubs and musical parties, also abound, and the Salt Lake City theatres are well patronised. Mrs. Stenhouse, an “apostate” lady I met in San Francisco, considers that “the worst day's work Brigham Young ever did in the interests of his religion” was the building of the theatre, for she believes “it has done more than anything else to shake the faith of Mormon women.”

The pictures represented on the stage of the delicate tender union of

“Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one;”

the happiness springing from the marriage based on the gift for life of the entire heart, over which one wife alone has the right to reign and rule, contrasted strangely with the coarse and painful effects of the polygamy around them, which simply reduces woman to an “inferior creature” made to obey man's sovereign will and pleasure, grateful for the honour of becoming the mother of his children, and only allowed a hope of another life through his intervention, with the reward of still serving him in the next existence if she has proved faithful here. The courtship and marriage of the husband with some young girl who might have been his daughter, in the face of the wife of his youth, seemed all the more revolting after even a theatrical representation of a higher and purer life. The ready perceptive faculty of the women, quickened by a sense of personal 185 wrongs, enabled many Salt Lake wives to appreciate keenly the wide gulf between the poetic ideals of wedded bliss as seen behind the footlights, and the degradation involved in Joseph Smith's revelation of celestial marriage. “Mormonism,” said Captain Boyd to me one day at Greeley, “is the only bran-new religion the American nation has had the honour of inventing.” The transcendentalism of New England is a philosophy rather than a religion, and owes everything to Kant and Hegel, but Mormonism is a new departure. Its essentially characteristic doctrine is that revelation is perpetual. Not only has it a new inspired prophet of its own, whose word is more authoritative than that of all preceding prophets, but with “genuine Yankee liberality,” as my friend described it, it keeps the lists open for other inspired prophets, each of whose latest utterances will not only be more authoritative than those of his predecessors, but may contradict and reverse the prophet's own earlier dicta. “This perpetually renewed inspiration” certainly gives “an elasticity to their system unknown to other creeds. The *Book of Mormon* and *The Doctrines and Covenants* , their two most important books, are supposed to be “divine revelations.”

Mr. James Jeffries, of Hartford County, gives the following account of the origin of the *Book of Mormon* , which is stated to be a romance purporting to give the origin and history of the American Indians:—

“Forty years ago I was in business in St. Louis. The Mormons then had their temple in Nauvoo, Illinois. I had business transactions with them. Sidney Rigdon I knew very well. He was general manager of the affairs of the Mormons. Rigdon, in course of conversation, told me a number of times that there was in the printing-office with which he was connected in Ohio a manuscript of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding's, tracing the origin of the Indian race from the lost tribes of Israel; that 186 this manuscript was in the office for several years; that he was familiar with it; that Spaulding had wanted it printed, but had not had the means to pay for the printing; that he (Ridgon) and Joe Smith used to look over the manuscript and read it on Sundays. Rigdon said Smith took the manuscript and said, ‘I'll print it,’ and went off to Palmyra, New York.”

The only passages worth reading in the *Book of Mormon* are those directly stolen from the Bible, and the following extracts from the other volume will, I think, enable my readers to form an opinion not only as to its puerile character, but the extremely convenient nature of the so-called “revelations” through “Joseph the Seer,” as Mr. Smith is designated. For instance, when this worthy gentleman wanted a house built for himself, he published a revelation he had received at Nauvoo, in which “the Lord God,” after promising to save all the pure in heart that had been slain in the land of Missouri, continues—

“And now I say unto you, as pertaining to my boarding-house, which I have commanded you to build for the boarding of strangers, let it be built unto my name, and let my name be named upon it, and let my servant Joseph and his house have place therein, from generation to generation. For this anointing have I put upon his head, that his blessing shall also be put upon the head of his posterity after him.

“Therefore, let my servant Joseph and his seed after him have place in that house, from generation to generation, for ever and ever, saith the Lord. And let the name of that house be called Nauvoo House, and let it be a delightful habitation for man, and a resting-place

for the weary traveller, that he may contemplate the glory of Zion, and the glory of this the corner-stone thereof."

As an example of the prophet's eye to business, and his cool method of disposing of other men's goods, this quotation will suffice:—

"And again I say unto you, that my servant Isaac Moreley may not be tempted above that which he is able to bear, and counsel wrongfully to your hurt. I give commandment that his farm should be sold.

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"I will not that my servant Frederick G. Williams should sell his farm, for I the Lord will to retain a stronghold in the land of Kirtland for the space of five years, in the which I will not overthrow the wicked, and thereby I may save some.

"And again verily I say unto you, let my servant Sidney Gilbert plant himself in this place and establish a store, that he may sell goods without fraud, that he may obtain money to buy lands for the good of the saints, and that he may obtain whatsoever things the disciples may need to plant them in their inheritance. And also let my servant Sidney Gilbert obtain a licence (behold here is wisdom, and whoso readeth let him understand), that he may send goods also unto the people, even by whom he will, as clerks employed in his service.

"And again verily I say unto you, let my servant William W. Phelps be planted in this place, and be established as a printer unto the Church.

"And lo, if the world receiveth his writings (behold here is wisdom), let him obtain whatsoever he can, obtain in righteousness for the good of the saints."

After the revelation about the plurality of wives, Joseph Smith had special messages from the Lord for his wife, which ran thus:—

“And let mine handmaid Emma Smith receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me, and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God.

“And I command mine handmaid Emma Smith to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law”

To leave the way open for any future revelations which might be deemed politic, the astute and saintly Joseph concludes:—

“And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.”

Among the curious anomalies existing in Utah is the right of women to the franchise, and their deprivation of dower. The organ of the Latter Day Saints explains that dower was 188 an “invention of barbarism”—a miserable compensation for “the vassalage” under which the same law placed women. But I was at a loss to discover how the laws of Utah improve the condition of women, when a husband is given the power to take away his wife's goods, to hand them over, if it be his lordly pleasure, to the new wife who has supplanted her in his affections. I was told, on authority which could not be impugned, of women robbed of their property for the benefit of a new wife. It also struck me as very strange, that while President Taylor claimed that “celestial marriages” were “eternal covenants, eternal unions, eternal associations,” that divorces were to be had without difficulty, and for a few dollars, in Utah. Some Mormons assured me that mutual consent alone is necessary; the marriages are religious not legal, and accordingly no real legal difficulty attends their dissolution. “Celestial marriage,” too, certainly conveys an idea of a purely spiritual union, and when Joseph Smith first published his revelation it was supposed to be such by many

of his followers. No wonder that when the truth came out many of his horrified disciples forsook him and fled.

There are many other contradictions in this extraordinary system which could be easily pointed out, and those who wish to pursue the matter further should read a vivid picture of Mormon life by Mrs. A. G. Paddick, entitled, *The Fate of Madame La Tour.* It was published about three years ago in the form of a novel, and certainly deserves to rank with Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* , for it throws as much light upon the practices of the Latter Day Saints as Mrs. Stowe's book did upon the evils of slavery. I have reasons for confidently stating it is a trustworthy history, which at 189 least should be carefully studied by those who are endeavouring to understand the problems presented by Mormonism.

It is very difficult for a stranger to arrive at a sound conclusion respecting the criminal statistics shown by the Mormons. Some people assert that “figures never lie,” others that “they will prove anything,” and I rather incline to the latter idea. Disreputable houses, gambling and drinking saloons, are declared to be the direct importations of the Gentiles. “We have no waifs and strays such as are found in the large cities of Christendom,” insists President Taylor; “the children of our families do not gravitate to the poor-house, for we have no such establishments in the Territory, and our poor are cared for by the bishops and by the members of our ladies' relief societies.”

The *Salt Lake Tribune* indulges in severe comments on the fact that the passing visitor is often misled by the plausible statements put before him. While I was in the city, “Another Gulled Englishman” was the heading of an article on Mr. James W. Barclay's contribution to this vexed question, in which he maintained, and with truth, that the people are industrious and temperate. “If they are,” wrote the *Tribune* , “it is no more than the slaves of the South were, and proves nothing save that there can often be a calm under an absolute despotism. Then the crime statistics, so stale in their repetition, prove nothing, for a threefold reason. What is a crime in a Gentile is not a crime in a Mormon. If a Gentile gets drunk, he is arrested and fined. If a Mormon does the same thing, he is carried home

by the police or locked up until sober and then turned out, and no charge is made against him. Again, the Mormons have their own secret courts, and no mortal outside knows of their decrees. Finally, all who 190 are not in good standing in the Mormon Church are called Gentiles. What would be said of the Methodist or Presbyterian or Baptist minister who should say of his congregation, ‘Of all the people convicted of crime in my parish last year, not more than ten per cent. were members in good standing in my church.’ That is what the Mormon priests, in effect, did when they were stuffing Mr. Barclay. And Mr. Barclay insists that polygamy is already rare and is swiftly dying out, and right below refers to the ignorance of people. By going out on the streets in Salt Lake and inquiring of any intelligent man, he could have found out that quite one-fourth, if not one-third, of the men of marriageable age in Utah are polygamists; that it is increasing with frightful rapidity, and that it is the one essential badge of promotion in that Government which he thinks other States might profitably pattern after.” In the same way great exception has been taken to many of the statements in Phil Robinson's clever *Saints and Sinners;* but in my opinion his contention that “ Mormonism is not the wind-and-rain inflated pumpkin the world at a distance believes it,” cannot be honestly contradicted; the two hundred thousand Mormons in Utah and the surrounding States are held together by the secret oaths of an organisation so powerful that all the efforts of the United States Congress have hitherto failed to stamp out an institution full of danger to the well-being of the entire Republic. For years bills have been before Congress, and various methods suggested for the settlement of the matter, and the feeling is gaining ground that it can be trifled with no longer.

The legal assaults on the system hitherto made have been compared by the Rev. H. Ward Beecher to the efforts of a 191 cat to eat a wasp. “She darts at it, she scrambles at it, but she can't chew it up,” observes the eccentric divine.

Accordingly some are suggesting “fire and sword.” “Thirty days of Oliver Cromwell,” remarks a religious paper, “would suffice for an honourable and healthy ending of this cancer in our midst.” Governor Murray, however, is anxious to shield the State he controls

from such a calamity, though he holds that the present state of things cannot continue; that either the Government must repeal its laws, or find some way to enforce them. “I do not, even now,” he says, “advocate military force. I believe with proper legislation a settlement can be effected peaceably; but if that legislation is much longer withheld, it will have to be effected with strife and bloodshed.” The Edmunds Bill was evidently intended to prepare the way for the correction of the evils by the Mormons themselves. It was also hoped that the Gentile influence, missionaries, and schools, and the establishment of a military post in Salt Lake City, would dispose of the difficulty, but they have hitherto signally failed to uproot polygamy. The railroad which was completed fifteen years ago was said to be “the beginning of the regeneration of Utah,” and the dissension within the camp itself, led by William S. Godbe, was once regarded as “the thin end of the wedge” which would lead to disunion and confusion. The death of “King Brigham” was to solve the problem, but unhappily Mormonism remains master of the situation to this very hour.

The present Government of Utah may well be described as a curious anomaly, with a Governor appointed by Federal authority, anti-polygamic and anti-hierarchical in his opinions; a Legislature every member of which, though 192 monogamatic, is a Mormon, bound to the support of the civil power of the hierarchy and polygamy as divinely appointed institutions; the judges of the local courts are Mormons and county officers; the schools are taught by Mormons; the municipal corporations are under the control of the Mormon Government, with the settled portions of the Territory laid off into districts, and organised into municipal governments with Mormons as the officers, taking in large tracts of land, which cannot be entered or pre-empted by persons not Mormons; in fact, the entire machinery for the local government of the Territory is in the hands of Mormons, dictated to by the Church; and finally, a commission authorised by Congress to put down polygamy, which seems to have incurred the dislike and distrust of both the Gentile and Mormon inhabitants of the Territory.

Meanwhile the foes of Mormons are denounced as “carpet-baggers,” “wild-cat speculators,” and “Mormon-eaters;” it is further intimated that those “who raised the anti-

Mormon cry have done so in a mad desire to possess themselves of Mormon wealth;" the "moralists who go into virtuous spasms" over "the patriarchal order of marriage" are advised to remedy "the vile and wicked social practices of Christian communities." "Look at the secret combinations and secret societies," retort the saints; "look at the struggle between capital and labour, the lack of confidence in men of position! Unless the rulers and statesmen rid themselves of their selfishness, and let honour, truth, and justice be their motto, they will have enough to do nearer home than Utah." Congress itself is warned to be careful how it denies even to "deluded people" the right of self-government, attempts the branding of Mormon children as illegitimate, ventures to hand them over for relief to the sense of equity possessed 193 by a board of politicians. A Gentile American advocate of the let-alone system remarks, "that while the religious heretic is tolerated in law, the social heretic is persecuted, and the Mormon problem will test to the utmost the boasted liberality of America." He continues: "When citizens are deprived of the right of franchise for acts of which those most interested do not complain but indorse, and which involve no moral criminality, and this to a people upon whose moral character the only blot is in the non-Mormon portion, we strike a blow at the American idea of liberty and toleration that might well arouse Thomas Jefferson from his tomb."

President Arthur's message to Congress treated the matter with earnest gravity. "I am convinced," he said, "that polygamy has become so strongly entrenched in the Territory of Utah, that it is profitless to attack it with any but the stoutest weapons which constitutional legislature can make; I favour, therefore, the repeal of the Act upon which the existing Government depends, and the resumption by the National Legislature of the entire political control of the Territory, and the establishment of a commission." Consequently Congress has shown a wise inclination, in spite of Senator Brown of Georgia, to pass a bill more effective than the recent Edmunds Commission, and the President's recommendation has been fully indorsed by the press and the people. Clearly the present is the time for action; every year makes the work more difficult and complicated, and the suppression of polygamy must be made one of the living issues of the campaign of 1884. It is a

serious enough matter now, but in a few years it will certainly entail actual war, and loss of life and property. There are now more N 194 than 200,000 Mormons in Utah and the neighbouring States; in the year 1880 it is authentically stated that there were more polygamous marriages than in any previous year since the settlement of Utah, which directly strengthens their “political, spiritual, social, independent despotism,” and also increases the number of wives and children who have to be considered in any action the Government may see fit to take. This is a point upon which hinges a great deal of the hesitation experienced by those who shrink from bringing upon the innocent the punishment and sorrow which ought in common justice to fall upon the Mormon leaders, elders, and bishops alone. “What will be done with these poor victims if deprived of the protection of their husbands and fathers?” is the question often asked by the tender-hearted outsider, who is not quite familiar with the present condition of the “victims.” Mrs. Paddick, the authority to whom I have already alluded, answers this at once by the bold assertion that “polygamists as a rule do not support their families.” I extract from her work the following remarkable statement:—

“The masses of the Mormon people are poor, and the constant drain of the tithing system keeps them so; yet men who cannot support one family in comfort are continually taking more wives. The consequence is, that none of their numerous families have even the bare necessaries of life, unless the women and children earn them. Wealthy Mormons support their families much better than they did before the anti-polygamists in Utah began their war upon the system; but even among these there are many husbands who think they are doing all that can reasonably be expected of them, if they provide their wives with shelter, fuel, and flour. Not long ago the wife of a wealthy Mormon complained to the bishop of her ward that her husband did not support her. ‘Your husband gives you a house to live in, does he not?’ asked the bishop. ‘Yes,’ was the reply. ‘Does he keep you well supplied with wood and flour?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Then I think,’ he responded, ‘he is a very good provider, and you ought to be ashamed to enter a complaint against him.’ From such 195 decisions there is no appeal, inasmuch as the law does not give either a legal or plural wife any claim upon

the property or earnings of her husband. If polygamy were abolished to-day, in five years the women of the poorer classes would be far better off than they are now, even if the law which ended their polygamous relations made no provision for them; but there is not a Gentile in Utah who would favour a bill for the immediate suppression of polygamy, unless there was a clause in it which provided some means of support for plural wives and their children."

Joaquin Miller and others have argued that the Mormons, having made "the wilderness to blossom like the rose," have a right to remain undisturbed; "a man who has planted a tree and dug a well in the desert has done more good than an army with banners." On the other hand, it is maintained the pretence of reclaiming the alkali soil and subduing the Indians is groundless. Mr. M'Bride, a Salt Lake barrister, wrote in the *Tribune* published in that city his experiences as one of the oldest pioneers in that district, in which it is stated that "there were stretches of miles upon miles of meadow-land, where even irrigation was not needed, when the saints came into the valley; all that was needed was ordinary industry, and that the lands, in the early settlement of Utah, were more easily brought to bear fruitful returns than the ordinary wild lands of the Western States. All this talk and sentiment about the hardships of pioneering in Utah are pure fustian."

Be this as it may, industry deserves its recognition and reward, and the Mormons are fully entitled to all the credit due to perseverance, endurance, and self-denial. They have reduced the principle of co-operation from the religious duty, as taught by Brigham Young, to a voluntary and profitable system, and are carrying it out, after fourteen years' experience, on a grander scale than I have seen it anywhere else in the world. If you separate "the people" from the leaders, they are, in my opinion, "the honest, kind-hearted, 196 simple men and women" that Phil Robinson, in his *Saints and Sinners* , represents them,—"patterns in commercial honesty, religious earnestness, and social charity."

Mrs. Barrett Browning tells us "we get no good by being ungenerous even to a book," and we certainly shall gain no worthy end by ignoring the good points of this "peculiar

people," who belong to the most credulous, illiterate classes of the countries from which they are drawn, and possess a deeply-rooted love of the miraculous and mysterious, and are therefore easily duped by those who represent that heaven will be best secured by tithe-paying and living after the manner of Abraham, Isaac, and the saints of old, on the banks of the new Jordan, in the Zion of the "Latter Day Saints." Nor do I think the full and free acknowledgment of the amendment in the physical and temporal well-being of these emigrants should be withheld. One of the poorer Mormons I talked to was once a messenger in a publishing house in Paternoster Row, and as he frankly said to me, "Had I remained there, I should probably be a messenger still; now I am a jobbing carpenter, and own my own house and bit of garden." Thrift is a lesson well taught in the Mormon school; and it must be allowed, as far as temporal matters are concerned, the half-starved proselytes obtained in the Old World have a chance given them out here which would never have come to them at home. They have been hurried across the continent to Utah, and know nothing of the country they have come to, save what their spiritual pastors and masters choose to tell them.

These leaders—who, by the way, have been described by the erratic defender of Mormon liberty, Joaquin Miller, as "Guiteaus"—encourage a spirit of hostility to the United States Government, misrepresent the American nation, its 197 civilisation, actions, and aims, and, as far as they can, are evidently determined to act in conformity with the spirit displayed by the pioneer who, as he crossed the Missouri, cursed "the East" which he and his followers had left for ever, resolving to set up in the West "a kingdom that should break in pieces all the nations of the earth." The Mormon denomination now is all-powerful under the existing Territorial system of government. The United States Government pays the bills, but is only a secondary power in Utah, and the very isolation of the Territory has enabled the Church to prevent a sufficiently practical investigation of its practices. No commission will be available unless composed of residents in Utah, who thoroughly understand the position of affairs, and are able to follow up and secure the punishment of the crimes perpetrated in the name of religion against the laws of the land. As Senator

Cullom informed Congress last January, “It is worse than folly to tinker with this matter from year to year, and at the same time leave the whole legal power of the Territory in the hands of men who are defiantly violating national law.”

It is impossible not to recognise the fact that hitherto the Government has utterly failed to deal with this outrage of its laws, and the rectifying influences of moral and intellectual forces have had but little effect. No one can hate more than I do the employment of force and law against mistaken beliefs in religion and politics; but polygamy, as practised in Utah, is such a crime against nature, involving such terrible degradation, that those who have the interests of women at heart can never rest satisfied until they are freed from the worst form of slavery the heart of man ever yet invented, and justified on biblical and religious grounds.

In the present day most men find it difficult to maintain 198 one fasionably-dressed wife, therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the support of half a dozen under such circumstances would prove impossible. Consequently it has been jestingly proposed by those who believe that Mormon husbands “pay for everything,” the army of French milliners recently ejected from Constantinople should be despatched to Utah, as most likely to break the bonds of polygamy asunder. But Mormon ingenuity might even discover some means for checkmating the French milliners. Anyhow, Brigham Young circumvented poor Mrs. Stenhouse, who told me that, partly for employment and partly for self-support, she started a little business in this direction in Salt Lake City. A bonnet was ordered for Brigham's favourite wife; subsequently Mrs. Stenhonse received an order to make bonnets for all his wives, and gloves, ribbons, and laces were supplied in addition. The bill amounted to 275 dollars; but when it was presented, the poor woman found the wily prophet had ordered “that the amount should be credited against her *for tithing.* ”

The matter, however, is too serious, and involves too many grave interests, to admit of being for a moment treated from a jesting point of view; and I confess that the extirpation of polygamy by brute force is to me equally repugnant. The British Government certainly

found it impossible to crush the crime of infanticide in India without military measures; the Abolitionists in America vainly combated by other means, for two generations, the institution of slavery, and at last moral forces had to be supplemented by the strong arm of the law. It would almost seem that the legislative opportunity now open is Utah's last chance to initiate peaceable reforms from within. The law of the United States cannot be much longer defied with safety. I fancy this is 199 almost acknowledged within the citadel itself, for Bishop Sharp, whom I met while in Salt Lake City, on his return from Washington, observed, “No power but the Almighty can save the Mormon people; if God does not pilot the ship, it will go down.” Not that the Latter Day Saints themselves are ready to “go back” on their so-called principles: Apostle George Teasdale, who may be taken as a representative speaker, in a recent address at the Assembly Hall, “bore testimony” to his unshaken faith in the tenets of the one true religion revealed by the angel at Moroni, and to “the priesthood which was then established upon earth.” He continued: “ Have we any occasion to fear the people or nations? No! I don't go back on one principle of the revelations. I believe in the doctrine of plural marriage as much as I do in baptism for the remission of sins. I would not give up one of the principles of this gospel. I do not fear the face of man as I fear the face of God. I should fear to go behind the veil and meet those who would know that I had given up any of the principles of eternal truth. I bear my testimony that plural marriage is a necessity, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints cannot exist without it. It is one of the marks of this Church.”

It is impossible for the United States Government to delay the settlement of this question, and escape from the charge of wilful neglect and incapacity; it may also expect considerable outside pressure if it does not deal with the problem quickly, and in a thoroughly practical way. The majesty of the law can alone be vindicated by a well-aimed blow at the power of the Mormon chiefs. Polygamy must be suppressed by unflinching enforcements, unless the nation is willing to let it spread and flourish for ever over the western portion of America.

CHAPTER XIII.

American hotel despotism: Hours for meals—The journey across the desert from Ogden —The disappearance of the Indians and buffaloes from the railroad tracks—The flight of antelopes—The Sierra-Nevada mountains—San Francisco—Palace Hotel—Bell-boys and hotel servants generally—Chinatown in its New-Year garb—Cable-cars—Drives to the Cliff House through the park and to the Presidio—Wooden houses—Fires and the Fire Brigade —Dr. Hardy's Foundling Hospital on Golden Gate Avenue.

There is no despotism more thorough than that of an American Hotel. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper are served between fixed hours, and neither love nor money will obtain anything to eat save at those fixed periods. The unhappy traveller who arrives after the supper-room is closed must go to bed fasting; and still worse is the plight of those who leave before the breakfast hour, for sleep may relieve the sufferings of the former, but what is to become of those who start on a long journey fasting? The fact is that the cooks, and most of the waiters, in American hotels only come into the house at specified times for their appointed duties. The key is turned on the larder and store closet, and food cannot possibly be had till the return of the man in possession. The English custom of having meals when they are required, is utterly unknown and undreamt of in their philosophy. Not even a cup of coffee could we obtain before we left the Continental 201 Hotel at Salt Lake City to catch the early express passing through Ogden, and but for my skilful companion's spirit lamp, which enables her to furnish a cup of tea “on the cars,” together with a luncheon basket kindly provided for us by the wife of the English banker, we should have perished by the way! We were told that we should have an hour for breakfast at Ogden, but our train was late, and there was barely time to secure our tickets and catch the San Francisco express.

Our journey for the first day was dull enough: vast deserts of sand had to be crossed, but towards nightfall a heavy snow was encountered, and droves of antelopes came flying

down in such numbers from the mountains that while they crossed the track the train was obliged to come to a full stop.

A few Indians, here and there, *en route* , had been visible at the smaller dápôts, besmeared with yellow ochre, and dressed in red blankets, their untidy squaws ornamented like themselves with cheap jewelry, all of them ready to beg for a ten cent piece or tobacco, but showing no trace whatever of the war-like red man of romantic story. The most characteristic Indians I ever saw during my three tours in America was at the Indian delegation at Philadelphia. Lone Wolf, Doghater, Milkyway, Chewing Elk, Grey Eagle, Heap o' Bears, Yellow Horse, and Yar-Lou-Pee, were introduced to me in the charge of Captain Alvord. They were accompanied by their interpreters and squaws, and when presented with flowers, passed them, to my amusement, with every sign of contempt, to the ladies. But the Indians of the plains are almost myths as far as the railroad vision extends, though there are several Indian reservations 202 in the interior. Winnemucca, near Paradise Valley, is so named after the chief of the Piute tribe, who is now about seventy-eight years old, and much respected by his followers.

In these degenerate prosaic days no particular excitements are afforded the railroad traveller. The Piute and the Shoshone, like the poet's “rolling seas of shaggy humpbacked buffaloes,” who break like thunder against the foothills, are things of the past as far as he is concerned. A train is still sometimes attacked by bandits—especially on the southern road—if there is known to be a sufficient prize on board, but otherwise the Pacific tourist, as a rule, now travels as calmly across those vast stretches of desert as the London cockney does from Shoreditch to Bow, at least as regards the dread of any human violence.

The unmanned tempest that rides and reigns in these regions is the Conqueror, however, before whose sway man will be for ever powerless, even when aided by Nature's greatest discovered force. The wild winds of heaven have blown trains from the track ere now; and when the snow descends, as American snow is wont to descend—five feet of snow in

the Sierra-Nevada mountains sometimes fall in a day—engines are rendered powerless, the cars are frozen to the rails, and hopelessly imbedded in the drifts. Passengers have sometimes been thus imprisoned for twenty-four hours, and finally had to make their escape on foot to a “rescue train” half a mile the other side of the snow-drift.

Some such fate seemed likely to befall me during this journey to San Francisco, for it soon became evident that there was bad weather ahead, and by the time we began the ascent of the Sierra-Nevada mountains it was all the train 203 could do to make its way through the heaviest fall of the season. At Truckee we reached the summit of the range, after passing through a snow-shed thirty miles long, where a considerable loss of time occurred. I shall never forget the beauty of the falling snow, and the amazing size of the flakes as they curled through the air, and shut out the sight of the pines on the mountain sides. The solemn stillness of those vast voiceless plains made me realise I had indeed entered “a wide domain of mysteries.” Its awful solitude strikes you even while in a weather-bound train full of passengers eager to reach the busy turmoil of the city life so far beyond. Truckee is about 200 miles from San Francisco, and the snow-sheds, essential to winter travel, are chiefly between Strong Cannon Station and Emigrant Gap, costing from 8,000 dollars to 30,000 per mile, and shutting out of sight some of the most exquisite scenery near Donner Lake. The traveller has to be content with glimpses which only make him, like Oliver, “ask for more,” and but for the attention of the Pullman conductor, who warned me when we were approaching the “observation holes,” I should have lost even these peeps at the natural beauties concealed within the Sierras.

A marvellous change awaited us on the other side of the “Blue Canyon.” We simply passed from winter into summer weather, from the dazzling white snow to the greenest verdure I ever saw. No transformation scene in any theatre could be more complete or rapid, and I realised that I was really in the enchanted land of California. On sped the train through picturesque valleys, green with luxuriant foliage, striking below Atta, the slope of Bear River, and winding through the hills till Cape Horn was reached. 204 Here the very railroad itself edges the precipitous bluff nearly 2000 feet above the river. The

wondrous chasm is almost too fearful for contemplation in this position. No train passes without paying its tribute to this stupendous gorge. It comes to a reverent standstill while the passengers, awe-stricken and breathless, gaze into the depths of that marvellous ravine. Except at Giant—s Gap there is no railroad view to surpass this. The mining town beyond, and the houses and fields across the river, were like mere playthings in the vast distance.

Then mining camps were passed, known by the upturned earth, with its rich red soil hinting at the precious ore within. Most singular are the names given by the miners to their “diggings:”—Red Dog, You Bet, Jackass Gulch, Brandy Flat, Gospel Swamp, Slap Jack, Grizzley Flat, and Poverty Hill, may be given as specimens of their owners' humour! Gold Run has now become quite a little town, and at Dutch Flat there are three separate mining companies, and the best hydraulic mining in California.

When Sacramento is announced, the long journey seems drawing to a close. This is a place full of pleasant houses, where oranges, limes, and fig-tree flourish in all the luxuriance of semi-tropical vegetation. Our train crossed the river on a drawbridge, and we passed into a marshy district, where mallard and canvas-back ducks disported themselves by the side of the water, heedless of our intrusion through their peaceful domains. At last, long after the shades of evening had closed around us, our train steamed into Oakland. We had still the bay to cross before reaching San Francisco, and this last six miles of the journey introduced me to the magnificent ferry-boats used in this region of the world.

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Considering that “the glorious climate of California” has been extolled wherever the English language is spoken, the reception accorded by the weather certainly astonished me. I have seen a good deal of rain in England, I know something of the Scotch climate, but never did I encounter such a downpour of heavy persistent rain as the first night I spent in San Francisco. Fortunately my umbrella is my constant companion, as it answers the purposes of a walking-stick, and it certainly never had such a thorough drenching as

it received during my exit from the luxurious saloon through the uncovered way to the landing-stage.

It was past nine o'clock before I secured the shelter of the Palace Hotel. There I found a deputation of leading citizens awaiting me with a hearty welcome, and from that hour, till I reluctantly bade farewell to the city, kind friends were at hand to offer every possible hospitality and escort to the different places of interest in the city.

The Palace Hotel reminded me of the Louvre and the Grand Hotel in Paris, having a vast courtyard, round which the 750 rooms are built, the whole occupying two acres and a half of land. When all the six galleries are lighted up at night, and the band is discoursing sweet music in the courtyard below, while the gaily dressed ladies walk about the twelve-feet-wide corridors belonging to each story, the effect is very striking.

The attendance is the difficulty which remains to be solved in these monster hotels; residents everywhere complain bitterly of the time they have to wait between sending up their card to friends and being admitted to their sitting-rooms. And woe betide the unwary “guests” who do not see their letters safely deposited in the office mail-box. 206 Being of a naturally submissive temperament, I always bowed to the American rule which even excludes ladies from going to the office when bills have to be paid, and I accordingly confided my letters and newspapers to the negro gentleman told off to answer my “parlour” bell, until I discovered that they sometimes reposed for days in the darkie's pocket, and reached their destination too late to be of any use. For instance, the letters written to Los Angeles from the Palace Hotel, arrived there a week late, two hours after I had reached Mrs. Severanee's house, though I did not leave San Francisco till the middle of the week, and made a halt at Fresno on the road. And yet a staff of about 150 servants is kept at the Palace Hotel. When I first visited America I was warned not to offer “tips” to servants in the hotels or private houses. The free-born claimant to perfect equality would scorn such a *douceur* and regard it as an insult. But times have greatly changed, and with increasing civilisation has disappeared all antipathy to gratuities. A “tip” is now quite as powerful and

necessary an incentive on the one side of the Atlantic as the other, and the traveller who expects to be comfortable in an American hotel without a free distribution of dollars will soon be disenchanted. As the division of labour is much greater in that country than at home, the inroad into one's purse is pretty considerable. For instance, in most hotels four bell-boys reign in each corridor; on their sovereign will depends the kind of service you receive; when it is also borne in mind that these gentlemen answer your bell and receive your commands, simply to direct some other individual to fulfil them, it will be understood how completely your comfort is in the hands of these functionaries. Boy nature is much the same all over 207 the world, and I can positively affirm that the alacrity of the Yankee specimen of the genus depends entirely upon his confidence in a weekly stipend, or the certainty of hearing the magic words “keep the change” whenever you give him a dime for a two cent newspaper. Then there is the head porter, the baggage man, chamber-maid, the fireman, the waiter in the breakfast room, another at dinner, the man in the elevator, and above all the gentleman who presides at meals, and places you at any table he pleases, and remorselessly excludes you from the room if you are late for breakfast, unless the certainty that a dollar will occasionally be transferred from your pocket into his own, leads to a liberal interpretation of the precise moment for closing the door. Although dwellers in American hotels are styled “guests,” they are furnished with tolerably heavy weekly bills, which are slipped under the bedroom door about five o'clock every Monday morning, and with the said fees make a heavy item in account-book of the traveller who appreciates prompt attention and courtesy.

I was much amused at an interview between a friend of mine and a bell-boy in a Cincinnati hotel. The boy lingered about the room, but finding he did not attract the young Englishman's attention, observed: “I am the boy that bought your tooth-brush.” (Silence on the part of the “guest.”)

“If it had been known I had gone out to get your tooth-brush, I should have been discharged,” plaintively continues the “untipped” messenger. (Still no reply.)

“It is not my business to get your coals, and the fireman has gone off for the night, but if you want any, I will get some to oblige you.” (Pause.) “The gentleman in twenty-seven, 208 gave the boy who fetched his yesterday half a dollar,” irrelevantly remarks the boy.

At last rendered desperate and driven to bay by the silence preserved by the apparently imperturbable Briton, who was in reality thoroughly amused and determined to have the end of the comedy, the boy exclaimed: “What are you going to give me for getting your tooth-brush?”

Washing is another serious expenditure, and the first bill gives the English tourist a “genuine scare.” The prices charged threw a new light upon the absence of linen collars and cuffs, and the substitution of black lace in the ordinary American lady's costume. Notices are placed in the bedrooms that “no washing is to be done in the room, and no washerwomen are allowed to call at the hotels.” You are delivered over to the tender mercies of the laundry attached to the hotel; the prices vary in each except in being uniformly extortionate. In some of these laundries the linen is returned with your full name carefully written on the various articles in marking ink. Once I was much the gainer for this singular practice, though it generally happens that your name is placed where you least like to see it. My friend's washing had been enclosed in mine, and when it was returned, to her indignation it bore in large conspicuous letters, in most indelible marking ink, my full name beside her modest initials. Accordingly she presented me with a very handsome set of pocket handkerchiefs, which she naturally objected to use under the circumstances, though she endured the ignominy of apparently wearing my property when the obnoxious mark was on articles well concealed from view. From twelve to fifteen shillings was the average of our weekly expenditure for these washing 209 privileges while sojourning in American hotels, which, according to English prices, is certainly a high enough charge for two ladies, who never wore white petticoats or washing dresses.

I arrived in San Francisco just in time to visit the Chinese quarter during the New Year festivities of the “Celestials.” Strange indeed to English eyes were the mottoes and devices

painted on the signboards of the various stores—“Hop Wo,” “Tin Yuk,” “Hang Hi,” “Chung Sun,” “Shan Tong.” The Chinese doctors hang out boards, on one of which we found “Yeang Tsz Zing feels the pulse and heals the most difficult and unheard-of diseases.” Wholesale dealers in opium hang out red cards with appropriate scrolls; the “Fan Tan” saloons have their insignias, such as “Get rich and please come in,” tempting the passer to try his luck at the game of chance. We visited several of the stores belonging to the leading merchants, and found them clad in long robes and silken trousers. They receive visitors with the salutation, “Kong hi fat choy,” an equivalent to our “Happy New Year.” Then we went to the Josh Houses or temples, which contained some fine specimens of carving, embroidery, and bronzes, and such extraordinary idols, before whom are spread roasted pig and chicken, with sweetmeats and cups of tea, while lamps burn in the midst. The air is full of the smell of the incense from sandal wood, mingled with the fumes of opium pipes. Worship takes place at no set time; the Chinaman performs his devotions at his own bidding, except on the birthday of the gods. So you see in the temples the strange spectacle of one man apparently muttering prayers before some ugly-looking idol, another is consulting the Josh by balancing bamboo splints, and a third is O 210 prostrating himself on the ground before a tinsel image. Kwan Tai seems the favourite deity, and is adorned with a long black beard and a very red face. Wah Tah is the god of medicine, and holds a coated pill in his hand, while Tsoi Pak Shing Kwuu is the god of wealth, and appropriately wields a bar of bullion. On the first and fifteenth of the month the married women pay special devotion to the goddess of mercy, whom they hold in great veneration. There is happily much missionary work now going on in this city; churches and schools have been opened specially for the Chinese, and I was invited to a home where Chinese women are taught sewing and useful occupations by ladies who endeavour at the same time to redeem them from paganism.

In the evening during these New Year carousals, Chinatown presented a very gay appearance, being illuminated with Chinese lanterns; we were nearly suffocated with the fire-crackers which were exploded on all sides in such a wholesale manner that I

expected the city itself would be on fire. But the strangest sight of all is the Chinese theatre. The plays take about three weeks in representation; the discordant orchestra is ensconced in an alcove at the back of the stage; there is “no curtain” no scenery, no female performers, and if an actor is slain he lies on the floor for a minute, and then gets up and walks away. The acrobatic feats, which are introduced on every possible occasion, are simply marvellous. No wonder that one of the Girards gained his inspiration from this source. The costumes are gorgeous and grotesque in the extreme, and a very short stay at this peculiar entertainment is quite sufficient for the most stage-struck English playgoer. The Chinaman, like the Mormon, indulges in polygamy, and the “small-feet” wives 211 are never seen on the streets. Champagne and choice confections are pressed on the visitors at this season, and the festivities are kept up for several days, during which time business is quite suspended.

For the most part it must be confessed that Chinatown is a filthy place, and yet, singular to relate, the Chinese, as a rule, are very clean in their own persons. I have seen the bedroom of a Chinese cook in a friend's house, which was not only scrupulously well kept, but daintily decorated with flowers. The bed was white as snow, and though the room was only the size of an ordinary steamer cabin, it was screened off by a coloured curtain, his absolutely clean change of raiment hung on a peg; beside this, on the table was a vase of lilies, and not a speck of dust could be detected anywhere. The “hoodlums”—the name for the Californian *gamin* —chase and ridicule these poor half-shaved, almond-eyed “celestials,” with their inexpressive faces, queer pigtails, brown skin, jet black hair, clad in loose garments and wooden shoes, and with pantaloons made tight to the ankle with white bandages. If they were new importations into the country these wretched boys could not hoot at them more vehemently when they meet them off their own special ground. There the hoodlum would undoubtedly get the worst of it, and with commendable wisdom the little cowards wait their opportunity elsewhere.

It is no wonder that a city of such vast distances as San Francisco claims the honour of having introduced the use of cable cars, which run in such a truly mysterious fashion

that the newly-imported Chinaman's remark, “No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee,” best describes their rapid transit through the streets, and up the steep hills, for which this 212 town is famous. These cable roads are quite a feature of life here, and one is thankful to think that a wire-rope, three inches in circumference, run into an iron tube beneath the surface of the street, between the rails, can save poor horses the cruel task of climbing the steep grades throughout the city. An iron arm from the car catches the cable securely, and can be released at will by the operator. The only time I objected to these cars was when they followed our carriage at full speed down some steep incline, while the coachman showed no symptoms of getting out of the way; for if this necessary operation is not performed in time the result is somewhat unpleasant for the carriage and its occupants, though the cable car gaily passes on its way, leaving unconcernedly behind it, a cracked-up vehicle, injured horses, and alarmed, if not bruised and shaken passengers. I fortunately escaped such untoward experiences myself, but on the Geary Street Hill I have seen more than one accident. An unfortunate carriage on its side with broken wheels and pole is the retribution which follows a disinclination to give the right of way in due time to the cable car, which certainly commands the road, if “might means right” in this land of independence.

San Francisco may well boast of its location. Naples and Edinburgh justly pride themselves upon their surroundings, but the “Queen,” or “Bay City” of California is simply perfect; with the Pacific Ocean at her feet, the Golden Gate which leads to the harbour, and the hills on all sides, she has a position of unrivalled beauty. The drives through the Park to the Cliff House and to the Presidio, the military post, and to Fort Point, are magnificent. A few years since this park of 11,000 acres was a sand waste. Now it is 213 covered for the most part with grass plots, thousands of trees have been planted in it, pines, cypresses, mimosas, and the evergreen Australian gum-tree; the brilliant scarlet geraniums are growing eight feet high, and flowering shrubs on all sides delight the eye, while the air is filled with their sweet fragrance.

The Golden Gate is of course seen to most perfection by those who enter the harbour by sea, but I was quite content with looking at it from the surrounding hills, and I shall long remember a pleasant day spent at the Cliff House, where some Californian friends entertained us at luncheon, and we spent the afternoon watching the far-famed seal rocks, where hundreds of sea lions disport themselves—sometimes basking in the glorious sun, then diving into the water, talking in their strange language, with the peculiar bark for which they are noted, their weird and discordant voices being heard far above the Pacific Ocean breakers which wash the shores. This is justly esteemed one of the city's chief attractions, and these rocks and their inhabitants are rigorously protected by the authorities.

“Why are these splendid mansions built of wood instead of granite or even brick?” is the natural question which rises to one's lips on being introduced to the magnificent houses of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Leland Stanford, and other millionaires in California Street. Some people told me it was ordained by the imperative law of fashion; a physician assured me “that stone houses were damp and unsuitable in this climate,” others darkly intimated it was due to the frequency of earthquakes.

Let the reason be what it may, the fact remains that the first stone residence has only just been commenced for Mr. 214 James G. Flood. It may perhaps bring about a new era in house building, but the house itself will not be completed for two years. It will be built of brown stone from the Connecticut quarries, of the same character as that so largely used in New York, although granite quarries abound in the immediate neighbourhood of this city.

In the meantime the wooden houses, built of red pine wood, and heated throughout with furnaces, are terribly dangerous: when they once catch fire it is difficult to stop the conflagration or prevent it from spreading. Two blocks from the Palace Hotel, a large lumber yard, close to the shipping docks, caught fire one night, and I watched from the windows of the beautiful suite of rooms always occupied by Christine Nilsson during her visits to this city, one of the most terrible fires I ever saw. For some time it seemed as

if nothing would avert its progress, and the greatest excitement prevailed. At times the flames seemed nearing the Grand Hotel just opposite, at other times they lighted up the ships in the harbour, till they stood out like so many spectre vessels. At last, in a lull of the smoke which was being vomited forth while blazing rafts shot up into the evening skies, we saw that the brave men had reached the roof, and had the fire-hose in full operation on the burning pile; and after considerable efforts it was evident that the fire was under control. The fire-brigade here is in splendid condition; more than three hundred men are engaged in the service. The average number of fires is twenty-five in a month, and the red pine-wood, though it soon makes a fierce blaze, also absorbs the water very rapidly, so that a well-directed stream early applied saves many a house, thanks to the promptitude of the fire patrol.

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I was greatly interested in the Foundling Hospital in the Golden Gate Avenue, to which I was introduced by Dr. and Mrs. Hardy. It was a strange sight to find in one nursery more than a dozen little infants one or two days old. Upwards of a thousand have been admitted since the institution opened, and for the most part they are adopted by wealthy but childless parents, who, in many cases, adopt them as their own, and preserve the terrible secret which surrounds its birth both from the child itself and inquisitive neighbours. The unhappy mothers, thanks to the Christian-like spirit and watchful discretion exercised by Dr. Hardy, are given every chance to make a fresh start in life, and are thus saved from the abyss of despair which drives so many to total destruction. Stern moralists have ventured to urge that such unfortunate girls should not be saved from the consequences of their evil doings; but very different are the teachings of the great Master, who shamed the Pharisees of old by suggesting that those without sin should cast the first stone, while He gently bade the penitent woman to go her way and sin no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

Strange contrasts afforded—Drinking and total abstinence—Divorces—Fast sets and earnest reform workers—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper—Free Kindergartens—Mr. Tabor's Art Gallery—Lotta Crabtree's fountain—The Baldwin Hotel—Mr. Highton—Silk culture—Efforts of Mrs. Hittell and the State Board—Prizes won at the Philadelphia Exhibition by Californian ladies for the best silk cocoons raised in the United States—Commercial opportunities of San Francisco—The Immigration Association—Chinese labour question.

San Francisco is a city of strange contrasts. Perhaps there is not a faster place in the world, and yet there are few more conspicuous for works of true benevolence. There is more drinking, and more fanatical total abstinence than I ever encountered elsewhere; more flagrant use of rouge and cosmetics, more extreme dressing and devotion to pleasure among the fashionable people who live in the hotels, or on “Nob Hill,”—the local slang for California Street. The number of divorces compared with marriages in this State is fearfully large—“more than one in every ten,” I was told by a lawyer who seemed an authority. This may account for the extraordinary boast of a San Franciscan boy, who, incited by his Chicago friend's remarks on his “Ma's gold watch, diamond pin, and new sealskin sacque, costing six hundred dollars,” contemptuously observed, “Pooh! that's nothing; my ma's got a new divorce.” Certainly this freedom is one of the marked features of Western life.

It must be admitted that there is to be found in America, 217 and especially in San Francisco, a terribly fast so-called society set, engrossed by the emptiest and most trivial pleasures, slaves to fashion, and with scarcely a thought beyond their promenades, dancing parties, and the number of dresses they will have for their annual visit to a popular watering-place. The one aim and end of the existence of some women is the modiste and a millionaire. After what I saw with my own eyes I could scarcely marvel at a preacher's vigorous condemnation of the heartless frivolity to be seen on all sides. “The first characteristic of these ladies,” said this New York divine, “is their extravagant adornment of their persons;” he then proceeded to allude to a well-known belle, whose

wardrobe is insured for more than 20,000 dollars, concluding by a denouncement which he dared not have made had there not been sufficient justification for it. He charged this fast section of his countrywomen with being neither true in speech nor action, and added, “There is unchastity among them, and they know it. They dress to excite the lower passions of men, and all the time they know they are sacrificing themselves. Consequently the fashionable woman sometimes sinks into an abyss of shame, and disappears from society altogether. Men talk a little, and some women shudder,—but that is the end of the story.”

There is, however, another side to the picture, and in this very city will be found a pleasant, intellectual, cultured society, and also a large number of earnest workers in reforms of all kind. Notable among the latter is Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a bright genial lady, whom to know is “a liberal education,” and whose work in the various social movements for the improvement of the people is such that 218 she is justly regarded far and wide as one of the best types of representative American women. “If one woman alone is enough to redeem a whole nation, that woman is Mrs. Cooper,” was the thought that forced itself on my mind after but a very short association with this remarkable lady, so earnest and quiet, so firm, yet so conciliating, with a keen insight into character, but such a tender charitable judgment, possessing, in short, all that is best, truest, and most human, conveyed by that one much abused word, “Christian.” “To see her at her best you should attend her Sunday Bible-class,” exclaimed one of her enthusiastic followers who was telling me of the cruel trial Mrs. Cooper had experienced in being tried by a Presbyterian Church for heresy, for which she was naturally unanimously acquitted. This, however, I was unfortunately unable to do; therefore I shall quote Miss Francis Willard's picture of the scene:—“Men and women of high character and rare thoughtfulness were gathered, Bibles in hand, to hear the exposition of the acquitted heretic, whom a Pharisaical deacon had begun to assail contemporaneously with her outstripping him in popularity as an expounder of the gospel of love. Mrs. Cooper entered quietly by a side door, seated herself at a table level with the pews, laid aside her fur-lined cloak, and revealed a fragile but symmetric figure,

somewhat above the medium height, simply attired in black, with pose and movement altogether graceful, and while perfectly self-possessed, at the furthest remove from being self-assertive. Then I noted a sweet, untroubled brow, soft brown hair chastened with tinge of silver (frost that fell before its time, doubtless, at the doughty deacon's bidding); blue eyes, large, bright, and loving; nose of the noblest Roman, dominant 219 yet sensitive, chiselled by generations of culture, the unmistakable expression of highest force and mettlesomeness in character, held in check by all the gentlest sentiments; a mouth firm yet delicate, full of the smiles that follow tears.

“The teacher's method was not that of pumping in, but drawing out. There were no extended monologues, but the Socratic style of colloquy—brief, comprehensive, passing rapidly from point to point, characterised the most suggestive and helpful hour I ever spent in Bible class. There was not the faintest effort at rhetorical effect; not a suspicion of the hortatory in manner, but all was so fresh, simple, and earnest, that in contrast to the pabulum too often served up on similar occasions, this was nutritious essence.” Mrs. Cooper lives in a lovely little house in Vallejo Avenue, overlooking the Golden Gate, surrounded by her books; a devoted husband and daughter complete the circle, and before I left San Francisco I indeed had reason to feel grateful for the introduction that had brought me into social intercourse with that happy genial trio; for unlike many other public workers, the inmates of Mrs. Cooper's own household are those who most enthusiastically “rise up and call her blessed.”

Mrs. Cooper's work in the formation of Kindergartens interested me deeply. Recognising that the hope of the future lies in the children of to-day, she has succeeded in convincing her fellow-citizens that dollars invested in schools are better outlays than money spent for costly prisons and reformatories. America has always maintained the principle that every child, whether rich or poor, should be educated, so that he might have, as far as may be, a fair chance in life; and of late years she has recognised very extensively that the system of Fröbel is a powerful agency for unfolding, 220 strengthening, and increasing every faculty of mind and body, especially when applied to the little waifs of the byways and alleys

which unhappily exist in the midst of her newer civilisation, as much as in the crowded cities of the old world. Great as woman's influence is on all questions of human interest, it is nowhere of more importance than in dealing with those matters which relate to the welfare of children. Here, indeed, is her sovereign sphere, and no one will dispute her right to guide schemes devised for the training of the sensitive little souls, so soon shaped for good or evil during the pliable days of infancy. Teaching is held by some to be essentially “masculine,” and best done by men, but training, they assert, is “feminine,” and woman's peculiar mission. Certainly the great importance of good early training during the first few years of life cannot be over-estimated, and Mrs. Cooper, and the noble band of women who are working with her in this direction, try to secure it, for the worse than motherless little city outcasts, by the establishment of free kindergartens. The teacher needs motherly tenderness joined to a quick insight into character, and the knack of dealing with each separate child according to its special needs and peculiarities. “In fact,” said Mrs. Cooper, in discussing this subject, “she needs to be forty mothers condensed into one.” She must secure that “happy atmosphere” in which alone children really thrive. Nothing gloomy must enter “the children's garden”—“no profit grows where no pleasure is taken”—their play must be made instructive, so that imperceptibly it is turned to good account. The very toys teach the children to think and to invent, and industry and perseverance are thus unconsciously grafted on the virgin soil.

Fortunately Kindergartens need now no advocacy or expounding; 221 nearly every one is agreed, both in America and England, as to their usefulness in the case of children under ten years of age. Fröbel's plans have been modified to suit the English National and School Boards, and some time since received the indorsement of the Elementary Teachers' Union at their gathering at the South Kensington Museum, as “in the highest degree successful.” But in both countries help is needed for the establishment of free Kindergartens; in Mrs. Cooper's case, she pleads for little children of both sexes, from three to six years of age, “that they may be rescued from the pernicious influence of the streets, and taught cleanliness, order, and industry.” Very nobly have the citizens

of San Francisco responded; not only have the millionaires, who built that vast railroad which practically annihilates the distance between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, given generously of their wealth, but their wives are personally assisting in the work in every way in their power. The clear climate and bright sunshine of California seems to act like Italian skies on the children, and their artistic proclivities are very marked. I saw some capital specimens of their work in this direction through the kindness of Miss Marwedel, a German lady who is also promoting the system in its higher branches.

“Miss Emma Marwedel may be termed a most heroic pioneer, for she has devoted seven years absolutely to this work on the Pacific coast,” said Mrs. Cooper; “she has now a flourishing Normal School and private Kindergarten at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street, but still continues to render noble service to the charity Kindergartens of this city.”

I had the great satisfaction of helping forward the movement 222 in some degree by lecturing both in Chicago and San Francisco for the schools and the teachers' institute, and I was much touched by the kind tribute paid by the board of management, in the latter city, who, in recognition of the donation, named one of their schools “The Emily Faithfull Kindergarten.” I can only trust that the school will behave better than the ship which was named after me, some years ago in Liverpool, and which impatiently broke away from her moorings before the hour appointed for the christening ceremonial!

San Francisco, altogether, takes a very high place for the educational advantages she affords; the Boston system has been wisely taken as the model on which her Normal High Schools have been organised, and there is no doubt that the splendid teachers of to-day will leave their impress on the entire State. I hold myself as specially fortunate in having been brought into such pleasant social communion with most of them during my visit to the city.

The hospitals are also exceptionally good; churches and clubs of course abound, and the handsome drinking fountain presented by Lotta Crabtree is a pleasing memorial of the good-will which exists between the clever actress and the place in which she achieved her early success.

The Baldwin Hotel runs the Palace very hard, and is perhaps more desirable for family residence. A charming dinner was given me there by the principal legal light of San Francisco, Mr. Highton, and his agreeable Greek wife. Mr. Highton, though now a thorough American, is of English origin; his father, who has been very conspicuous for his work in the reformation of prisoners, being a cousin of the Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Gilbert Highton, well known in 223 connection with the Greek plays at the Westminster School in London.

No one leaves San Francisco without visiting Tabor's Art Gallery, and most distinguished @visitors leave a very remarkable likeness behind them. Directly I entered the rooms I was arrested by the most vivid counterfeit of Mr. G. A. Sala; he seemed on the point of returning my recognition, as I pointed out to my companion his well-known features, bearing his most genial good-natured expression. Around his photograph were several well-known faces—the Marquis of Lorne, Duke of Sutherland, poor Lord Grosvenor, Bret Harte, Oscar Wilde, and many others, and the marvellous photographs of American scenery certainly involve a “break” in the direction of your bank, or the precept enjoined by the Tenth Commandment. Fresh from seeing the marvels to be found in the great west and on the Pacific coast, the wonderful canyons, waterfalls, geysers and mountain passes, one cannot resist taking back such rare reproductions for the benefit of friends at home, and as a pleasant memorial of a delightful trip through some of the finest scenery in America.

Mr. Tabor is a genuine artist, and benefits to the utmost by the unusual advantages offered to photographers by this climate. His views of the Yosemite Valley are Well known throughout Europe, and have, to my knowledge, already induced travellers to start off to

see for themselves these magnificent Californian trees, as well as the Yellowstone Park, the mining wonders of Leadville and Nevada, and the cascades in Oregon.

The State Board of Silk Culture afforded me every opportunity of studying this growing Californian industry. Mrs. 224 J. H. Hittell, from whom I received much kindness, first brought the matter before the Horticultural Society, and her able paper attracted so much attention that the interest culminated in the organisation of the Woman's Silk Culture Association. This society commenced negotiations with silk growers and manufacturers in different countries, and enlisted the co-operation of people throughout the State.

America now claims to lead the world in the manufacture of spun or waste silk, and let me here pay a tribute to the ingenuity and patient industry of Messrs. Cheney Brothers, whose splendid mills and excellent arrangements for their operatives are well known to travellers passing through South Manchester, in Connecticut. They began by importing the raw material from Italy, and finally discovered methods for doing with machinery what had hitherto been only accomplished by hand. When we reflect that at the present moment there are more than 50,000 people employed in the 400 silk manufactories in America, and more than a million dollars' worth of silk used every month, it becomes evident that silk culture promises, under proper direction, to prove a very important opening for the employment of women. I am not, however, quite prepared to accept the view of the enthusiast who kindly brought me some beautiful specimens of the cocoons and native raw silk, and assured me that if I could induce “families to emigrate from the rural districts of England to this new Eldorado,” my name would “shine in the history of the State as the name of Moses shines for leading Israel through the wilderness into the land of promise.”

Chinese silk is so shamefully adulterated as to cause a loss of about forty per cent. to the manufacturers, and the 225 investigations of the Californian Silk Culture Commissioners, and the experiments made by the silk-reeling school and filature, seem to point, as the only sure way to develop this profitable industry, to national legislation, and an

appropriation either in the form of money or land, similar to that given to agricultural institutions.

The first step in silk culture is the planting and growing of mulberry trees; four hundred and thirty-five can be planted in one acre, and in twelve months the tree will be from twelve to fifteen feet high. Then comes the hatching and feeding of the worms, which is best done in California when the rainy season is over. The eggs will hatch in a temperature of from 80 to 90 degrees, in a period of from three to seven days. About forty days is required for their development, before they are ready to spin the cocoons; meantime they must be fed on fresh leaves free from excessive moisture, and during the moulting process they require great care and quiet. Once ready for work, the worm seeks some convenient spot, and toils incessantly till the cocoon is done. This is from an inch to an inch and a half long, and half as thick, oval in shape, and of a yellow or white colour. It has a woolly covering of floss silk which is first spun by the worm as a kind of support, and within is the silken cocoon proper. This is made of one continuous thread, about 1200 feet long, spun round itself, but unless the temperature is warm the thread is shorter. After this the worm escapes from the cocoon, is transformed into a beautiful butterfly, and eggs are laid—usually 300 in number, and then, having provided for a new generation, it dies. If, on the other hand, the cocoons are needed for reeling, then the chrysalides in the cocoon are destroyed by 226 heat, which must not be too great, lest it should spoil the silk. In California the sun is found sufficiently powerful; in colder climates a heated oven is required.

Mrs. Hittell furnished me with the following items regarding the profits which may reasonably be expected from silk culture: “One acre planted properly with the mulberry tree will, in three or four years, yield 50,000 pounds of leaves, enough to feed 1,000,000 worms. If the object be only to raise eggs, each female will produce from 200 to 400. The average is 300. Take the lowest number for our calculation, and only one in ten of the worms. 100,000 females yield 20,000,000 eggs. 40,000 eggs weigh an ounce. You thus have 500 ounces. The eggs sell readily for two dollars an ounce. The product is therefore 1000 dollars an acre on the lowest yield of eggs from one-tenth of the worms. If, however,

the cocoons are to be reeled off at home, 2500 cocoons yield one pound of raw silk. The entire yield will therefore be 400 pounds. The average price of the raw silk is 7·50 dollars per pound. This equals 3000 dollars. The total for eggs and reeled silk is 4000 dollars. Deduct from this one-half for accidents and all possible expenses, you still have a net profit of from 1500 to 2000 dollars an acre"—a promising statement which Mrs. Hittell assured me was founded on well-digested facts; and Mr. Provost, in the *Silk Growers' Manual* , even estimates the net profits of one acre, for experienced growers, at 3000 dollars.

California seems peculiarly suited to this industry, for with but little labour it can produce more prolific crops of mulberry leaves than any other State. The temperature is adapted for the development of the silk-worm; and in a few years silk culture will probably rank among one of its most 227 profitable pursuits, affording employment to many women in factories, and to large numbers within their own homes. It is pre-eminently a family industry, for small experiments scarcely any capital is required, and but little land. It is said that there are "thousands of acres of as good land to be bought in California to-day with less money per acre than the annual rentage would be in France, where the workers in silk culture grow the mulberry, mostly, on rented lands, live in rented homes, and raise, spin, and weave the silk which yields to their country 31,000,000 dollars every year.

Those who declare that the importation of eighty thousand Chinamen "crushes family life, and puts the future of the State in peril," fear that enterprising Chinese capitalists will set their own countrymen to the culture of mulberry farms all over the State in such numbers, that the production and trade in silk will be so secure in their hands that successful competition will be hopeless. The danger is all the greater, as the product in California is so superior, the State is so peculiarly suited to the culture, and the Chinese are, by long familiarity with the business, the most expert of all the nations in every branch of the industry.

In France 40,000,000 dollars a year are earned by the women from silk culture. Many of the women of Italy depend on it for their living; even Lombardy exports 30,000,000 dollars' worth of raw silk annually, after supplying all that is needed for the home market; and the silk manufacturing interest in that small province is immense. Why, then, should not Californian women, with their quick intelligence, meet with equal success? In the year 1882 it was shown by successful experiments in thirty-two different counties that 228 California can produce the very best quality of silk. At the National Silk Culture Exhibition in Philadelphia, Mrs. Downing, of San Rafael, was awarded the first prize, 100 dollars, for the best silk cocoons raised in the United States the previous year. Silk growers in twelve different States were represented in the competition. Another prize of 50 dollars was awarded to Miss Julia B. Farnesworth, a school teacher of San José, who raised ninety pounds of cocoons, the work being done partly during the period of her school duties.

The Governor and State Legislature have taken up the matter in good earnest, and the school established in Commercial Street, where a steam-power reel is in operation, gives instruction to those anxious to learn filature work; here, too, cocoons are purchased, and eggs given to those who guarantee having a proper supply of food for them. Five hundred silk worms can be supplied by the leaves of one well-grown mulberry tree, and farmers are encouraged to plant these trees with a view to “a home industry,” which will enable his wife and daughters to earn several hundred dollars a year. Left to industrious women, silk culture is said to thrive; when stock companies have attempted it, failure has hitherto been the result. In a bulletin given me by the State Board, it is said that “large mulberry groves, large and crowded cocooneries, managed by superintendents, agents, clerks, and secretaries, and the work performed by a large force of labourers for the benefit of absent stockholders, have never paid, and they probably never will. In all its history thus far silk culture has defied corporations.” On the other hand, it is urged that it will “pay the husband and father to help his family to engage in silk culture by 229 planting a few trees for their use. It Will pay the philanthropist to foster silk culture, for it will provide employment for many who are now idle in the country and in the city. It will pay the State to add silk culture

to its other industries, for it will make its citizens richer. It will pay our country to see that silk culture is extended to every agricultural family in the land, for it will keep at home, among the people, many millions of dollars every year that we are now sending abroad to purchase what we could easily ourselves produce."

San Francisco is one of the world's great thoroughfares, the veritable "warder of two continents," and it seems difficult to see how her commercial prosperity can ever be taken from her. Other places, such as Portland, Guaymas, and San Diego, may grow and flourish beside her, but she will ever be the natural emporium of the Asiatic trade, and the distributing point for the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

The western coast of the United States closely resembles Europe in many respects, though there is no part of the Old World where the mean temperature of January and July are so near together as in San Francisco, and much of the industry to be found in California, Oregon, and Washington territory may be attributed to the mild winters and cool summers which prevail there.

Favourable conditions are thus secured for both agricultural and horticultural pursuits; the great variety of configuration of the valleys, presenting endless checks and breakwinds to the ocean breezes as they come in at the Golden Gate and sweep up the country, causes corresponding variations in the climate. San Francisco itself suffers much from trade winds and fog, and while the air is balmy at noon, the 230 mornings and evenings are apt to be chilly. In fact, it seemed to me that California was a land of many climates, some of which could not be included under the term "glorious!" The country, however, doubtless offers splendid opportunities to the industrious settler, and I accordingly accepted with great readiness the invitation received from the President of the Immigration Association to attend a Board meeting, and spend a few hours at the office to see for myself how their business is carried on.

My visit was timed to enable me to be on the spot when the crowded emigrant train arrived at the dépôt, where it is always met by an officer from the Association, who offers the free help and advice of this admirable undertaking to all strangers seeking “fresh fields and pastures new” in the State.

All the gentlemen connected with this Immigration Association are persons of wealth and position, whose information can be thoroughly trusted. Out of the nine Directors the bye-laws compel five to be drawn from the Board of Trade. All the office expenses—rent, secretary, clerks, etc.—are paid out of voluntary subscriptions; no property may be acquired, or land sold for profit, as the sole reward looked for is the growth and welfare of California by the introduction of the right people into the right places throughout the State.

After a very interesting conversation with the different members of the Board, the secretary brought in the books for my inspection. In one, the names of all applicants are enrolled; while others, with the help of maps, show the public lands still unoccupied, which amount to several millions of acres. In what is termed the thermal or warm belt there is now enough unoccupied land, to be had from 231 two to five dollars an acre, to produce all the oranges, lemons, limes, raisins, and figs that will be consumed in America during the next century, and it is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of these fruits.

At a signal from the President I entered the outer office just as these eager applicants from the old world trooped in, with the official who had met them on the arrival of the train. I watched one after another enter his name in the book, his capacities in the direction of capital and labour, and his special knowledge or handicraft. Then the “vacant lot” book was opened, the character of the soil in different districts described, the products ranged on the shelves round the room were freely handed about for inspection and discussion, and some were duly criticised. No one can dispute the size of Californian fruit, but it must be confessed that this is sometimes its only merit. The newness of the soil of course in a measure accounts for this, together with the extreme youth of the fruit trees. The apple-tree grows too quickly here, and will never be able to compete with its eastern rival, the

world-famed apples of New England, and it will take some time before Californian oranges will excel those of Florida.

While the several virtues of the various soils and products were being explained to the emigrants from the overcrowded cities of Europe, it seemed as if these strangers and foreigners—English, Scotch, Germans and Swedes—felt they had already found in the New World kind friends anxious to help them. Directly a sufficient party can be formed for settlement in a certain district, the Association arranges for its departure by a special train, and sends one of its best officials to start the new 232 settlers with as much comfort as possible in their future homes, having previously guided their purchases, both as regards household goods, farming appliances, and stock, with the judgment only to be gained by a long experience. The value of such assistance can scarcely be overrated. California is certainly a most prolific land; everything grows there with wonderful rapidity. An industrious man has no difficulty in finding employment in any manual direction, but a terrible disappointment awaits the clerk or cashier who ventures there, for he will find that every place of the kind is more than filled. I had several letters while in San Francisco from young Englishmen who were in despair at the false move they had made in coming out expecting to find berths of this kind. Not the best letters of introduction could obtain for them a chance in this direction. A mechanic with but a few dollars in hand will be able to make an excellent start in either Colorado or California, and with strict industry and economy he will secure a good position in a few years. Ordinary labourers easily earn one or two dollars a day, and skilled workmen get three or four. Those who wish to buy land can easily come to the front with a capital of from fifty to two hundred dollars.

The burning question of the day is the labour question. Some people tell you that it has been increased tenfold by the action of the Government with regard to the “heathen Chinee;” others confirm the wisdom of the movement, and declare, “We have had enough of the cheap Chinese labour curse.” It cannot be denied, however, that the Chinaman is still a great factor in the ranks of labour on the Pacific coast. Of American homes the Chinese know nothing; and for American civilisation they care nothing. “These 80,000

233 anomalous labourers level our roads, build our railways, cultivate and can our fruits, catch and can our salmon, raise and peddle our vegetables, make our brooms, boots, and cigars, harvest our grain, work in our mines and vineyards, manufacture our woollens, compete for housework, sew and wash our linen, and make embroideries, ruches, and many of the fine rufflings which are worn by our women. Step by step they are crowding into every possible industry. We have become used to their presence, and have grown dependent upon them, in the same way that our own people in the Southern States became dependent upon their slaves. Labour there became discrowned; and soon it will cease to be honourable here, if there be no change. The Chinese hold to their creeds, to their degrading customs, their national prejudices, and their anti-American civilisation to the destruction of our own"—is the testimony given by one who speaks with authority on this subject. On the other hand, some of the fruit-growers I talked to in Southern California described the legislation on the Chinese question as a "mistaken political despotism." They complained that European labour is more expensive and cannot be relied on, and that boys obtained from the purlieus of great cities are worse than useless. Emigrants hitherto have been families seeking homes of their own, whereas day labourers are required, and some are bold enough to say that the day is not far distant when Californian fruit-growers and San Francisco merchants alike will clamour for a repeal of the Chinese Restriction Act.

CHAPTER XV.

Strawberries in February; roses and geraniums growing in the open air—New Orleans and Colorado and California contrasted—Oakland and the Ebell Society—Fresno—An exciting drive through the colonies—Miss Austin's vineyard—Mr. Miller of the *Fresno Republican* —Mr. A. B. Butler—Raisin-making—The Eisen vineyard—Sampling Californian wines—Family Emigration and the kind of people wanted—Bee culture—An ostrich ranche.

I hardly know whether I felt more amazed to see on all sides of me in February, Strawberries, on the dinner-table, lilies, roses, and geraniums in full bloom in the open

air, and the houses covered with honeysuckle, jasmine, and passion-flowers, or to find myself, in spite of asthmatic tendencies, daily able to drive for hours in an open carriage with impunity. Nothing to compare with this climate and temperature had I ever before experienced during an American winter save in Colorado and in New Orleans; here, and in Colorado, there is a buoyancy and freshness that is quite invigorating; whereas in New Orleans most people find the air too close and exhausting even in January. I am glad, however, that I had an opportunity of seeing the “sunny south” with its cotton-fields and sugar plantations, in spite of the many disadvantageous circumstances connected with my visit. I was not particularly happy in my surroundings during the time I spent there last winter, but 235 the days were so exquisite that the mere enjoyment of living seemed to suffice. Here in California, before the rainy season thoroughly set in, I had sunshine within and without, and kind friends seemed to rise up on all sides who could not do enough to make my residence among them thoroughly enjoyable. I had some pleasant trips across the bay to Alameda and Oakland, to the State University, open to both sexes, which flourishes at Berkeley; and, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith's hospitality, I spent some pleasant hours in driving through perfect avenues of villa residences, round which fuchsias, verbenas, roses, geraniums, and tropical plants were growing luxuriantly, and also to other picturesque places which greet you at every turn in this attractive neighbourhood. Oakland is naturally very proud of its ladies' club, known as the Ebell Society, formed for the advancement of art, science, and literature, and to promote successful organised work for women. It accorded me a very kind afternoon reception, at which I was able to meet ladies well known for their good works in divers directions. The president is very active in the temperance cause, and, as a sister of one of my most valued Canadian friends, now living in Montreal, we did not meet as mere strangers, but a cordial understanding from the first moment subsisted between us.

At last the time arrived for me to proceed on my journey, for I had an engagement which obliged me to be in St. Louis at a certain date. With great reluctance I bade farewell to San Francisco early one morning, and reached Fresno city after a long day's journey by the

Southern Pacific Railroad, which ran sometimes by the banks of the river, where proud herons stalked about with upraised heads, perfectly 236 indifferent to the approach of the noisy locomotive; sometimes by wheat ranches, and then for many miles over wild tracks, where the ground-squirrels, jack rabbits, gophers, and owls reigned supreme. Fresno county is one of the largest in the State of California, and the central portion comprises a large part of the San Joaquin Valley. On one side is the coast range of mountains, on the other the farfamed Sierra-Nevadas enclose the Yosemite with its gigantic trees. The snows shut the traveller out of this enchanted region till April or May, and I could therefore only gaze with wonder on the various peaks from 13,000 to 15,000 feet high, crowned with eternal ice and snow, and imagine the wonders enshrined within the unapproachable gorges and caverns within. Merced and Madera are at present the principal points of departure for the Yosemite; but the energetic city of Fresno, which undoubtedly has a great future before it, hopes to make a railroad ere long to the entrance of the valley, and by this means to bring all the tourists into her midst, to the benefit of the entire community.

The day after I arrived, I started early in the morning on an expedition to the various vineyards and colonies, for the fame of the Fresno colony, American colony, Washington colony, Temperance colony, and Scandinavian colony, had already reached me. “We will drive first to Miss Austin's,” said my host, Mr. Miller, proprietor of the Fresno Republican, as soon as I had accomplished the difficult feat of getting into the most extraordinary vehicle I ever saw in my life. The driver at once gave a flick with his long whip to our team of four horses, and in another moment we were rapidly—far too rapidly for my peace of mind—jolting over what must, I suppose, by courtesy be styled a road. 237 I use that word jolting advisedly, for road—making is an undiscovered science in America. There are *ways* to a place, but no roads, in our English acceptation of the term. Even in some of the large cities in the East this is a noticeable feature. I was told by a friend in Cincinnati, of the fate that awaited the London-built carriages that a rich citizen in a weak moment had been tempted to bring over from England. In one month he was mourning over their broken springs and general wreckage! Out in the wilds of California I had perhaps no right to

expect a smooth highway, and ought not to have been as surprised as I was at the various ways in which our progress that day was arrested. In the first place, the so-called road abounded in pitfalls, and owing to some recent rains these were filled with mud. By way of reassuring me, I suppose, one gentleman of the party began to describe how the horses sometimes disappeared to their ears in these holes, and the occupants of the machine behind them had to escape from the situation as they best could, while some valiant spirit cut the traces and released the animals, and left the vehicle for future ministrations! In order to escape so lively an experience, it was deemed prudent to make tracks of our own across the fields. This proved to be by no means so easy as it at first appeared, for the ground is undermined by various animals; the grey squirrels speeding from under the horses' feet with flying leaps, while the jack rabbits indulged in long kangaroo-like bounds, turning round when they had put a sufficient distance between us, to contemplate the unwelcome intruders on their domains.

At first sight the soil seemed unfruitful to the last degree, but it has really marvellous capabilities; and after five 238 miles of this exciting kind of driving we reached Hedge Row vineyard. Our horses rattled over a little creaky wooden bridge, only just wide enough to take the carriage, which finally drew up before a charming cottage embowered in flowers, and guarded by a lordly turkey cock who resented our appearance, and then, craved for notice, after the fashion of his conceited English relatives. Out stepped the bright little lady, who five years ago gave up school-teaching in San Francisco, and purchased a hundred-acre lot, which she now manages in conjunction with three spinster friends and a few Chinamen. Inside the house was an open piano; on the table were the latest books and magazines—showing that raisin-growing had not dulled the fair proprietor's interest in the intellectual side of life.

Miss Austin has planted hundreds of peach, apricot, and nectarine trees. In the midst of so much raisin-growing it is strange to see but few almond-trees, they seem so indissolubly connected, that I felt inclined to resent their being sundered in the process of growth; but on inquiring the cause I was told that they did not flourish in this soil. I had already

been given, in San Francisco, a box of Miss Austin's raisins, “as the best produced in the State,” so that I was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing the vineyard itself, and the clever woman who had taken so new a departure in female industry. The greatest part of her land is devoted to vines for raisin-making; these are of the sweetest Muscat variety. In the raisin-house were piles of the neat familiar boxes which used to delight my childish heart at Christmas time, long before the thought of how raisins grew, or the coming need for developing employments for the support of women ever troubled my mind. 239 The process of raisin-making is very simple. The grapes remain on the vines till they are perfectly ripe. Some require to be of a golden colour. Growers with great capital and skill use artificial heat to supplement the sun-drying process, but it is found sufficient here to place the bunches of grapes cut from the vines, in trays between the rows, sloping to the sun. They are turned at intervals, and, when they lose their ashy appearance, are removed to the barn known as “the sweating-house.” Here they remain till all the moisture is extracted, and the stems become tough and the raisins soft. The packing follows, in which iron or steel packing frames are used; the raisins are assorted, weighed, inspected, and made presentable, before being put into boxes and sent to the market. In 1880 Miss Austin's ranche produced 20,000 pounds of raisins; since then she has built a good packing-house, and it is expected that her vineyard will very soon be worth about 30,000 dollars.

We then drove to several other places, and saw many thriving homes and small farms. Alfalfa seems a sure crop in Fresno; sweet potatoes and Egyptian corn thrive here; honey can be produced in unlimited quantities, for there are countless acres of wild-flowers—larkspurs, nemophilas, lupines, sunflowers—on which the bees can disport themselves rent free.

We made a short halt at the central colony, established a few years since by Mr. Bernard Marks, once a miner, then a public-school teacher, finally a farmer on the banks of the San Joaquin. This industrious practical man has a splendid ranche, forty acres in vines, and twice that amount in alfalfa, from which he realises four crops a year of from one to two

tons an acre. We found him busy in his barn among his 240 men, working with an energy which was evidently contagious. Nine handsome Jersey cows, and others of various kinds, keep a dairy well at work, and the cheese and butter produced command the best prices in the Fresno market.

Another hour's perilous driving brought us, about luncheon time, to Mr. Butler's extensive vineyard. The exciting exercise and invigorating atmosphere had produced such keen appetites, that none of our party were loath to accept the hospitable fare set before us; after which we took a walk through the grounds and visited the packing-house, which must indeed present a lively scene when hundreds of tons of raisins have to be picked and made ready in five, ten, and twenty pound boxes, marked and despatched for sale in Europe.

Thoroughly revived by food and rest, and under the special guidance of Mr. Butler, whose familiarity with the “worse roads” still to be encountered renewed our courage, we re-seated ourselves behind the fiery steeds, that neither distance nor bad travelling seem to tame, and leaving the five hundred acres occupied by the Fresno Vineyard Company soon behind, we arrived at the famous Eisen vineyard. The approach to the house was an avenue more than a mile long, of oleander and poplar trees, many of them eighty feet high. We explored the vast wine-cellars, and then, ensconced in a pleasant nook among the trees, we basked in the glorious afternoon sunshine, and “sampled” California port, sherry, claret, and champagne, while some particularly lean and restless greyhounds contemplated us with languid eyes. The exquisite colour of the wine struck me more than its flavour; but, considering the age of the wine, the latter is more than creditable. The Muscat wine is too luscious for English 241 taste. There is, however, in California, one champagne, which those accustomed to European dry wines will appreciate, namely, “The Eclipse,” made by Havaszthy and Co. of San Francisco; all the wine has to be sent to that city to be “finished;” and the firm named above, and Kohler and Frohling, are amongst the best manipulators of the Californian grape. There is no doubt that the quality of the wines and brandies produced in this State is improving every year, and when the manufacturers

learn the best processes and methods of treatment, Californian wines will become more popular than they are at present. At present the foreign label on the native wine is found the readiest means for promoting its sale. I was told that Henri Grosjean, the French Commissioner, had spoken very favourably of the future of the vineyards of Fresno, and expects that “when the irrigation problem is settled, the San Joaquin valley will become the France of America—the vineyard of the world.” He thinks the sandy land of Fresno county and the hill regions adapted for viticulture, because the soil renders the vines less liable to the ravages of the destructive phylloxera, which seems likely to ruin those of France.

The pride of Fresno is still Mr. Barton's vineyard, but our efforts to reach it proved unavailing. The evening was near at hand, and the roads were impassable; a horseman we fortunately met told us that no vehicle could possibly get there without going back into Fresno and taking another route. So the attempt was abandoned, our horses' heads were turned homewards, and a pleasant dinner at the Grand Central Hotel brought a very enjoyable day to a conclusion.

Fresno boasts of a Court-house which resembles an Italian villa in appearance, and has cypresses planted round it; it Q 242 has, like San Francisco, its Chinese quarter, with shops having gilded signs and hieroglyphics on red and yellow paper. While Sing Chong keeps a miscellaneous store, Yuen Wa advertises himself as a “Labour Contractor,” and Sam Sing keeps a laundry of the usual pattern. As a rule the Chinese in Fresno are not disliked, but are allowed to be capable and industrious.

Before I left the town I was offered twenty acres of vineyard of five years' growth, my friend another twenty; a house according to our own plans was to be built for us, if we promised to spend four months out of each year in this desirable locality. But, alas, the ocean which rolls between this bright promising land and my well-beloved London, to say nothing of the growing infirmities of age, obliged me to decline the generous inducement held out to me. The labour question is the great difficulty which has to be solved before Fresno can be properly developed, and I was assured that if I could send out a thousand industrious

English emigrants, they would all have plenty of work to do at once. People with a little capital would be able to secure good land in profitable places, and who can predict the future greatness of the golden State?

I do not advise any one to start off in the hope of realising immense fortunes, but people who will be content with making a good living in a mild, yet invigorating climate, where animal and vegetable life is unusually robust, and crops are not destroyed by cyclones or blizzards, will certainly not regret pitching their tents among the foothills of the Sierra-Nevada mountains.

There is a large demand for family emigration not only in Los Angeles and Southern California, but all over the State from San Diego to Siskiyou, in the counties of Sonoma, Mendocino, 243 Ventura, Humboldt, Yolo, Colusa, Tehama, Stanislaus, Merced, Solano, Contra Costa, and Marin, there is room for thousands of emigrants. There is work too for the women of the family, and in addition to work, it was greatly pressed upon my attention that “there are many hundreds of prosperous bachelors needing only the aid of well-regulated family life and female society to make their condition what it should be.”

It must certainly be borne in mind that thriftless people will not succeed better in California than in England. In the West, life is simple, the fare is often hard and coarse, and it is the fashion to work hard, spend little, and save something. Those who are not prepared to emigrate under such conditions will do well to remain at home.

The President of the Immigration Association in San Francisco was justified when he inserted the following observation into the leaflet for new settlers: “He who deserves success begins at *bed-rock* , keeps out of debt, buys as little as he can, wears his old clothes, works early and late, plants trees and vines for the future, leaves whisky alone, and has a definite aim and plan in life. Such a man can come to California with a small capital, and find it ‘a good State for the poor man.’”

Pomona is a pleasant little settlement in South California, alike protected from harsh sea and desert winds; here an industry peculiarly suitable to women, namely, bee culture, is assuming great importance. Large apiaries along the mountain slopes are returning handsome profits to their owners.

The ostrich ranche at Anaheim is a novel experiment attracting a great deal of attention just now. Dr. Sketchley began with a few of these strange birds, which thrive on 244 the sandiest soil, and cost but little to feed. Their peculiar habits compel a certain amount of vigilance, but their eggs and feathers fetch such a high price in the market that the industry appears likely to prove very profitable. Some choice specimens of Japanese Imperial persimmons were produced last year by Mrs. L. Parker at Anaheim. This is a fruit which cannot be plucked and eaten; it has to be laid aside for a month in a dark place before it is ripe and pleasant to the taste.

The large share women have already taken in agricultural pursuits led to the appointment of four ladies on the Board of a secret society suggested by the Masonic Order, and known as “The Grange,” which was started by a Scotchman to promote “the interests of the cultivators of the soil in a business and social point of view.” These ladies filled the offices of Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and lady assistant steward. There are now Granges distributed all over the country, and they aspire to effect great moral and social good. Dr. Lessing gives a detailed account of their operations in his work entitled *The American Centenary* , and thinks the place given to women in the Grange is too important to be over-estimated.He points out the vast physical and mental labour performed directly or indirectly by women in the food production of the country, in milking churning, and preparing butter and cheese for use, etc. He continues:—

“To these occupations must be added the assistance of women in planting, weeding, cultivating, haying, harvesting, and even the care of live stock, particularly in the Western States and Territories. Computed at the true value, it will be found that Woman's labour in farming holds a conspicuous place in the census of agricultural operations, and the

production of our national wealth. There is, therefore, essential need for her thorough education, encouragement, elevation, and fostering love, by every citizen interested in the welfare of his country, for she is truly ‘a helpmate for man.’”

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In California as in Colorado I thought far more might be done in the way of poultry-keeping than has as yet been accomplished; a profitable trade is carried on in Angora goats; no State possesses better mules, or makes more use of them; an immense deal is done in sheep-raising and wool-growing; the dairy interest is enormous, good cows are worth sixty dollars a head, and pay for themselves at least once in the year. The Spanish steer and the mustang horse which once roamed over the country at their own sweet will, have been supplanted by the Dutch and Pennsylvania team horses, and the trotters raised in the blue-grass section of Kentucky; the wild oats they fed on have given place to the best scientific wheat culture, alfalfa and Chili clover; the latter is so dearly loved by the Californian hog, that his nose has to be decorated with a wire ring to prevent him from tearing out its long juicy root. The fruit canneries yield immense profits. A San José Packing Factory requires 50,000 pounds of fruit a day to keep it going, and has obtained gold medals at the London and Australia exhibitions. Among the best fruit for canning I may name the yellow Crawford peach, the Moor Park and Royal apricot, the Bartlett pear, the great Bigorean cherries, and the Muscat grape. It seems impossible to surmise the magnitude to which this industry will grow, for already it is found difficult to supply the European market, the demand has increased so rapidly within the last three years.

CHAPTER XVI.

The orange groves at Los Angeles—The unprecedented rainfall of 1884—Riverside—Pasedena—Mrs. Jennie Carr—Practical work for women in California—Mrs. Strong's cotton ranche—Mrs. Rogers's 40,000 herd of cattle in Texas—Domestic servants—Emigration—Mrs. E. L. Blanchard—Openings in Australia and New Zealand—The

Geysers and Mineral Springs—Southern Pacific Railroad—Glimpses of Arizona and New Mexico—Kansas—Cattle ranches in Wyoming.

I experienced the strangest fascination when waking in the early morning in Mrs. Severance's charming ground-floor house, covered with clematis, roses, and passion-flowers, in which I spent such a pleasant time at Los Angeles, in watching, without raising my head from the pillow, the dark emerald green of the orange groves, rich with golden fruit. The trees grew close to the verandah on which my windows opened, and were not only laden with oranges, but full of the delicate blossoms on the wearing of which hang the hopes of the maidens of most nations; ripe fruit and flower growing side by side is a characteristic feature of the orange tree. So heavily weighted were some of the branches that they had broken off the tree, and fallen to the ground with the luscious golden-coloured balls, some of which measured eleven inches in circumference.

But the truth must be told, and lovely as the fruit is to look at, these oranges are not yet as pleasant to the taste as those grown in Florida. This is said to be owing to the growth of the tree; so time, the great cure for all human ills, will doubtless come to the rescue in due course.

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Already tropical fruits of all kinds are growing,—lemons, limes, citrons, pomegranates, figs, olives, etc., and no part of the Pacific coast has made such wonderful strides during the past few years as Southern California, for everything grows here with spontaneous productiveness, without fear of frost or blight. The great question on which the permanent prosperity and growth depend is that of irrigation , in consequence of the lightness of the usual rainfall.

This year, however, will be celebrated as an exceptional one in the farmer's calendar, for ere I left the quaint old Spanish town, “the city of the angels,” I watched the orange groves through the driving rain, and saw the golden balls scattered on the ground as thickly as

the grass in an English orchard is strewn with pears and apples after an autumn storm. I realised also what a flood can do in the “glorious climate of California.”

The American people, throughout my three visits, from North to South, and East to West, have welcomed me with a warmth and heartiness I shall never forget; but the climate has seemed equally determined to treat me to its keenest rarities. During my first winter I had the full benefit of “the great snowstorm of 1872, which will long be remembered for its desolations and discomforts,” wrote the *New York Tribune.* Since then cyclones, blizzards, rainstorms, thunder and lightning, have one and all given me a taste of their best quality. Last year, when I was at Cincinnati, the Ohio overflowed its banks, as it had never been known to do before, and plunged the whole city in darkness and despair, and now I have experienced what is described by the inhabitants as the heaviest storms and floods, and the worst weather California has known for twenty-one years. The 248 rivers were flowing at will wherever they pleased; houses were submerged in all directions, and their inmates escaped to the hills; dams burst, so that boats were more useful than carriages in the city streets; and the railway track was destroyed for more than a hundred miles.

I left Los Angeles knee-deep in mud. Piled up all through the principal thoroughfares were high mounds of mud to render the streets at all passable, and as these were allowed to remain for days, to the danger of health as well as safety, some local satirist carved fancy wooden tombstones, on which was written: “Sacred to the memory of the City Fathers,” and placed them in derision on the mounds. The day after I departed the largest reservoir in the city burst and destroyed the lower portion of the town; and so disastrous did the floods prove to the Southern Pacific Railroad that our train was the last for five days to leave the dépôt, and traffic was suspended in all directions.

Anyhow, a good supply of water has been obtained for many months to come. Owing to these floods I was unable to visit many parts of the country. Riverside, for instance, one of the most flourishing colonies, full of orange and lemon groves, I could not reach, nor

Pasadena, where Mrs. Jennie Carr has opened an industrial rural school to prepare girls for practical farming. Mrs. Carr gives instruction in the following subjects:—

1st.—The cultivation of fruit and nut-bearing trees, or *Pomology.*

2d.—The cultivation of forest and ornamental trees and shrubs, or *Forestry.*

3d.—The cultivation of flowers in the open air and under glass— *Floriculture.*

4th.—The cultivation of vegetables and small fruits for market— *Market Gardening.*

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5th.—*Fruit Drying and Preserving*, or the changing of natural into commercial products.

6th.—*Domestic Cookery and Housekeeping.*

7th.—Useful and ornamental needlework.

8th.—Breeding and care of poultry.

9th.—Silk culture (where practicable), and bee-keeping.

10th.—Dairying.

Mrs. Carr considers that there are many openings for ladies in these various industries, and thinks that many school-teachers might follow Miss Austin's lead, and develop into freeholders. In an excellent article on “Woman and Land,” Mrs. Carr observes:—

“The ‘colonies’ of Southern California afford excellent opportunities for the extension of the Fresno experiment, so as to cover branches of business growing out of fruit-growing, silk culture, bee culture, and other industries. In many of these colonies *long credits* are given for the land, and houses are frequently built and furnished on the instalment plan, thus making a *small* capital, *plus* perseverance and energy, equal to a larger one.

“Women who engage independently in farming, find little antagonism to overcome. So close is the relation between land and the home that a woman who surrounds herself with evidences of thrift and skill commands universal respect.

“A lady of the Sacramento Valley displayed a collection of jellies and preserved fruits at the State Fair, so perfectly prepared, and tastefully arranged, that she not only swept the board in the way of premiums, but a San Francisco banker paid her *five hundred dollars* for them, saying: “I bought them as a surprise to my wife, and to show my respect for woman as an industrialist.”

“On the same occasion, a woman left on the death of her husband as the sole manager of a complicated landed estate, exhibited the fruits of her industry in a novel form, viz., in cases of ‘Insect Powder,’ which she had manufactured from Pyrethrum, cultivated on her own farm. She had cleared off heavy indebtedness, sent her children to the university, and won a position for herself among the capitalists by this culture. Another California lady derives a handsome income from the manufacture of olive oil, from trees of her own raising.

“Instances might be indefinitely multiplied to show that for women today—as for men in all the past—land-ownership is the ‘basis of 250 aristocracy,’ of nobility, in the American sense of the word. My hopes for the advancement of women are strengthened by the fact that so many doors are now open to them into professional callings, and so many facilities afforded for necessary training therein. It cannot be long before the Woman's Industrial University shall be created, and become the model for hundreds of practical training-schools throughout the country.”

Mrs. Strong, a widow, the owner of a ranche on the Merced river, has 250 acres of cotton, cultivated by Chinamen on shares, not perhaps quite so fine as Mississippi or Louisiana cotton, but equal to what is known in the New Orleans market as “middling.” Mrs. Strong finds a ready sale for her produce in San Francisco and Marysville.

Mrs. Rogers, of Texas, has a herd of 40,000 cattle on a claim between the King Ranche and Corpus Christi. Mr. Rogers was a preacher with seven motherless children when he induced “the cattle queen” to marry him, but she gave him to understand she meant to “run the ranche” and has done so to the present hour. Though worth a million, and about fifty years of age, she lives in a very humble way, and goes herself on horseback every week to Corpus Christi to sell stock or purchase supplies. I believe that Mr. Rogers, having been compelled by throat trouble to give up preaching, is now the Democratic member of the Legislature from Nueces County, and Mrs. Rogers has not only proved herself an able cattle-owner, but an excellent mother to her step-children.

Many people throughout California complained to me about the difficulty of obtaining good domestic servants, and a few months since I read a letter in *The Times* , signed by Mr. Dennis Kearney, saying that any number of English servants could get good situations at once, at wages varying from £2, 10s. to £7 a month. I do not think trained servants, 251 even if we could spare them, could in any great number find comfortable homes there, nor that Californian householders would care to employ them. Domestic service is on such an entirely different principle that neither employer nor employed would be satisfied. The English servant expects to keep to an established routine; she does not care to be Jack-of-all-trades, but that is the fate of American servants, and the reason why they command such high wages. When households are organised on English rules, and many servants kept in the place of one or two, wages will certainly decrease in the same ratio. Mr. Kearney was the leader of the “Sand Lots” agitation in San Francisco a short time since, and has now a servants' registry office there. Anyhow, his invitation to English working women must be received with some caution. Female emigration has to be surrounded with peculiar safeguards. It is not every one who can carry on such a scheme with success. Mrs. E. L. Blanchard's work in connection with Australia and New Zealand would never have attained its present position, but for her personal knowledge of the Colonies themselves as well as of the women she sends to them, her untiring efforts to secure the right people for the right places, her judicious selection of ships and captains,

her wise choice of matrons, and last, but not least, the admirable provision she makes for the proper reception of emigrants at the various ports abroad.

I have seen Mrs. Blanchard in her office surrounded by those who wish to emigrate, and often listened to the information she has given, amazed at the skill and discrimination with which she guided and selected her candidates; I have watched her on board the ships with a bright look and a kind smile for the humblest emigrants, giving them all not 252 only the best possible counsel, but that priceless womanly sympathy which is so unspeakably valuable at such a moment. Recently, in conjunction with the Viscountess Strangford, Mrs. Blanchard has opened a home at 13 Dorset Street, Portman Square, where educated ladies can reside while arrangements are being made for their passage and outfit. Emigration under this noble worker's auspices has indeed already proved a blessing to hundreds of English men and women.

Female emigration needs the most careful management and wise supervision. No girls should be sent abroad unless there is a duly organised home for their reception, and also for their maintenance till suitable situations are obtained, and a lady of well-known character should always be at the head of such institutions.

Mrs. Blanchard has started a Loan Fund by which she enables ladies, who cannot pay their own passage-money, to emigrate to the colonies, where profitable work can be obtained; and she has found, from practical experience, that such help has seldom been given in vain. I have seen many of the letters she has received from those who could not find employment here, thanking her for their escape from “privations,” and enclosing sums towards the re-payment of the loan. A recent correspondent adds: “In a few months' time, I hope to place myself out of debt altogether, at least monetary debt; my debt for the kindness received from you I shall never be able to repay.” Another lady writes in high spirits from Sydney: “Several of the doctors having promised constant employment,” as they were so pleased with her diploma; and she adds, “there is a splendid opening

for trained nurses from London here. Any one with health and strength can soon make money."

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There are many ways by which ladies can earn money in New Zealand. For instance, Miss Meteyard, better known as "Silverpen," sent me some valuable hints in relation to the employment of women in the distillation of flowers for perfumery. In the north of New Zealand the lavender shrub, roses, and other flowers thrive, and women with a little capital and practical knowledge would find this a fine field for money-making and pleasant occupation.

Mr. C. White Mortimer, the British Vice-consul at Los Angeles, in a very interesting communication to *Truth* , justly describes Southern California as "a paradise for men who are able and willing to do manual labour."

"Mechanics receive from 12s. to £1 per day, and, owing to the large amount of building now going on here, are in demand at those figures. The supply of professional men, clerks, bookkeepers, etc., is greatly in excess of the demand. The men who are wanted here are the labouring classes, and men who have capital to the amount of £1000 and upwards.

"There are many occupations here which men in delicate health, who have some means, can engage in; bee-keeping, raising poultry, the culture of the orange and the vine—these and many other similar occupations are enormously profitable. Thousands of acres of land are annually being planted in grapes in this section of the country, and, notwithstanding the enormously increased supply, the demand continues to keep pace with it, and prices are still more than remunerative; the Phylloxera is unknown in Southern California, and will not probably make its appearance, care being now taken not to impoverish the land by planting the vines too close together. As to the profit in grape-farming, the following prices, which may be relied upon, will speak for themselves. Cost of land, from £20 to

£40 per acre. Cost of grape-cuttings, planting same, and cultivation for first year, per acre £4; cost of cultivation for second year, per acre £3. To these amounts must be added the taxes and interest on the amount invested. The third year's crop, after deducting working expenses, will net the producer about £3 per acre; thereafter the yield annually increases until the seventh or eighth year, when the maximum is reached. At present prices for grapes (£4 per ton), vineyards in full bearing net the owner from £20 to £40, and in some cases as high as £50 per acre per annum. The working expenses, when the producer hires all 254 his help, do not exceed £3 per acre per annum; large vineyards would not average so much. Vineyards in full bearing can be purchased for about £120 per acre. The profit on oranges is much larger; they do not, however, make the producer any return for six or seven years. The profit not being immediate, persons planting orange orchards or vineyards must have some capital, in addition to the amount invested in the land and working expenses. Farm lands in this country have increased in value from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. in the last two years, owing to the large influx of emigrants in that time."

Persons wishing to emigrate should have nothing to do with firms which advertise situations in return for premiums. This fact cannot be impressed too strongly or disseminated too widely, for I have known many who have greatly suffered from various deceptions in this direction.

Not only is California trying to solve the problem how to make the best wines, but she hopes to rival the Old World in her mineral waters. The Almaden waters are bottled under the title of "Californian Vichy," and have valuable qualities, and there are some famous mineral springs in the Santa Clara Valley.

While San José is noted for her educational institutes, Santa Barbara, nestled in a broad fertile valley quietly sloping to the sea, Santa Cruz and Monterey, are the resorts of those who love sea breezes and bathing. Monterey boasts a charming æsthetic hotel in its own grounds of 100 acres, where oak, walnut, pine, spruce, and cypress trees abound, and lead to one of the finest beaches on the coast, within four hours' railroad run of San

Francisco. Calistogo gathers the invalids under her wing, thanks to her sulphur, iron, and magnesia springs. At the Geysers, once the favourite resort of the Indians, who greatly appreciated the healing properties of the waters, there is still a jet called “The Indian Sweating Bath,” where once rheumatic squaws were 255 brought by thoughtful husbands, and laid on a temporary grating to be steamed till cured or killed! These springs are found along the well-named Pluton river; here, too, is the Devil's Canyon, where Epsom Salts are found on the walls in crystals, and boiling, bubbling springs of alum and iron make the ground so hot that it burns your feet as you pass along. The causes which bring about the wonderful phenomena of the Geysers have been frequently discussed, and a well-known scientist once aptly described this marvellous region as “the chemical laboratory of the Almighty.”

Our journey on the Southern Pacific was not an eventful one. We had already been through the Tehachapi Pass on our way to Los Angeles, where, for twenty miles, the grade, including curvature, is 116 feet to the mile, and your attention is equally divided between the scenery of the Canyon and the marvellous track itself. I am told that, unless it be the road over the Styrian Alps from Vienna to Trieste—and even there the track does not literally cross itself—there is nothing like it, in engineering skill, to be seen in the whole world. Long tracks of desert have to be traversed, and the only living thing is the remarkable Yucca Draconis tree, something like a palm or cactus; the latter appears after leaving Yuma; sometimes it stands out like a pillar in the plains, 20, 30, and often 60 feet high. In May it is covered with a pale yellow flower, which is followed by a fruit shaped like a small pear; distributed over the whole of Arizona is the prickly pear cactus, with sometimes a thousand pears on a single bush. Stanwix is a great lava bed, and all around seems ashes and desolation. Another hundred miles brings you to Painted Rock, where, north of the railroad, are huge boulders 50 feet high, covered 256 with rude representations, supposed to record the battles between the Yumas, Cocopahs, Maricopas, and Pinahs. At Tucson the houses are all of adobe brick and one story high, and the narrow streets have neither tree nor shrub. Mexicans abound in Tucson, and

Spanish is the language you hear on all sides. Nine miles from here is the old mission of “San Xavier Del Bac.” As we entered New Mexico I was much interested in the solitary riders to be seen crossing the plains, which are here often covered with gramma and bunch grasses, on which the herds of cattle graze. The riders were dressed after the fashion of the pictures of Arab horsemen, whose fierce aspect used to awe me in the days of my youth. Albuquerque is said to be a typical Mexican town, and is certainly a city of considerable importance. A few stations beyond, we struck off on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad for Las Vegas—a health resort of great repute, owing to its hot springs. Here was the celebrated Montezuma Hotel, allowed by all travellers to be the finest in the West. Among other matters, it advertised its special safety from fires. “The admirable fire service comprised two systems: the engines had force-pumps attached, and the house was provided with stand-pipes and hose-reels on every floor, making it almost impossible for a fire to do serious damage, or get beyond the room in which it originated,” said the prospectus. Two weeks, however, before we arrived, the house was destroyed so quickly that none of the inmates could save any of their things. Fortunately the fire broke out before dinner, so no lives were lost, but some Colorado friends of mine who were staying at the Montezuma lost all their clothes. Here, and in the neighbouring Mexican villages, you see girls with 257 Castilian beauty, and wrinkled old women placidly sitting outside their adobe huts, smoking their cigarettes. Less than half a day's journey by rail brings you to the quaint old Spanish city of Santa Fé, containing very curious relics of the Aztec occupation; and the surrounding mountains are full of minerals: gold, silver, onyx, and agates.

The picturesque half-Spanish inhabitants of New Mexico, with their strange ways and customs, are suggestive of life in the East. The windowless houses, one story high, are made of mud or sun-baked bricks of adobe, and entered by a small door, which takes you into a *poteo* , or open court, in which the animals live, and among these small donkeys are a distinguishing feature. Of furniture there is none. Mexican families for the most part sleep in blankets on the ground (for they do not always indulge in wooden floors), and

sit Turkish fashion. A kettle of beans and red peppers, cooking on the open fire, supplies their staple article of food. The Aztec idols, too, have a head-dress like that of the sphinx of Egypt. You see the same kind of physiognomy and complexion. Women wash by the stream in Eastern fashion. The water-carrier bears an enormous earthen jar, slung on the back, supported by a strap over the forehead, and it takes some time to get accustomed to the strange articles of apparel, especially the long shawl called a rebozo, on the women, and a blanket, called serape, on the men. The rebozo is head-dress, mantilla, basket, all in one, for it is used as a covering and to carry anything the owner wishes to conceal. The men wrap their serapes tightly over their arms when the weather is at all cold, and thus render them even more useless than those of a fashionable lady in a tight dolman. Their shoes, too, are a study. Many only wear a R 258 piece of leather strapped to the foot. The palm-tree is alone needed to complete an Oriental picture.

When I left the mild climate of sunny Mexico, I soon found myself in the regions of snow and ice again. After a short stay in Pueblo, we passed one thriving town after another as we followed the windings of the Arkansas—a change indeed from the days when the riotous Kansas cowboys used to ride up from their cattle ranches with pistols in both hands, which they would fire as they galloped through the streets and cleared the town! Peace and order now prevail; schoolhouses abound, and prosperity has been insured by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, which brought civilisation into the heart of this rich country. The dry plains and the prairie grass have been transformed into fields of corn, and to-day Kansas stands to the front among the agricultural States. At Manhattan there is an excellent State Industrial College, which affords a complete course of great practical value. The Makin Ranche, owned by some young Englishmen from Liverpool, is well worth a visit from those interested in stock-raising; and Mr. G. H. Wadsworth, who has a splendid farm in Pawnee County, says he considers Kansas better than any other State for the wool business. All that is now wanted is population, and settlers are really invited, not to the difficulties of pioneer life, but to a land which is fruitful in many directions.

For those who like out-of-door life and cattle-raising, Kansas undoubtedly offers a good opening at the present time. There are still 3,000,000 acres of land in the Arkansas Valley for sale, at from one to ten pounds an acre, the prices being regulated by the quality of the land and distance from a railroad dépôt, and the Homestead Law still gives a settler, 259 on condition of five years' residence, 160 acres at a fee of twenty dollars to the land office, but it is found better to purchase land near the railroads than to accept a grant of land at a considerable distance from one.

The Union Dépôt in Kansas City presents a busy and confusing scene. The first time I stopped there I thought I had fallen upon some special day, but subsequent visits proved to me that it was simply wearing its usual aspect. The waiting-rooms are invariably crowded, and if you have to travel by a train which discards the use of a Pullman carriage, your lot is not an enviable one, unless indeed you wish to study life in its very roughest phases.

The live-stock trade of Kansas City was estimated at 65,000,000 dollars for the year 1882. Seven hundred head of Scotch cattle were imported by one firm last year; their thick, heavy hides make them great favourites on the plains, as they resist the storms which sometimes prove so fatal there. In fact, now that the financial cloud has lifted, immigration to Kansas means prosperity, if the settler is gifted with that rare quality which Americans designate as “snap.” Men without energy will experience as much disappointment in the New World as in Europe, but those who are prepared to take proper advantage of the resources America affords cannot fail to command success. They find there five times as many acres of fertile land as in Europe, five times as many miles of railroad, telegraph and telephone lines, five times as many steam-engines, mowing, reaping, and thrashing machines, and ten times as much coal, which means mechanical power, manufacturing production, and industrial wealth. The United States has an acknowledged leadership in inventive genius, and, as Dr. Hittell observes, 260 “these are the arms with which the struggle for life in the battle of the future is to be fought.”

Kansas must look to its laurels as a great cattle-market, for in Wyoming there are thousands of miles of the cheapest grazing land in the world. Efforts are now being made to import young stock to England, as the cattle can be reared at a small cost in the north-western territory, though it cannot be fattened there as well as here. The Canadian authorities make no difficulty about allowing the cattle to pass through that country, which is a test that no danger is feared in the Dominion of the pleuro-pneumonia which sometimes proves so fatal in the Eastern States. While Mr. Frewen is thus fighting for Wyoming, Mr. Hugh A. Fergusson is anxious to promote the importation of young cattle from Texas and New Mexico, and states that it will be impolitic to admit one State more than another, that the importation of young stock from America would certainly enable the English farmer to realise a higher profit out of his land and cattle than he can at present. “We will,” says Mr. Frewen, “rear millions upon millions of store cattle, and then send the lean but full-grown stock back to the homes of their ancestors to be finished artistically for your market. We will breed and rear for three or four years the young stock, which you will fatten off in from ten to twenty weeks. That is all that your farmers will have to do in the production of beef. The slow process of growth will go on in regions where land can be had for next to nothing. The rapid process of forcing will take place under conditions which enable it to be performed at a maximum of speed.”

I greatly enjoyed my visit to the Kansas State University, which is situated at Laurence, with its splendid 261 lecture-hall holding 1500 people, crowded with a most agreeable audience the night I lectured there, notwithstanding a wind that nearly blew the carriage over as I drove up Mount Oread, on the summit of which the handsome building stands. In the natural history department there are more than a hundred thousand specimens of beasts, birds, and insects representing the animal life of the great Mississippi valley; there is also a fine laboratory and a rapidly improving library. The newly appointed Chancellor, Dr. Lippincolt, is a clear-headed, cultured man, in whose hands its future is secured.

Topeka has one of the handsomest free libraries I saw in America, erected by some of the rich men connected with the railroad. There is a large reading-room in the building itself, and residents are also allowed to take books home; the interior is fitted up with excellent taste, and the lecture hall has a model stage, which made me think of the Hay-market Theatre under the Bancroft rule. Thanks to Mr. Wilder—a descendant of the Berkshire Wilders—this hall is filled with choice engravings and etchings, which he has lent for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. Sometimes it is hired for an assembly ball, and many pleasant dances have been enjoyed this winter on that polished floor. It is difficult to believe that this is Kansas—till recently the home of the prairie-dog, rattlesnake, and buffalo!

CHAPTER XVII.

Divorce—Journalistic announcements, advertisements, and paragraphs—Two strange divorces followed by re-marriages—Divorces traced by the American press to the increase of mercenary marriages—Dr. Dwinell's statistics—Chief Justice Noah Davis at the Nineteenth Century Club Meeting on divorce—Mr. Charles Stuart Welles—The New French Law—The Rev. Robert Collyer—The moral effect of the Divorce Court in England.

There are many journalistic head-lines which strike the English reader of American newspapers with considerable amazement, but none have appeared to me more singular, or more indicative of the popular sentiment on the subject with which they deal, than the extraordinary headings to the columns devoted to information respecting divorce cases.

“Untying Wedding Knots,” for example, at once carries with it the idea that an element of positive festivity mingles with the dissolution of the ties that bound two people together in holy matrimony, in the presence of admiring friends and hopeful bridesmaids, while the “Divorce Mill” points significantly to the vast amount of business carried on by those entitled to divide married couples, to say nothing of sub-headings, “Separated for life in

forty minutes," or "Three matrimonial smash-ups," which betokens a levity strangely out of place while dealing with a matter of such grave import.

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Not only do you find under Legal Notices such standing advertisements as the following in New York newspapers—

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES, QUIETLY, WITHIN A incompatibility, all causes; legal everywhere; no money required until granted. MUNRO ADAMS, 181 Broadway.

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES QUIETLY; ALL CAUSES; ANY State; consultation free; terms easy. W. L. BOND, 167 Broadway, suit 8.

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, QUIETLY; for any cause. MARSHALL CHASE, 697 Broadway, corner 4th St.

but you frequently meet with paragraphs similar to the specimens I have selected from daily papers of repute in the United States:—

"There was a lively race between the divorce decrees and the marriage licenses Saturday, and the divorce record came out ahead. There were issued fifty-one decrees of divorce and only forty-three marriage licenses. This will not do. Cupid must 'whoop up' his forces and make a better showing.

"Clergymen complain that their marriage fees are not so heavy as they once were. But clergymen should remember that they don't succeed in tying the knot so firmly as formerly. Where is the use of emptying your purse into the minister's pocket, when the chances are that the divorce lawyer will be along in a year or two and untie the knot whose tying has cost you so dearly?

"The minister who ties the connubial knot gets a fee varying from 2 dollars to 50 dollars; the lawyer who unties it charges from 100 dollars to 500 dollars. Which only means that

everybody has to pay more to get out of trouble than to get into it. Don't be finding fault with matters of course.

“Seven fashionable marriages in one day are described minutely in the New York papers. According to the statisticians there ought to be at least two divorce cases arising out of these in the next year or two.”

The possibility of such extraordinary paragraphs in the daily papers shows too clearly the condition of matters in this direction, and inclines one to think there is some truth, 264 after all, in the old story of the railway porter's announcement as the train stops at a dépôt in Indiana, “Ten minutes for refreshment and five for divorces.” Incredible as it may appear, I will quote verbatim the extraordinary announcement made by a member of a very much divorced family. She was complaining to me about an engagement her daughter had made without her sanction. She remarked: “and the worst is, that the young man's family don't like it either, so I thought I would fix that very quickly. I told Frank to bring his mother to see me. So, marm, said I, your Frank and my Molly think they're in love with each other. Well, my father and mother were divorced, I am divorced from my husband, my three elder girls are all married and divorced, and I guess Molly will know how to do the same, if Frank doesn't suit her.” This wholesale method of relief from uncongenial matrimonial speculations perhaps explains why, in a certain column devoted to the announcements, in which ladies are supposed to take a special interest, some western newspapers have an addition which is at present happily unknown in English journals. Their notices run thus: Births, Marriages, Divorces, Deaths.

I heard of two very singular divorces followed by re-marriages while I was travelling in the United States; in both cases it must be admitted that the husbands appear to the best advantage. The wife of a well-known western millionaire, whose name I will not give for obvious reasons, was induced by evil counsels to sue for a divorce in the early part of 1883. The husband did not even contest it, but as the newspapers had published many

versions of the story, he issued what is called in America “a card,” which bore his signature and ran as follows:—

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“I am willing to bear all the odium which the public, in ignorance of the real facts, may choose to cast on me; but my regret is for my wife, whose name has been improperly associated and incorporated in despatches transmitted all over the country. Now, as always, my desire has been to do that which would contribute to the happiness of my wife and children. If I have in any way failed, God knows it has not been prompted by a desire to do so. Now, as ever, I want that which will best contribute to the happiness of my family. If my wife thinks a separation will contribute to her further happiness, then her mind and mine are alike. I have done nothing to merit the obloquy cast upon me. Those who best know me will tell you what my desires are. I repeat that in this matter with my wife, which has been made so public, I have nothing to say further than that it pains me to see her name and mine associated with such dastardly and vindictive despatches as have gone forth to the world. I am the man, she is the woman, and in these relations I will shield her name at every point in my power.”

The divorce was granted, and the wife led a retired life, quietly devoting herself to the education of her children, and to good works of various kinds. The decree gave her a handsome city residence and a very liberal income. This spring, a complete reconciliation having been effected, the divorced couple were once again re-united in marriage.

The other story is stranger and far more tragic. Among the death-notices in a southern paper last December were the following announcements on the same day:—

“ Tiner.—On the 5th inst., of pneumonia, A. S. Tiner, aged 41 years.

“ Tiner.—On the 5th inst., of scarlet fever, Etta V., only child of A. S. and Eliza G. Tiner, aged 5 years.

“ Tiner.—On the 6th inst., Eliza G. Tiner, wife of the late A. S. Tiner.”

The newspapers gave the full details of Mr. and Mrs. Tiner's remarkable history. Sixteen years before, Mr. Tiner had lived in the same town as a merchant named Gates. He was a widower with an only child; a stern, ambitious man, who not only refused to allow his daughter to marry the 266 young clerk to whom she was attached, but forced her into an uncongenial marriage with the rich miller Tiner. Very shortly after the marriage, Mrs. Tiner eloped with the clerk, and all trace of them was lost. In course of time her father died, and left his property to the forsaken son-in-law. Shortly after this Tiner obtained a divorce from his fugitive wife and re-married. The second Mrs. Tiner however did not long survive the birth of her first child. A few years later, the miserable wanderer, not knowing of her father's death, wrote to implore his forgiveness. She had been married in another State to the lover of her youth, but after a while he had ill-treated her, and finally joined the Mormons, where he took unto himself another helpmate. Then the poor woman, who had sacrificed everything for his sake, fled from him, and after a long weary struggle with sickness and poverty, she piteously turned to her father for help and pardon. Mr. Gates being dead, the letter found its way to the wronged husband, who immediately went to seek the repentant woman. He not only arranged for her divorce from Mills, but re-married her just ten years after she had run away from him. But her shattered system never recovered, and when the terrible trial came of losing on the same day her child from scarlet fever and her husband from pneumonia, her strength failed her, and she only outlived them by a few hours.

Americans repudiate the charge of the English press that the increase of divorces is “due to the growth of licentiousness.” The desire for position or need of support drives many girls into hasty uncongenial marriages, and a bad beginning often makes a bad ending. The real evil is that “our young girls are tempted to marry for money and 267 position, just as the politician is tempted to sell his vote, or the clergyman his opinions,” says a leading paper; “the trouble lies in the false marriages of well-to-do fashionable folk whose

victims seek remedy in divorce. The marriages are false because our young people of a certain class are more greedy for money, position, and show, than for genuine love and happiness. This is, doubtless, the tritest of platitudes, but it is one which is now left wholly out of sight in too many weddings—especially in our cities. Divorces, we are told, are less common in the South than the North. Why? Not because the moral tone of the people there is purer, or their Christian faith higher, but because in the less concentrated, plainer, poorer phases of social life in that section there is less temptation to mercenary marriage. It is probably true, as we often hear asserted, that among those who according to the common phrase married for love there are a large minority of unhappy people. But usually they bear their unhappiness to the end. They entered into domestic life with the sense of a duty to be discharged between human beings; it was not a mere partnership of purses, to be thrown up for the first whim or discomfort."

The Rev. Dr. Dwinell of Sacramento may well view "the greater freedom of divorce as one of the deplorable tendencies of the times." In most of the States divorces have increased rapidly for the last quarter of a century, and in California the number of divorces, as compared with the number of marriages, is fearfully large, most of them averaging more than one divorce to every ten marriages, and some counties more than one to every five. Marin is the banner county for divorces, which average there nearly one-half as many as the marriages. After a domestic breeze the eastern 268 husband lights his cigar and goes to the club till the storm is over, the western man puts on his hat and goes to his lawyer. But even in Maine, where the temperance laws prevail, there were 478 divorces in 1878, in New Hampshire 241, in Vermont 197, in Massachusetts 600, in Connecticut 501, and in Rhode Island 106, making a total of 2113, and I am told the last returns show a considerable increase of divorces.

At one of the meetings of the Nineteenth Century Club last spring, held at Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer's house in New York, Chief Justice Noah Davis read a very interesting paper on "Marriage and Divorce." He asserted that "it would be better if there were no possibility of divorce at all, rather than the present loose system." "The subject of

marriage," he continued, "is so interwoven with the public interest that the State must, as a matter of self-protection, take it into its charge by provisions of laws enacted for its control and protection. The question at once suggests itself whether it should be treated as a religious or as a secular institution, or as one combining both. For my own part, I confess to a leaning toward the religious side of the question, because I think it tends to make the contract regarded with solemnity and awe. But in our country, where no State religion does or can exist, it is perhaps wiser that the State should recognise the formation of marriage as a simple contract, which may be entered into by all persons who are free from all legal, mental, and physical disabilities. That is the law of the State of New York."

Speaking of divorces, Justice Davis regretted the ease with which they are procured in many States, and held that the more lax the laws in this respect the more lightly would 269 unsuitable marriages be, and the more frequent would be the cases of unhappy unions. He called attention to the conflicting laws of the different States on this subject —from South Carolina, where divorce is permissible under no circumstances, to Indiana and Connecticut, where divorce is so easy that a cause can always be found. In New York State 200 years ago divorce was not permitted, and it would be absurd to say that there was more domestic unhappiness then than now. After showing the ease with which divorces can be procured legally in many parts of the country Justice Davis spoke of fraudulent divorces. But if this can be done by willing parties, said the speaker, what cannot be done by fraudulent ones? The frauds are mostly perpetrated on wives, but Eve's adroitness is not always at a loss to commend the fruit to the lips of Adam. The courts strive to guard against such wrongs, but their very safeguards are sometimes made the weapons of fraud, and this especially where the proceeding is instigated by a desire to marry somebody else.

But the greatest evil in America grows out of the differing laws of the several States touching the grounds and effects of divorce. All who think upon the subject will agree that uniformity of the grounds of divorce ought to exist throughout all the States. This alone will prevent the incessant hegira from State to State of persons seeking to escape the bonds

of matrimony, and that vast procession of evils that follows such efforts. It is a monstrous fact that a person can leave the State of his residence and in a brief time obtain in the courts of another State a decree of divorce entirely valid in that State, but absolutely void in the courts of other States. His re-marriage is lawful there; it is felony elsewhere, 270 and his guilt or innocence depends upon which side of an imaginary State line he happens to stand. This would be less important if the status of his wife and children, past, present, and future, were not to be seriously affected by the decree.

Justice Davis illustrated his argument by the following case:—

“A. is married in New York, where he has resided for years, and has a family, and is the owner of real and other estate. He desires divorce, and goes to Indiana, where that thing is cheap and easy. Upon complying with some local rule, and with no actual notice to his wife, he gets a decree of divorce, and presently is married in that State to another wife, who brings him other children. He again acquires new estates, but, tiring of his second wife, he deserts her and goes to California, where, in a brief space, he is again divorced, and then marries again, starting a new family, and acquiring new real and personal estates. In a few years his fickle taste changes again, and he returns to New York, where he finds his first wife has obtained a valid divorce for his marriage in Indiana, which sets her free, and forbids his marrying again in her lifetime. He then slips into Connecticut, takes a residence, acquires real property there, and gets judicially freed from his California bonds. He returns hither, takes some new affinity, crosses the New Jersey line, and in an hour is back in New York, enjoying so much of his estate as the Courts have not adjudged to his first wife, and gives new children to the world. At length his Master calls him. He dies intestate. Now, what is the legal status and condition of the various citizens he has given to our common country? The first wife's children are legitimate, and heirs to his estate everywhere. The Indiana wife's children are legitimate there, and in New York (that marriage having taken place after his first wife had obtained her divorce), but illegitimate in Indiana and elsewhere while the second crop of New Yorkers are legitimate in Connecticut and New York, illegitimate in Indiana and California. There is real and personal property

in each of these States. There are four widows, each entitled to dower somewhere, and to some extent, and a large number of surely innocent children, whose legitimacy and property are at stake. And all these legal embarrassments spring from want of uniformity of laws on a subject which should admit of no more diversity than the question of citizenship itself."

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Mr. Charles Stuart Welles, in lecturing last March before the Manhattan Liberal Club on "The New Marriage, or Uniform Marriage Laws," said, "The polygamy of Utah is simultaneous, and of New York consecutive. New York is supposed to have a monogamic law, but instead she has all unlicensed polygamy."

People have recently been questioning in England the moral effect of the comparative ease with which divorces can now be obtained here, and many have emphatically pronounced the Divorce Court a disastrous failure. They believe it undoubtedly tempts people to reckless marriages, light regard of the marriage tie, and positive collusions. The Act has now been in operation a quarter of a century, and it has certainly done more to corrupt society in that time than any other agency in twice the same number of years.

"Lightly come by, lightly held," is a proverb that simply expresses a fact in human nature, and not less true is this, which might be added as a pendant, "Lightly rid of, lightly held." We see this in every relation in life. It is only the minority, or as Matthew Arnold would express it, "the remnant," that will cling to duties and responsibilities that are not enforced by public opinion. Not that the mind yields unwilling obedience to a code against which it rebels, but a duty considered binding by public opinion, enshrined in the statutes of the law, acquires a vast moral force. If the law released parents from the obligation to provide for their children, I question if a few years would not show a terrible falling off in the sense of parental responsibility. Yet this would be less mischievous than the facility afforded for breaking through marriage ties, for natural 272 affection goes a long way in one case, but has nothing to do with the other. No *legal* obligation compels parents to provide for

children in the event of their own death,—and how many parents ever trouble their heads about their *moral* obligations in this direction? Yet those who are helping the victims of such neglect could give some appalling proofs of what is entailed on their daughters by this reckless disregard of an unenforced but no less sacred duty. “To give life to a sentient being,” writes Gail Hamilton, “without being able to make provision to turn life to the best account; to give life, careless whether it will be bane or boon to its recipient, is the sin of sins. Every other sin mars what it finds: this makes what it mars.”

A stronger moral sense is needed than the majority of people possess, to induce the necessary forbearance in married life, when that alluring Divorce Court is so handy—ready, only too ready, to set the captive free. Many a disagreement would be patched up, many a couple would learn to “bear and forbear,” if they knew that, come what might, they must make up their minds to put up with each other's foibles, and make the best of a bad bargain.

Even when the Divorce Court is not deliberately reckoned on, *it is there!* The very word “indissoluble,” as applied to matrimony, now sounds absurd, and should be left out of the marriage service. It is impossible to mix in society, or read any newspapers, and not recognise that matrimony is regarded in quite a different light in the nineteenth century. Loudest of all speak the repulsive records of the Court itself, which is an “Augean stable” no rivers could cleanse. England has lately witnessed the representatives of ancient families, the bearers of historic titles, on whom should rest some sense 273 of the responsibility entailed by their position, dragging down time-honoured names into the dust, and exposing without shame the degradation of their lives before a vulgar, prurient public.

Twenty years ago no minister of religion would have dared to appear as plaintiff in a divorce case. Lately, we have seen in London a popular preacher standing up in open Court, declaring, without a blush, that, when freed from the wife then bearing his name, he intended to marry again. The matter had been already arranged!

No wonder that the lip curves involuntarily in reading of the husband of romantic fiction who hides the wound to his honour which the husband of real life is so ready to expose to the public gaze. But while a large section of the English people deprecate the result of divorces, there seems no indication of a desire to take any serious steps to prevent the evil from spreading. In Scotland the increasing frequency with which divorces are obtained is viewed with grave anxiety. At the last session the Judges of the Edinburgh Court separated half a dozen or more couples a day, “four pairs,” writes the *Evening News* , “being put asunder in the brief space of ninety minutes—a rapid manner of doing business, which has a decidedly American air.” As with an individual so with the State; nothing is more difficult to redeem than moral defection. Once open the floodgates, and it may be impossible to close them again.

Look at the eagerness recently exhibited in France to take advantage of the new Divorce Law just introduced. Up to this summer, although judicial separations could be obtained, divorce was practically impossible. Directly the new law came into operation there were several thousand applications S 274 in Paris alone! This French Act not only allows of the utmost freedom with regard to re-marriage, but permits a dissolution of the tie for acts which throw discredit upon either husband or wife, such as habitual drunkenness, imprisonment for theft, expulsion from society for cheating at cards, or from the Army, Navy, or legal profession, for any dishonest action. Two regulations have been introduced which are great improvements on our English system; in all cases trials will take place before three judges, and divorces granted at their decree, instead of before juries liable to be influenced by the eloquent pleadings of counsel, and better still, newspaper reports are strictly forbidden—an immense gain in the interests of public decency and morality.

I feel persuaded that while perhaps representing English conservative thought on this question, I shall have the support of many in America who have watched with anxiety the terrible growth of the evil as shown by the calendars of the Divorce Court. When last in New York, my attention to this subject was again arrested by a powerful sermon in which

the Rev. Robert Collyer deplored the “enormity of the evils of divorce,” and asked, “What shall we do to be saved from this curse which is spreading through the homes of our nation, and which will one day sap the foundations of our life?”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Occupations open to women in 1836, when Harriet Martineau visited America, contrasted with those of to-day—The servant question—The change effected in woman's position by the introduction of machinery—English prejudice and social status notions—Home employments—Ladies' Work Societies and the Woman's Exchange—Artistic developments in both countries—Mrs. M'Clelland's mirror painting—Mrs. Fleet's illuminations—New York technical schools and Cooper Institute—Boston art schools—Mrs. Cameron's photographs—China-painting—Wood-engraving, designs for manufacturers, and wall papers—Lustra-painting—Mr. Denny's women-tracers in the Dumbarton Shipyard—Architects—The higher branches of Art—Mrs. Nimmo Morant as an etcher—American and English actresses—Dramatic reciters—Mrs. Livermore—The Hon. Mrs. Maberley's dairy—Ladies in business.

When Harriet Martineau visited America in 1836, she found only seven occupations open to women; to-day, in Massachusetts alone, there are nearly three hundred different branches of industry by which women can earn from one hundred to three thousand dollars a year. The ten years even which elapsed between my first tour in 1872 and my second in 1882, had brought about marked changes. The type-writer, at the first date, was in its tenderest infancy, and the telephone was unknown; now, both these marvellous inventions are giving hundreds of girls throughout the States remunerative work, and many artistic occupations have also been developed.

It is indeed cheerful to record these improvements, but still it must not be supposed that American ladies can find 276 employment whenever they need it. I received many letters from strangers as well as from persons well known to me, which proved conclusively that

there are still great difficulties to be encountered by those who are obliged to earn their own livelihood. A heartless hoax, practised on a New York firm in the early part of 1883, clearly showed that many are vainly searching for work in that city. An advertisement appeared in the *Herald* , stating that four lady copyists were required by a Wall Street firm, for ten dollars each per week. The next day the office was simply besieged by eager applicants, many of whom had spent car fares they could ill afford, only to find that a fruitless journey, entailing a bitter disappointment, was due to a stupid joke on the firm itself. In 1872 I was hospitably entertained by a lady whose husband was a General in the United States army. I found her in 1883 struggling for the means whereby to live, as his death and other misfortunes had left her penniless. This spring, a Brooklyn gentleman advertised for a lady copyist at a salary of seven dollars a week; and his wife for a cook at ten. There was only one applicant for the cook's place, while 456 ladies were anxious to secure the post of copyist. Such facts have induced some people, in both countries, to point to domestic service as affording the needed opening for “redundant women;” and in London Mrs. Crawshay has opened an office from which she sends “lady-helps” to those willing to employ them. A lady would indeed be a valuable acquisition at the head of the nursery; many a child suffers even physically from the ignorance of the servant to whom it is confided, and the gain in the direction of mind and manners secured by a lady-nurse is obvious to all. Such a position might at least be rendered as pleasant as that of a 277 governess in wealthy families. The “status” accorded to the governess is not particularly satisfactory. Mr. Ruskin accuses English people of treating the lady to whom they intrust the moral and intellectual formation of their children's characters, with even less respect than they do their housekeeper who has charge of their jams and groceries; and consider they confer an honour on her by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room for an hour in the evening. My own indignation has been roused more than once on hearing a handsome, well-bred girl curtly described as “only the governess,” when I knew her society would have been courted by every one in the house, if she had possessed a good bank account!

I fail to see why women should be first taught to place an undue value upon social status and then asked to relinquish it, to take positions for which even muscles want a special training. I cannot admit that domestic service is a reasonable channel for the employment of educated ladies, although I consider that no honest work is as derogatory as idleness. The experiment of a rich and benevolent lady cannot create a market, nor found a new order of things in the social sphere. It is easy to talk vaguely about “the duties of a servant being no more *infra dig.* than those of a post-office clerk;” but the experience of every day shows us that strictly logical analogies will not always work practically. Who would not smile if the proposition were advanced of clergymen's and physician's sons going out as valets, footmen, and butlers? Classes and sexes must sink or swim together; that which is impossible for the man cannot be made available—speaking from the class point of view—for the woman.

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I have no patience with that miserable paltry pride which teaches women to despise all paid work; but I have considerable sympathy for those whose sense of the fitness of things is strong enough to induce them to wish their work to correspond in some degree with their education and social position.

The condition of domestic service in the United States certainly affords food for reflection. The true-born American looks down upon it as a species of servitude not to be endured, and it is consequently left to the Irish, Swiss, and coloured race. On the Pacific coast the Chinese are largely employed, and, when well trained, they are excellent servants. Wages are high, but, on the other hand, clothes are dear, so that many of the Irish chambermaids in the hotels told me they were unable to save much money. But they have far more liberty than English servants. In the west, when their work is done in the evening, they consider themselves quite at liberty to go out without “asking leave.” I was once accorded, as a special favour, an oyster supper in a country hotel, after the supper-room was closed. The landlady brought it to my room, and told me that even when they had sleighing parties,

and people came back for a repast after a moonlight drive, she was forced to prepare it herself, as the “helps” considered their work done, and they refused to be “put upon” by being required to serve guests after hours. The words “master and servant” are quite tabooed in the New World—“every man is as good as another, and a great deal better.” The difficulties often experienced by householders must have given rise to a skit I saw in a New York paper in the form of an advertisement:—

“A woman, living on Fifth Avenue, who can give good references 279 from the last lady who worked for her, wishes a situation as mistress over two young ladies. The advertiser has a husband and one child, but if the child is an objection, it will be sent out to board. The ladies who consent to enter into the alliance will have full management of the house. The advertiser will assist in the heavy work, such as wiping down the stairs and building fires. A gentleman of colour will be in attendance to wash door-steps, scrub stairs, clean knives and dishes, carry water, and run on errands. The young ladies will have Sundays and Saturday afternoons to themselves, and can use the back parlour for evening company during the week, provided the advertiser can use it in the morning. In case the young ladies desire to give a party, the advertiser, after giving up the keys of the wine-cellar and larder, will spend the night at the hotel. Presents will be exchanged on Christmas Day.

“Candidates will please send address to No.—, Lexington Avenue, when the advertiser will call on them with her recommendations and certificates of good character.”

The idea of household employment probably takes its rise in the old notion of “the home sphere” as alone suitable for “involuntary celibates,” and as long as the sound of the spinning-wheel was heard in every home there was of course profitable work for all the unmarried members of the family, who thus found shelter with their kith and kin, without the uncomfortable feeling that they were either useless burdens or idle drones. But when machinery carried off home employments into large centres of industry, a great change was effected in the position of women, and into the one means of support open to the

destitute gentlewoman—that of a governess—rushed all the fortuneless daughters of clergymen, merchants, doctors, military and naval men, as the only channel of which their social prejudices admitted, or in which their utter incapacity gave them any chance of success. For years I had an office in London which brought me into communication with ladies of this description, and I seldom received applicants for remunerative employment without 280 hearing their apologies “for being compel]ed to teach,” in consequence of a bank failure, a father's death, or some unexpected circumstance; while some did not hesitate to tell me that “they hated teaching,” but preferred to become governesses rather than lose status by taking part in some industrial pursuit. Sometimes ladies would beg to be allowed to work under an assumed name, and undergo any privation in order “to keep up appearaces.” Such a bugbear was this “status,” that I remember hearing a paper read at the Social Science Congress in Dublin, which suggested that “ladies should be paid privately in such a way as not to wound their sensibilities;” as if that which is a source of honest pride in a man would involve degradation for a woman, as if it were less dignified to receive the fairly earned wages of industry than the bounty of friends and relatives!

When I first urged the necessity of a wider arena of employment, and a more definite training to qualify women for work, I was often struck with a strange inconsistency on the part of my own friends as well as the general public. While they did not scruple to express their prejudice against “the movement,” they showed no reluctance to apply to me for help when some sudden misfortune had thrown a family connection penniless upon the world. I had serious thoughts once of starting a Black Book for my own edification, in which I proposed to enter the names of persons who deplored the fact that I was “aiding a movement to take women out of their spheres,” but yet eagerly sought to appropriate for individuals in whom they had a personal interest, the openings made by the very work they not only refused to help, but positively hindered by a general harassing opposition. 281 Very strange, too, were some of the appeals for help and offers of employment. It may interest both my American and English readers to have the following specimens from my note-book of applicants:—

“I am the daughter of a Commander in the navy, and have now lost both my parents. I am totally unprovided for, and have been trying in vain for a situation as companion.”

“My father was a clergyman in a small parish in—, and I am now penniless and homeless, with my mother a confirmed invalid;—, and if you will only give me work to do by which I can support her, you will confer a blessing on me.”

“I am the youngest of three sisters, and we have lost everything we possessed by the failure of—Bank; I am thirty years of age, and will gladly take any work you can suggest.”

“I never expected to have to seek remunerative employment. My father was a clergyman. I have plenty of energy, and would work from morning till night, but I cannot find anything to do.”

“I have not tasted food since yesterday. If I come to you will you give me work to do? I used to help my father with his law papers. I am in utter despair; I have tried everywhere for employment, and have sold my clothes meanwhile for bread. My only brother is in New Zealand. He cannot afford to pay my passage out, as he has a large family. I wish I had been trained while young to some useful work.”

A kind but short-sighted policy on the part of their parents and guardians had kept them from remunerative employment in the futile hope they would marry and never need it. Such people sink into recipients of charity, and if the girls of the next generation are to be saved from the evils the present are enduring they must be educated to adapt themselves to life under its altered conditions. Parents must not ignore the contingencies which await their daughters, and must send them forth into the battle of life fully armed and equipped for the fray. A considerable change will take place when this is done, in the kind of employment offered 282 to ladies. In answer to an appeal I made for some who were really too infirm or ill to face the difficulty of beginning so late in life to work for their own bread, I received some letters, from which I extract the proposals which were to be placed

before the candidates. I may here observe that one year I analysed 150 cases of ladies brought up in comfort, and some in positive luxury, but who were unexpectedly thrown upon their own resources. Sixteen had incomes of from £10 to £18 a year, twenty-nine from £5 to £10, and the rest absolutely nothing. One hundred and three of the applicants were over forty years of age.

“A gentleman would like a lady as housekeeper to take sole charge of his house, and do the whole of the duties, washing included, with the exception of his best shirts. A widow aged thirty-five preferred. Salary to commence at £10 per annum.”

“A lady-cashier required in a ready-money business, as the writer had found from experience ‘common people could not be trusted.’ Hours from nine to nine o'clock, and no salary offered.”

“An active, clever lady could be given the practical work of a large boarding-house. A cheerful home offered as compensation.”

“A lady would be glad to meet with a respectable widow, having an income of £20 a year, who would, for lodging, firing, candles, vegetables, and milk, reside in her cottage, and render her the daily little services she would require. A charwoman had occasionally if necessary. There are five rooms, kitchen, scullery, etc. Very near the church, where the gospel in its fulness is preached. There are three services on the Sabbath, one on Wednesday evening. Holy Communion is administered every fortnight, alternately morning and evening. A cheerful, contented, plain dressing Christian would be valued, and would find a comfortable home.”

These are specimens of some of the unique positions I was to offer ladies reared in luxurious helplessness, when sickness and sorrow had overtaken them in middle life

It still requires the publication of the figures of the census to induce some people to realise that a great disparity exists 283 between the sexes numerically, in spite of the fact that

more boys than girls are born on an average every year. The census of 1881 showed 188,954 more women than men aged twenty, 116,502 more aged thirty, and this inequality continues up to the age of fifty-three, when the men numerically exceed the women. During what may be termed the marriageable age, our army, navy, and colonies take an immense proportion of our men out of the country, leaving a large number of women at home, who cannot by any possibility find husbands to maintain them. For this difficulty there is no remedy except in allowing women the means of earning their own livelihood, and giving them an education which will enable them to break through the artificial barriers imposed by habit and convention.

The innate preference for “home employment” has led to the establishment of “ladies' work societies in England,” and their equivalent “The Woman's Exchange” in America; from what I could gather, the one is as ineffectual as the other, though they are both honest and, in a measure, praiseworthy efforts, and by no means as utterly untrustworthy as the delusive but alluring advertisements which offer “remunerative employment to ladies at home on the payment of a small fee for instruction.”

The articles sent to such associations consist chiefly of things people seldom buy, but make for themselves when needed—d'oyleys, antimacassars, illuminated texts, pincushions, slippers, etc. The work is too often inferior, and generally too highly priced. No organisation however perfect can force the public to buy it, people readily express a sympathy for “destitute ladies,” but they are wonderfully critical over their efforts to support themselves. Visitors 284 naturally examine the goods, and if they are not purchased in a very short time they look crushed and dirty. Dust pays no more regard to a lady's work than to the ordinary trader's wares, and “wear and tear” is a matter beyond the control of the most careful Secretary and Committee that ever existed. “Damaged goods” form a heavy yearly item in the trader's account, but inexperienced ladies are totally unprepared for disappointments which await every business effort. Until such agencies can be established for the manufacture and disposal of what the market at the moment really requires—not merely to get rid of what ladies like to make—I cannot but regard them

as Quixotic attempts to achieve the impossible; and they are also mischievous, inasmuch as they foster the notion of home work, which after many years of practical work in various directions, I do not hesitate to describe as delusive, unless indeed a woman has some special gift. Artists and authors are the only people who can earn an income under such conditions, but a widespread ignorance as to the true nature of remunerative occupation leads women still to suppose that societies can be created to furnish them with “home employments.” I speak from experience, having made a practical attempt myself in 1870 in this direction under the best auspices; the Princess of Wales and many other ladies tried by kind and liberal patronage to render it successful, but the effort had to be abandoned.

“Copying legal documents” was also undertaken in the same manner; but the work of this busy world cannot be stopped for the sake of helping ladies to earn an income “at home.” The lawyer is forced to have his papers copied not only with accuracy but despatch, in an office where several writers are ready to take up separate portions at the same 285 time, and a few hours' work thus distributed completes the whole. A society wishes to have 10,000 envelopes directed, or 20,000 petition-headings written, but it is impossible to scatter them in a hundred homes. Such work is most appropriate, for ladies, but it must be done in offices properly organised for its execution. A visit to the Prudential Assurance Office on Ludgate Hill, where ladies are employed filling, up policy forms, or to any well-managed law-copying office, will be sufficient to show what women can do if they undertake work on the usual business principles. Hundreds of ladies apply for work as translators; they know sufficient French, German, or Italian, to translate with tolerable accuracy, and hope it can be turned to pecuniary account. There is such work in the market; but those who know anything of this painful problem, and are aware of the vast number of ladies depending on it, realise that too many of them will seek it in vain. Disappointment cannot fail to overtake those who build on these foundations. A blow has to be aimed at the false pride which induces many women still to crave payment for work done “privately.” What should we think of a gentleman seeking remuneration *sub rosa!* And yet these societies too often pander to this feeling, by allowing members to be

known by numbers, and promising “never to disclose their names.” But public opinion is to be blamed for this far more than the destitute ladies, who have never been placed by their parents in an independent honourable position. If women will fit themselves to act as foreign correspondents in houses of business, there is work opening out to them in both countries. If they make themselves thoroughly acquainted with book-keeping, positions of trust and responsibility will not remain closed to them. If they learn shorthand, 286 engrossing, and type-writing, there are clerkships to be had at the present moment. But they must learn to recognise the fact that home work is amateur work; persons who endeavour to secure it will always find it uncertain and ill-paid, and those who venture to give it will seldom obtain good, execution or necessary despatch.

Women forced to earn their own livelihood must be taught that remunerative occupations can only be undertaken under certain conditions. All work requires an apprenticeship, and those who wait till the hour of need really comes will probably discover that they have lost the strength of body and the elasticity of mind to encounter difficulties which could have been faced in youth with every chance of success. Surely it is time for us all to help in breaking down the false notions by which women are still hampered—to testify against the indolence which is not only regarded as a permissible foible, but as feminine and refined —and thus to help women to exchange a condition of labour without profit, and leisure without ease, for a life of wholesome activity and the repose which comes after fruitful toil.

Any one who opens out a new remunerative employment for ladies deserves indeed the gratitude of her sex, for in every grade of society on both sides of the Atlantic, women are now exclaiming—

“What is it that I can turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.”

In having set countless fair fingers to work in glass-painting, Mrs. M'Clelland—whose productions may be seen both at 102 New Bond Street, and at Macqueen's, 265

Broadway, in New York—may perhaps be said rather to have revived an old art than to have discovered a new one. But, as far 287 as the ladies are concerned, the result is the same; and although it may be true that there is “nothing new under the sun,” she has certainly contrived to apply the old art in a very charming manner to an infinite variety of novel nineteenth century devices. Not only are young artists busily at work in her studios from morn to dewy eve, but others are sent out to decorate the homes of those who care to be surrounded by pleasant artistic things for the eye to light on continually. Lovely flowers, butterflies and birds, are painted on door panels, over mantels and mirrors; water scenes, with reeds and rushes, storks and kingfishers; and—happiest conceit of all—placid pools with exquisite water lilies and banks of ferns, flowering thyme and fragrant meadow-sweet. The painting is applied to an infinite variety of objects, from summer fire-screens to pipe-racks—the latter in the form of a dog-kennel, out-of which peeps such a pugnacious little Skye terrier that one almost expects to be greeted with a familiar sharp bark on venturing to approach it. Mirror-painting is as durable as it is delicate and transparent, and it promises to afford employment in many directions when entered upon in a proper business spirit. But there is no chance for ladies who do not put brain and heart into their work, and no permanent pay except for the most thoroughly-finished performance.

The art of illuminating has its votaries in America, but I saw nothing there which could be compared either in beauty of design or finish of execution with the “Te Deum Laudamus,” illuminated by Mrs. Fleet, dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty, and published in London in 1868. The manuscripts of the middle ages afford the modern student who is able to reach them, inexhaustible mines of 288 wealth, both as regards symbolism and colour, and a serious study of European and Oriental designs would lead to a profitable renewal of an exquisite art, which the Reformation stamped out as Popish and superstitious.

“I worked with patience, which means almost. power,” wrote Mrs. Barrett Browning. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell his pupils that “labour is the price of solid fame;” and

women who enter artistic careers have to be constantly reminded of this. The manager of the Technical Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, in speaking of the ladies who have availed themselves of the instruction afforded there, complains that they are “in too great a hurry to make money; they expected to be coached at once into a state of affluent remuneration. Anybody can easily learn a smattering of anything, but there is no royal road to thorough knowledge. To design well, to execute art-work that is artistic, a protracted drill in elementary principles—particularly in the principles of drawing—is indispensable. As soon as we began to teach them drawing, they were impatient to get into colouring. As soon as we began to show them how to make money, they were so eager to be malting it as to spurn the necessary pre-requisites thereto. This has been our difficulty, and it is one that cannot be overcome until young women who aspire to support themselves by art, consent to make themselves at least respectable draughtsmen.” All this trouble may be traced to the fact that too many women only begin to learn when they require money to live on; practical training has too often been withheld till they have reached the stage when they ought to be reaping the results of past toil, instead of beginning to build up a future!

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The Free Art School for Women at the Cooper Institute is always crowded. Hundreds have to thank that public-spirited citizen, Peter Cooper, for the instruction they have obtained through his generous munificence. Every year girls leave that Institute who are able to make from 400 to 1200 dollars a year by art work. One graduate is now earning as much as 2000 dollars as a teacher of drawing in a public school.

There is a great demand in America for “crayon photography,” by which hundreds of girls receive from 25 to 100 dollars for every crayon produced. People who possess faded unsatisfactory daguerreotypes of relatives long, since dead, are glad to have them taken to a solar-printshop to be enlarged and worked over with crayons, pastels, charcoal, or Indian ink, till pleasant portraits are obtained. A good crayon artist can draw directly from the photograph without using the solar-print at all, and thus lifts herself into a higher

artistic rank, and her work becomes eligible for admission into the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design.

No American lady has yet obtained any distinction as a photographist. In our own country the greatest triumph in this direction was won by an amateur, the late Mrs. Cameron, who exhibited her pictures season after season in Colnaghi's gallery. Those who had the good fortune to be admitted into the charmed circle of her family in her pleasant house in the Isle of Wight, will not easily forget her enthusiasm for her art, or the characteristic energy with which she worked at all the details of chemical manipulation with her own hands. Women who have sought employment in this direction have hitherto been content in T 290 both countries with quite the subordinate parts of the business, acting as photographic assistants, printing—that is, preparing—the paper, and producing on it the print from the negative, pasting the photograph when dry on cardboard, and painting out the white spots and marks. The colouring of photographs already affords a vast scope for woman's skill, but the higher branch would open out a legitimate field for female skill and talent.

Specimen-mounting has been undertaken with profit by several ladies. The microscope and chemicals needed cost about £112, and there is a demand for high-class botanical, anatomical, and pathological specimens. The bulk of the specimens used in England by the medical profession are prepared on the Continent; and Dr. Frances Hoggan, who speaks with authority on this matter, has assured me that money can be earned in this way by ladies who are willing to keep up with the latest improvements, and who do not take up the work in a dilettante spirit. The same may be said about etching. The tools and plates are all the expense incurred, together with instruction from a first-rate engraver; and few art occupations take up less room, or make less mess, except during the biting and the cleansing process.

China-painting has been as great a craze across the Atlantic as here; there is scarcely a city where a clever teacher cannot secure pupils and sell vases, bowls, and plaques. I heard of one clever young woman at Denver who resolved to make her living in this

manner, and, undaunted by the fact that the nearest kiln for firing her china was a thousand miles away, started a private kiln of her own and baked her own wares. I saw some of the 291 work turned out by the Chicago Pottery Club, showing skill, taste, and great originality of design.

In Philadelphia I found that the most flourishing School of Design, started by the wife of the British Consul, received a great impetus at the time of the Centennial Exposition; it teaches architecture, engraving, and lithography as well as designing, and its graduates are scattered far and wide as art teachers. The palm in wood-carving must be given to Cincinnati. Some of the pupils there have also obtained creditable distinction for fresco-painting, and perhaps there is no institution of the kind so successful as the famous Rockwood Pottery under the management of Mrs. Nichols, to which I have already alluded.

The demand for designs is as great as it is various. Cabinetmakers, manufacturers, silversmiths are all anxious to obtain “a novelty,” that great business factor in this world of change upon change. I have already touched upon the recent success of American silk-weavers; ladies find remunerative employment in furnishing appropriate designs for the native products, which now hold their own with imported goods. Miss Ida Clerk lately designed for a manufacturer of woven stuff the hangings for a palace car which had for its pattern a peal of bells, scattered as if driven by the prairie winds, with a border of coupled car wheels and drifted smoke between.

Wall papers have been also designed by women. Mr. Montagu Marks told me that the first three prizes of a thousand dollars each, at a recent competition, were all carried off by lady artists.

Massachusetts undoubtedly led the way in promoting art education. There is an excellent Free School of Industrial 292 Design at Lowell in connection with the Boston Institute of Technology, and a splendid school of fine arts has been added to the Boston

Conservatory of Music. I may also mention here that the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union has for six years rendered great assistance to Boston women of another grade; it has eleven district departments, and about a thousand members.

The New York Decorative Art Society is managed much on the same principle as “The Woman's Exchange,” and has four thousand members, who derive an income from the sale of art work and countless kindred societies have sprung up all over America. It follows as far as possible in the steps of our Kensington School of Art. Latterly very great attention has been paid to ribbon and velvet embroideries. The pupils taught by the society have spread abroad the love of decoration, and this is very far from being limited to needlework, or to ornamentation in silks and velvet. Painting upon materials of various kinds is perhaps still more largely in demand. China and tile painting, painting upon silk, satin, tapestry, and upon Lincrusta Walton are all undertaken, specially beautiful results having recently been produced in tapestry painting. Messrs. Bragden and Fenetti have introduced lustra-painting, a new invention susceptible of ornamentation, which takes the place of expensive embroidery, and can be applied to every fabric from linen to velvet—for curtains, screens, portieres, and ball dresses. Their art gallery in Union Square well repays a visit, and numbers of ladies are earning money throughout the country who have obtained instruction there.

At present we take the lead at home in the development of engineer and architectural tracing as an employment for 293 women. I have alluded to this before, but wish to record here a delightful visit recently paid to the Leven Shipyard at Dumbarton, where Mr. Denny employs, in connection with shipbuilding, about a hundred Scotch girls as tracers and drawers and decorators, and some were busy in water-colour and tile-painting. No men have been ousted by them; the appointments are made by competition papers and examinations, and the girls themselves are mostly drawn from the families of those who are at work in other departments for the same firm.

A distinguished English architect suggests that he can see nothing to prevent ladies from entering his own profession if they have the power of design. “We want,” he says, “refinement, delicacy, great sense of fitness, the sense of the beautiful, imagination, and sufficient mental activity to be able to picture in the mind's eye the result of given proportions and combinations of the three elementary figures, the circle, square, and triangle. Accuracy is necessary and repose is desirable. An impulsive, gay, free-as-air sort of girl, is not the stuff for an architect, but for the right kind of women there is a wide field of usefulness in architecture, including furniture and decoration.”

Of course, in the higher branches of art, the names of women who have achieved success are known to the whole world. In England, from Mr. Ruskin downwards we recognise that in Mrs. Nimmo Morant, New York possesses the best woman etcher of the day. We pride ourselves on the battle pieces of Elizabeth Thomson Butler, France boasts of her celebrated animal painter Rosa Bonheur, and America claims the honour of having given birth to the greatest woman sculptor of our times—Harriet Hosmer. I met in 294 New York a clever sculptor, in whose veins runs the blood of two down-trodden races. Miss Edmonia Lewis was the daughter of a negro and a Chippeway Indian, and she lived with her mother till she was twelve years old, helping to make moccasins for the tribe. She afterwards obtained a common school education, and while in Boston was so riveted by the Franklin statue, that she began to wonder if she could ever “make images like that.” A friend sent her to Brackett, who set her to work on a plaster cast. The money she earned was carefully hoarded till it enabled her to go to Rome, where she made good use of her opportunities, and produced a charming piece of work “Hiawatha's Marriage,” now in the possession of Mrs. Bullard, at whose house I made the sculptor's acquaintance. Some of her statues have found their way here. Lord Bute purchased, for £500, a beautiful representation of the “Madonna and Child.”

Some people maintain that “women ought to reign supreme in the kingdom of art.” Considering the difficulties by which the sex is surrounded, I think they have already taken

a proud place. George Eliot and Elizabeth Browning rank among our foremost writers; by the side of Joachim we find Mme. Norman Neruda, Mme. Schumann. Arabella Goddard and Miss Zimmermann can hold their own with Rubinstein and Halle; if Italy has produced a Salvini, she has also given us a Ristori, and indeed, in histrionic art, women have won equal, if not superior triumphs to men. Take the dramatic representatives of the English and American stage of to-day. Shall a lower place be assigned to Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry, or Mrs. Bancroft than is accorded to Irving, Wilson Barrett, or Charles Wyndham? and are not Genevieve Ward, Clara 295 Morris, and Mary Anderson the worthy peers of Edwin Booth, Laurence Barrett, and that prince of comedians Jefferson? When we come to the operatic world, it must certainly be admitted that Albani, Trebelli, Patti, and Nilsson stand far above any male singer that can be named.

As dramatic reciters ladies may also be found in the front rank. Mrs. Scott Siddons has achieved a world-wide popularity as a reader; few can rival the picturesque and graceful tenderness of attitude and expression of Elia Dietz. Sarah Cowell—now the best drawing-room reciter in America—obtained a quick and brilliant success in the highest London circles this season, winning the ear and admiration of royalty itself.

America has also been a great field for lady lecturers. Mrs. Livermore takes the lead in this direction at the present time; she travels more than 25,000 miles every winter to fulfil her engagements, and has eloquently pleaded the woman's cause, and been instrumental in removing many of the grievous disabilities from which her sex has suffered.

The position of lady doctors in America has been spoken of elsewhere, but I may mention that many women there, as in England, find employment in pharmacy. The fingers which handle so deftly the keyboard of a pianoforte may safely be trusted with a pair of scales, or allowed to stir solutions with a glass rod. The sex which gives us the best sick-nurses can assuredly learn the chemical operations of the laboratory; and the higher education now within the reach of women enables those who aspire to dispense medicine to pass the necessary examination in pharmacy, materia medica, botany, and chemistry. One

American has greatly distinguished herself as an analyst. Professor Nichols in 296 his examination of the rivers in Massachusetts for the State Board of Health, found her work of so much assistance that he publicly expressed his confidence that analytical chemistry would afford an available field for female talent and industry.

Ladies engaged in literature and art have always been welcomed by what is termed “the best society,” and class distinctions and social prejudices have never hampered American workers as hitherto they have English women. But even in the old world we are now beginning to respect those who have entered industrial occupations. Of late years business men have been drawn from families celebrated for blue blood and noble lineage, the sons of noblemen have become tea merchants, brewers, and stockbrokers, Peers of the realm have gone into the coal trade, and the Premier Earl of England has started as a cab proprietor with such definite views as to the best manner of carrying on his business that he sold eighty-five of his cab horses at auction the other day, as he intends annually to replenish his stock. A few ladies of rank have also ventured on similar careers. The Hon. Mrs. Maberley some time ago started an extensive dairy, which supplied the west end of London with milk and butter. When the carts bearing her name in full were first seen in fashionable quarters they created no little remark, but people soon grew accustomed to the innovation. Mrs. Maberley was simply untiring in the personal supervision of her business up to the very day of her fatal illness. Some friends of mine once had occasion to question an item in what housekeepers call “the milk-man's book.” Mrs. Maberley called herself to set the matter right. She was not content to do the work by deputy, no paltry pride 297 or feeling of caste withheld her from doing her duty as the head of her business, and personally calling on her customers to give the necessary explanation.

Several ladies have started as house decorators, having served a proper apprenticeship in business firms in order to learn their trade. They supply furniture and upholstery as well as wall decorations, mount scaffolds to paint ceilings when the nature of their work requires it, and are as successful as their masculine competitors. Mrs. Hartley Brown and Miss Townshend, soon after entering into partnership, were appropriately employed in

decorating Merton College, and devised with much success some new stuffs for the chairs and sofas for the use of the Cambridge girl graduates. Some experienced ladies are about to establish a commission agency in London; they will undertake to purchase goods for persons residing in the provinces, colonies, and America. Practical work of this nature is worth a hundred lectures and essays, and every woman who succeeds is a beacon light to her struggling sisters.

CHAPTER XIX.

A woman switchman—Laundry work—A steamboat captain—Mrs. Maxwell of Colorado—Inconsistencies—Book agents—Stockbrokers—Copyists—Librarians—Incomes earned by shorthand writers—Employment afforded by the type-writer, the telegraph, and the telephone—The manicure—American disapproval of women as barmaids—The force of habit—Objections raised at first against women hair-dressers—Factory life—American and English operatives contrasted—Miss Jennie Collins of Boston—Various industries—Tobacco factories—Ladies on school boards and as poor-law guardians—The condition of the needlewomen in New York—The late Leonard Montefiore—Hamilton and Co.'s co-operative shirtmaking—Watch-making in the United States—A visit to the National Elgin Watch Factory—Waltham factory.

“ A woman switchman ” certainly sounds extraordinary, but one who appears quite contented with her lot has been employed in that way for many years at the railroad junction at Macon, Ga., and has never been known to misplace a switch. When asked how she liked the work, which occupies her from 6 A.M. to 6 at night, she replied, “Far better than the wash-tub. I am never sick, and I know when my work is done.” Perhaps there is a general dislike to “the wash-tub” in America; anyhow the heads of the laundries are invariably men, and a great deal of money is made, as machinery is far more generally used than in England, but which, with the preparations used in washing, often play sad havoc with the clothes.

A steamboat captain seems an equally singular employment for a woman to adopt, but Mrs. Mary S. Miller has received 299 a licence from the New Orleans Board of United States Inspectors of Steam Vessels to run the Mississippi steamboat *Saline* , together with permission to navigate on the Red, Ouachita, and other Western rivers. She holds that a woman can manage a boat as well as a sewing machine, and having passed her examination and proved her capacity, the inspectors were bound to grant her certificate, for they had submitted Mrs. Miller's application to the Secretary of the Navy, being at a loss to know what to do in such an unprecedented case. That official gallantly replied, “if she demonstrated her competence for the position the licence was to be granted.” Mrs. Miller is accordingly now in full exercise of a calling which demands exceptional energy, nerve, and discretion. Every one acquainted with Mississippi steamboat navigation will indorse the opinion expressed by an official, that “no business pursuit compels more contact with “the rough and tumble” of life than this; but Mrs. Miller of Louisiana feels equal to the task, having come, as she describes it, of “a steamboat family.” But when it is borne in mind that 30,000 women are employed in England in driving and steering canal boats, Mrs. Miller's new departure is perhaps not as strange as it at first appears. For many years we had in London a woman teacher of navigation. The late Mrs. Janet Taylor was well known to our mercantile marine. She received the recognition of the Board of Admiralty and the Trinity Brethren, and medals from foreign powers for her improvements in nautical instruments. As a mathematician of the first class she deserves to be remembered with Mrs. Somerville. Her logarithmic tables were acknowledged to be correct and complete in no ordinary degree, and her occupation was to prepare young men for the sea.

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Mrs. Maxwell of Colorado struck out in a novel direction; by her own personal efforts she collected a vast number of birds and animals, which she shot, and afterwards skinned and stuffed for sale. Bears, antelopes, and elks from the Rocky Mountains, prairie dogs, squirrels and beavers which fell a prey to her gun, and all sorts of birds, have been thus utilised for business purposes.

Mrs. Maxwell's pursuit will probably be condemned by some people as “most unfeminine,” but what is the difference between a woman doing certain things for nothing and doing them for money, that makes the first proper and the second unwomanly? Many a girl, without actually carrying a gun, follows her brother and his friends grouse-shooting, tramps over rough moors, and assists the sportsman in a hundred ways, and admiring friends exclaim, “A good healthy exercise—she is a sensible girl;” another is applauded for a glowing account of a capital day's salmon-fishing. Another presides at pigeon-matches, and sees a *battue* in which defenceless birds are simply butchered, and it is called an exciting pastime. Ladies have been known to break in their own horses, to ride after hounds, to leap five-barred gates, hunt helpless foxes; if “in at the death” they receive the homage of the field and perhaps “the brush.” But when the other side of the picture is turned, very different sentiments are expressed. The lady who becomes a riding mistress and “breaks in” horses, for her living, has chosen a most unfeminine career. The woman-farmer in the colonies, who fetches in her own cattle and keeps her “hands” in order, must be “half a man.” The very ladies who take part in theatricals “for charities” are shocked at the boldness of a lady lecturer, who can face an audience and take a fee like 301 Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, or any other gentleman who undertakes to speak on subjects with which he is familiar. We see everything from our own “point of view.” Five years ago I even heard an actress exclaim at the notion of a woman lecturing in public. “I should die of fright if I attempted it,” was the remark of the best-known artist on the London stage, who has appeared behind the footlights nightly ever since she was a mere child. At a recent “tea” given for the benefit of “the ladies of the ballet” a discussion arose about tricycles. A member of the corps de ballet expressed her disapproval of their use as “indecorous,” inasmuch as a lady would “show so much of her legs.” Her own nightly performances in scanty garments had evidently never struck her in the same light!

Many women are employed throughout the States as book agents. The manager of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. told me of a school-teacher who had adopted this mode of living and started out to obtain subscribers for the *American Encyclopædia* . She

has never netted less than five thousand dollars a year, and only works for eight or nine months, and travels in a carriage from door to door with introductions from previous customers. Messrs. Appleton, by whom she is employed, consider her one of their best canvassers, as she is not only successful in her work, but particularly methodical in her accounts. At Baltimore two sisters have become most successful newspaper canvassers. Women who understand what they sell, and are not only simply looking to the immediate commission, find a line of great activity open to them in this direction.

Some American ladies have become stock-brokers, but their record has not been altogether satisfactory. A very 302 serious complaint was being raised when I left America about the head of The Ladies' Investment Bureau. Girls are employed in the Boston Title Company in copying deeds, and in a similar way at Baltimore and elsewhere. Numbers throughout the country are engaged as librarians. At Harvard girls commence at a salary of £100 a year and rise to £200. In a library in Chicago where twenty-six people are employed, I found the chief officer was a lady. Shorthand enables many to make a good living, especially in connection with Remington's and the Hall type-writer, which are found invaluable to stenographers. I visited several offices started by lady-stenographers where from six to a dozen girls were busily employed copying legal documents and authors' manuscripts by means of these marvellous machines; girls quickly learn to use the type-writer, and seem quite to enjoy manipulating the keys. A few months' practice enables them to write with it three times as fast as with a pen, and with perfect neatness and accuracy; it is probable an effort will shortly be made in London to open a well-appointed office for the employment of women in this direction. A shorthand writer at Utica is said to earn £1600 a year, another at Rochester £1000, and a Mrs. Sarah Grasby travels through seventeen counties with the assize courts and earns £1800.

American shop girls are called sales-ladies; while the heads of departments are often very superior women, having been thoroughly well educated, I cannot say that I was favourably impressed with some who stand behind the counter. By way of proving their independence and equality, they continually carry on conversations with each other while attending to

their customers, and act as if they were 303 conferring a great favour in supplying the goods required. Excellent arrangements are made by the best establishments for the comfort of their employées, but the same trouble exists as at home, about the absence of seats for proper rest during the long hours the girls are obliged to work. American shopping is on an unsatisfactory basis, and certainly taxes the patience of a Londoner to the utmost. Ladies seem to make a daily practice of visiting the “stores,” as shops are called, to inspect the goods, without the remotest intention of buying anything at all; they are very much amused with the idea which prevails here, that we have no business to give a tradesman the trouble of showing his wares without making some corresponding purchase in return for his expenditure of time and trouble, and they undoubtedly excite a great deal of remark in English shops, where their home practice is neither understood nor appreciated.

The girls employed as telegraphists and telephonists have plenty to do in America. Here we have hitherto regarded the telephone as the rival to the telegraph, and a foolish restrictive policy for some time retarded the development of the most marvellous invention of the nineteenth century. In America they both run hand in hand, and the returns of each advanced half a million of dollars last year. The telephone is considered there an indispensable adjunct to all places of business, and is generally to be found in well-appointed private houses also; as Herbert Spencer remarked, “the extensive use of telephones in the United States is an indication of the intelligence of the people;” but, in spite of this, telegrams are sent much more freely than in England. Both these great adjuncts of civilisation afford a suitable employment for women; a 304 telephonist requires a clear voice and a good ear, and owing to the *timbre* of the ordinary female voice, girls are more adapted for the work than boys.

The manicure is as well known in the States as the chiropodist, and earns an excellent living by the novel employment of beautifying the finger-nails of American ladies; sometimes the manicure's own office is the scene of operation, but many customers require to be called on at their own houses once or twice a week; thither she repairs with

her various tools in the shape of scissors and file, with their accompanying powder, paste, chamois pad, and polisher.

The one employment from which Americans turn their faces in righteous horror is that of the barmaid. They consider it a degrading position, and cannot understand how English people reconcile with their professions of Christianity the barbarous practice of exposing women to the atmosphere of a liquor bar at a railway station, where they must often run the gauntlet of the insolent attentions of the “half-intoxicated masher,” endure vulgar familiarity, and overhear low conversation. It is indeed an objectionable occupation for women, though I have heard of barmaids who knew how to make even that office dignified and respectable.

People who strain out the gnat swallow the camel. When it was first proposed in London to employ women as hairdressers,1 it was regarded as an unfit occupation for women, “which would revolutionise the trade,” though it was only suggested that they should wait upon ladies. When the importance of placing women in positions of trust and

1 Mr. Douglas, of Old Bond Street, was the first in London to introduce women hairdressers. Mr. Truefitt followed; and now both here and in America women are very generally employed in this suitable occupation.

305 responsibility in our factories is urged, people still express a fear it will “unsex them,” quite oblivious of the fact that women and girls are already in the lower departments of labour under deplorable conditions. They are obliged to work in some cases in a half-naked condition to accommodate themselves to the high temperature. The refuse of cotton mills—the sweepings—full of dust and filth, which are bought up by certain dealers, are put through machinery in the process of cleaning. The women and girls employed have to work in such fearful clouds of dust, that they are forced to fill their mouths and nostrils with rags and cotton to avoid suffocation; and when they leave work, they are literally covered with a layer of greasy dirt and dust.

All who have studied the painful problem of women's work know that some of the hardest and worst-paid work in this weary world falls to their lot. There is a story told of a Massachusetts School Committee, who actually in their printed report, in allusion to a certain appointment, observed, “as this place offers neither honour nor profit, we do not see why it should not be filled by a woman.”

Of course there are factories and factories in both countries, and many afford pleasant wholesome occupation. We have seen some “mill hands” starting for a day's holiday in the green fields of England, looking as intelligent and as neatly attired as any women in their own station of life. Lowell and Lawrence and their operatives have a world-wide fame. It would be hard to find a more prosperous, happy, and respectable set of people anywhere.

No one could desire to see women looking more healthy than the operatives in some of our factories in Manchester, Bradford, and Halifax. I shall long remember going through U 306 Messrs. Birchenough's silk-mills at Macclesfield. Certainly the occasion was an exceptional one. The eldest son had been married the day before, and the entire place had been decorated by the operatives to commemorate the event. The walls were adorned by appropriate mottoes, even unique representations of the bridal ceremony had been devised, and everything betokened the happy understanding existing there between labour and capital. It can no longer be said with justice, that while “we blanch cotton, strengthen steel, refine sugar, and shape pottery, it never enters into our estimate of advantages to lighten, to strengthen, and to rejoice a living spirit.” Both countries are now fully alive to the wisdom as well as the duty of developing our workers as human creatures, rather than as mechanical wealth producers, and of giving less time to labour, and more to education of head, heart, and hands, before the serious work of life begins.

Visitors to recent exhibitions have had opportunities of seeing women working at various machines, and can therefore judge in some measure without going over our factories of the effects of this labour on the physical condition of the workers. At the Crystal Palace I was watching, not very long since, some bright specimens of Lancashire operatives, who

were busily employed making that beautiful fabric, Nonpareil Velveteen, which even rivals the productions of the Lyons looms. Mrs. Livermore, in her excellent brochure, “What shall we do with our Daughters?” speaks of a woman engineer at the Philadelphia exposition, “a comely maiden with pleasant face, refined manners, and dainty dress, who, amid the heat, dust, smoke, and noise, preserved her neatness, and yet did all the work from starting the fire in the 307 morning to blowing off the steam at night. The girl herself said her labour was not so exhausting as taking charge of an ordinary cook-stove, while her pay was twelve dollars a week.”1

1 “What shall we do with our Daughters?” By Mary A. Livermore. Lee & Shepard, Boston; and Trübner & Co., London.

Miss Jennie Collins, who has done untold good among the working women of Boston, repudiates the assertion that there are any superfluous women in Massachusetts. She declares that there is not one woman who is not needed in that commonwealth.

“What the gold mines are to California and the rice swamps to Louisiana, the working women are to Massachusetts. What Italy is to the artist and Germany to the musician, Boston is to the gifted trades-woman. The variety of occupations, and the boundless enterprise of this city, presents a grand career to a capable young woman. A glance at the shop window will show they improve it; combining, as they do, the solidity of the English, fine taste of the French, and the economy of the American,—without the latter quality, no worker can be a success. Boston is like a niche that can take in a giant or a dwarf, so the very poorest come here as well as the best.”

With the view of testing the position of the Massachusetts factory operatives and shop girls, Miss Collins examined the State books, and found only one pauper in fifty belonged to either class.

I saw American women employed in all kinds of ways. In staining and enamelling glass, cutting ivory, pearl, and tortoise shell, as well as weaving carpets, working the looms for

furniture and carriage draperies; they are press feeders as well as type setters, they make and pack candles, and cut glue in sheets. The manufacture of umbrellas and parasols, and the hat trade, give employment to vast numbers. There are thousands of women tailors in New York, and in the button 308 trade the proportion of women to men is six to one; in fact, the openings in the lower departments of labour are too numerous to mention here. I found women employed in the tobacco factories, in “stemming” the weed, and preparing it for the market. Girls were packing chewing tobacco in tin-foil at the rate of thirteen gross a day, and judging from the extent to which this pernicious habit is practised in America, it must be still difficult to keep the supply in due proportion to the demand. I saw no factory better managed than Cope's famous tobacco works at Liverpool, where the arrangements made for the employées deserve the highest encomiums. The rooms are spacious, and the girls look very contented with the work of rolling up the leaves, the best workers making from ten to twelve hundred cigars a day.

At a recent Trade Union Congress at Manchester, the appointment of women as factory inspectors was urged. Many people resent the action of the Legislature in regard to the employment of women; as it sometimes inflicts a grievous wrong on women able and willing to work. Night-work, however light and suitable in its character, is interdicted; and in many cases where women were employed, the labour of men or machinery has been substituted, and women are thus deprived of occupations well suited to their strength and organisation.

Why the Factory and Workshop Act interferes with women who work for dressmakers and in factories, and yet leaves the shop girls free and unfettered as to the hours they serve, no one can say. Perhaps if ladies of experience and sound judgment were appointed like the late Mrs. Nassau Senior to look after the interests of their working sisters as factory inspectors, some light might be thrown upon the subject. 309 However, we are already moving in the right direction; women are not only elected on our School Boards, but this year there are thirty-six ladies serving as Poor Law guardians in England, eight in

Scotland, and ratepayers are evidently beginning to appreciate the advantages of having ladies to represent them.

“I doubt if anywhere on earth a more wretched poverty-stricken lot of women can be found than the shirtmakers in our large cities,” said a New York philanthropist to me one day; “they receive a miserable pittance for their toil.” Various efforts have been made to improve their condition, but no such success has been achieved as that accomplished in London by the enterprise of the two ladies who eight years ago opened an establishment under the name of “Hamilton & Co.,” to obviate the action of the“middle men,” well described as “sweaters.” My attention was first called to “co-operative shirtmaking” by Leonard Montefiore, a high-spirited, noble-hearted worker in social reform, whose memory is still cherished by many on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose early death, while he was visiting the United States, in order to see for himself what could be learnt from the political and social condition of the people, must ever be deplored. The world can ill afford to lose men of such deep thought and energetic action. The firm was then in its infancy, the partners working at a loss, but paying the employées in full; but after many a struggle, it succeeded in obtaining a secure commercial basis, outgrew the small premises it commenced in, and latterly has blossomed out into an extensive place in Regent Street, paying a dividend of 11 per cent. It has also become a genuine cooperative business, the old firm being submerged in a limited 310 company, one thousand £1 shares furnishing the increased capital necessary, of which not less than ten are allotted to any but the workpeople. Miss Hamilton and Miss Edith Simcox have done much to awaken the conscience of an English public to the consequences of “starvation wages;” a woman's love of “a bargain” has passed into a joke, but if ladies knew how these are obtained at the cheap outfitting establishments, they would surely shrink from advantages purchased at the cost of the very heart's blood of their fellow-creatures.

When I was leaving America at the conclusion of my first tour in 1873, during the luncheon given to me by the White Star Steamer Company, on board the *Oceanic* the day before I sailed, a representative of the Elgin Watch Factory presented me with a package

containing a handsome gold watch, on which my name was engraved, and the following unexpected letter:—

“Please accept this little time-keeper as a token of regard and good wishes from the women of the National Elgin Watch Factory. The hands of the many working women who have been busy in its fashioning are thus extended to you in sincerest appreciation of the work you are doing ‘in helping others to help themselves.’ May the future bring you again amongst your many American friends.”

The watch bearing this kind inscription has ever since been my constant companion, and I naturally resolved that if I ever re-visited America a journey to Elgin should form part of my programme.

On the 21st of March 1884 I was able to carry out this intention. Accompanied by some friends, and a member of the firm, I left Chicago by an early morning train, and spent a very pleasant day in going through that vast factory.

The introduction of the labour-saving contrivances by 311 which the watch trade was wrested from Switzerland and England is due to the promoters of the Waltham Company, who started in Massachusetts a factory which now employs about 2500 operatives, and turns out watches which not only command a great sale in America, but also in Europe. The success of this concern induced some Chicago capitalists to open a western factory at Elgin, and in a comparatively short time they were producing five hundred watches a day, which were sold as fast as they were produced.

The Elgin factory is built in the form of a block T. The wings stretch east, west, and south, and are each a hundred feet long. I confess I found the minute inspection of that great building about as hard a day's work as I could well accomplish. Passing from the room where the designers were busy in draughting machinery, we entered the machine shop, and from thence into the plate-room, where a number of women were at work at small lathes, some drilling the holes required in each plate, and others inserting the various

steady pins in the bars and bridges. The department in which the wheels and pinions are manufactured interested me the most. There the girls were turning and shaping the various pieces, others making “barrels”—the technical name for the mainspring boxes.

One set gives a rough shape to the barrel, the next cuts to size the rim on which the teeth are cut, the third “making place for the stop-work,” while others receive the barrels from “the tooth cutters,” and give them a final touch with a sapphire cutter. The making of pinions is a very interesting branch of the work to the visitor. A little piece of wire, after a move or two of the lathe, comes out beautifully pointed; the next lathe trims it to the required shape. “The 312 triumph of mechanism” is said to be reached in this series of automatic lathes. The operative places the work in the tool, and sets it running; and when the cut is made, she removes that piece and substitutes another with such rapidity that more than 2000 pieces are made in a day of about one two-hundredth of an inch diameter, a size which a hand watch-maker could not make without the aid of a strong glass. Other girls take blank wheels and place them in a stack under a bolt. A lever arm, which works a traversing bar, in which is a flying cutter, shaped like a tiny bird's claw, enables the operative to cut the necessary groove, another stack of blank wheels is advanced, and at last the whole circumference is filled with grooves, and you find twenty-five complete wheels with finished teeth; and each girl can make about 1500 in ten hours.

This work is then polished and finished by marvellous machines, which imitate perfectly the hand-worker's motions with accuracy and rapidity, and without ever making any mistakes. The manufacture of screws is an attractive branch of the work; 20,000 of the smaller ones only weigh one pound. In the escapement department we found girls cutting and polishing ruby, garnet, and chrysolite with absolute accuracy. In London it takes an apprentice seven years to learn what a girl machinist becomes a proficient in after the first twelvemonth's work. The shaping and polishing of the pallet stones require to be done with great precision, but the perfection of the Elgin machinery calls for nothing from the operative but a due appreciation of the finish necessary to the acting planes and angles of the stones. The girls are also employed in the steel work of the pallets, levers, and

rollers, and have lately been intrusted with some delicate details 313 of the work, which it was once thought would be beyond their capacity. They also fit dials and hands, match the wheels and pinions, get the watch ready for the gilder, make the hair-springs, put the trains into the movements, time the watches after they are set going, and, in fact, adjust the finished parts. In the painting of the dials the girls do not need a long apprenticeship, and are said to be able to equal masculine work both as regards rapidity and precision. The bookkeeping department is entirely confided to female hands and heads. They are earning good wages. The work-rooms are quiet, clean, and well ventilated, and a pretty apron covers the dress of the operatives, and gives them quite a pleasing appearance. About a hundred yards from the factory, a capital, well-organised hotel has been built for the benefit of the employées. The large dining-room is common property, but half the rest of the house is assigned to the men, and the women have their own separate parlour, and a matron who looks after their welfare generally. Here they can live in comfort for a very moderate expenditure, and are close to their work. At Waltham there is not only a large boarding-house attached to the factory, but many of the operatives have been able to build some neat residences of their own on the Company's land.

No cases are made at Elgin for the watches: that is regarded as a separate business; the movements are packed in little boxes, and thus purchased by the trade; but as they are numbered, he knows at once what case to order. One advantage of this practice is, that a poor man is able to purchase the best movements, and place them in a silver case; when he grows richer, he orders a good case, which he substitutes for the one which first did service. Americans are of 314 course able by their process to produce good watches at a cheaper rate than we can in England; for while it takes about seventy hours of skilled hand-labour to manufacture a watch here it can be produced there in thirty hours by girl operatives; and such is the exactitude of the machine-made watch, that any part to which an accident may happen while in use can be replaced. The dealer has only to send to the factory and purchase its duplicate, and the watch is as good as new. In England, the different parts of a watch are made by different persons living far apart, and are purchased

by the watchmakers and put together ready for purchase. In America the machines I have described manufacture every plate, wheel, pinion, and screw used, under the same roof. The Swiss, from the low price of labour, and the extensive employment of women and children, have always triumphed over all European competition in the matter of cheapness; and they have lately availed themselves to some extent of American machinery, by which it is said they are regaining some of the ground they lost when the Waltham and Elgin factories were first started. The American consul at Geneva recently reported to his government the result of a recent test of English, Swiss, and American watches, under circumstances which forbid any idea of fraud or error. “It was found,” he writes, “that the Swiss watches were superior to all others, and the English, in point of merit, came next. The Swiss watches were the cheapest as well as the best.” They have taken American machinery and supplemented it by a manual skill and system of technical training, which is said not to exist elsewhere. On the other hand, an English watchmaker, in a paper read before the London Horological Institute describing the results of a visit he had paid to the 315 watch factories in America, stated, “I felt at once that the manufacture of watches on the old plan was gone.” He considered that American enterprise had made an epoch in the trade, and beaten Europe in one of her oldest and most difficult productions. Certainly the national watch has a claim to be considered “as the true republican heirloom, a triumph of industry in an age of industry, a product of American enterprise, moderate in cost, and accessible to the body of the people.”

CHAPTER XX.

The American girl—Oscar Wilde's definition—A group at St. Louis—Girl graduates—Other types—The liberty accorded to girls—A collegiate's affronted dignity at the suggestion of a chaperon—English and French restrictions—America the paradise of married women—The deference paid by gentlemen to ladies—A report of a woman's meeting excites a “Tit-for-Tat” policy in a lady reporter—Changed spirit of the press—A skit on a woman's-right lecture contrasted with the dignified utterances of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stanton, and Mrs.

Livermore—Grace Greenwood on “sufferance”—Queen Victoria as a politician, wife, and mother—Mr. Woodall's Bill.

When Oscar Wilde returned from the United States he gave London the benefit of “his impressions,” in a lecture delivered at Prince's Hall, in which he described the American girl as “the most fascinating little despot in the world; an oasis of picturesque unreasonableness in a dreadful desert of common sense.”

Doubtless many maidens sat at the feet of the apostle of the sunflower, and yet subjected him to delightful tyrannies while pleading for “a smile of sad perfection” from the “purple-eyed poet.” The other day I read a description of the American girl, which called her “champagny—glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart; in a word, fizzy! She has not the dreamy, magical, murmury loveableness of the Italian, but there is a cosmopolitan combination which makes her a most attractive coquette; a sort of social catechism—full of answer and question.”

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There are, however, “girls and girls” in America as elsewhere, and perhaps more varieties than even England's representative æsthetic ever dreamt of can be found there. There are girls after the type of Miss Alcott's Joes and Dolly Wards, Bret Harte's Miggles and M'liss, and Mr. James's Daisy Miller. Indeed, I feel more and more bewildered as I try to think which should be taken as strictly typical—save the one

“So frankly free, So tender and so good to see, Because she is so sweet.”

In that connection my mind reverts to a bevy of fair girls in St. Louis, fresh from that characteristic American institution, “a young lady's lunch,” from which parents and guardians had been rigidly excluded. Twenty maidens—none of them “love sick,” like Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivans' damsels, if I could judge by their buoyant spirits and ringing laughter—who, unfettered by the restraining presence of any one whose age exceeded their number, had enjoyed a real “elegant time,” before they joined the pleasant circle

bidden to welcome me at Mrs. Pulsifer's. Visions then arise of girl graduates engrossed in struggles for academic honours, with definite plans of “a future career” well mapped up already; others flit before me who appeared only to live for dress and pleasure; whose chief anxiety was the preservation of delicate complexions by manifold artifices; whose meat and drink was the poisonous flattery always within the reach of the frivolous and the vain; whose most intellectual exercise was the discussion of dress trimmings with equally idle *blasé* female friends, and whose most serious pursuits were flirtations accompanied by a 318 thousand petty jealousies, mercenary matrimonial ambitions, and dime novel-reading. Then there are the girls who know everything, and talk on all subjects with equal volubility and incorrectness. I saw too the languid specimen, with pallid face and phantom delicacy of outline, who cannot “walk a block” or pass a day without the aid of a rocking-chair, and a softly-cushioned sofa, supplemented by an afternoon's repose in her own chamber. There is the strait-laced New England girl, and the wild but good-hearted Western product, endowed with a healthy frame and pulses which beat time to the music of nature, but full of wayward fancies, and given to the use of strange words and phrases. Her existence is one never-ending round of sensational and mental shocks, which keep her in a nervous quiver, and allow no time for any quality save that of energy to develop itself symmetrically. But it did not seem to me that American young ladies are by any means fashioned after the same pattern as certain novelists would have Europeans imagine; nor can they be simply summed up as independent, self-reliant, intelligent, frank, bright, generous, or impulsive beings, who can go anywhere or do anything.

An American girl is happily not yet hampered by the arbitrary red-tape regulation which weighs down the souls of some of her less fortunate European sisters. Pleasant social intercourse with other girls' brothers is not fenced in with French or even English rigorous restrictions. She may receive an “afternoon call” from a gentleman without having gone through, or even thought of, the formality of a definite engagement to marry him. He asks at the door for her—not for her mother or chaperon—and she proceeds 319 to the drawing-room for a *tête-à-tête* in the most natural matter-of-fact way possible. In some

circles she still goes out driving or sleighing, or even to the theatre, with the young men of her acquaintance, without getting herself “talked about,” or becoming the scandal of the neighbourhood as she would for similar freedoms in Great Britain.

But the well-bred American girl does not act in the outrageous fashion, or enjoy the wild liberty painted in highly-coloured pictures of life across the Atlantic. Gradually European etiquette has obtained a hold in the Great Republic, and in good society the girls of to-day do not go about with even the freedom they exhibited during my first visit ten years ago.

But I had a curious illustration of how such restrictions are sometimes regarded. A frank manly specimen of a New England College man, who was home for a week's vacation, asked his mother, in my presence, for the loan of her brougham, if a certain young lady accompanied him on the following night to the theatre. “I shall not take her,” he added with stern dignity, “if she has these new-fangled English notions of needing a chaperon.” His mother afterwards explained to me, that he still regarded the necessity of a chaperon as casting a direct suspicion on his behaviour, and resented it accordingly.

Although greater liberty than English girls possess is still accorded in certain American circles in the case of bachelor friends, a girl is not allowed by the unwritten law of society to go out alone with any married gentleman. While staying at the New York Hotel I was much amused at finding a girl, who had gone to the theatre a few nights previously with a young man to whom she had only been 320 introduced the day before, show considerable surprise, mixed with a little righteous indignation, when an Englishman she knew very well asked her to accompany him to Wallack's in the place of his wife, who had “seen the play and did not care to go.” To be escorted by a married man would be considered incorrect in New York, while the very reverse holds good with us in London; a married friend of the family, under such circumstances, might be admissible, but no English girl could go to a play alone with a bachelor, without affording food for unpleasant gossip, and outraging conventional propriety.

Miss Kate Field, who has spent a great deal of time in London, wrote during one of her first visits there a letter to the *New York Christian Union* , in which she said:—

“Unmarried women in Europe are suppressed to an intolerable extent. To me, they and their dreadful maids are the most forlorn as well as the absurdest of sights. German and English girls have often come to me complaining of their fate, saying that it was well-nigh maddening, and that they envied me my liberty. ‘But why not strike out for yourselves?’ I have asked. ‘It is all very well to say “strike out,” but suppose your parents won't let you? Or suppose, if they do, all your acquaintances talk about you and take away your character? What is there left but submission?’ What *can* one say in reply? I feel sorry for them, deplore with them and remain silent, for it takes more than ordinary courage to brave public opinion, however idiotic it may be, and from ordinary persons you cannot expect extraordinary deeds. . . . But the absurdity of the whole thing is, that the morals of these people are so elastic as to rather like in strangers what they condemn in their own young women! To receive, to entertain, seems to them *comme il faut* in me. They come—men and women—quickly enough when they are asked, and exclaim ‘How nice!’ Young men say, ‘Why cannot there be the same freedom and friendliness of intercourse between unmarried Englishmen and women here as in America? You cannot imagine how refreshing it is to enjoy a woman's acquaintance without fear and without reproach. The repression system renders English girls, if not stupid, at least self-conscious and uninteresting, and they are simply intolerable as 321 companions until after marriage, when, if there be anything clever in them, an assured position and contact with the world brings it out. This is what liberal Englishmen say because they are Anglo-Saxon, and believe in women. Of course Continental men think the freedom of American women either immoral or indelicate. . . . I do not think that American men are naturally better than other men. They happen to be born in a more enlightened hemisphere, and are surrounded by purer influences, that is all. While the learned professors of Harvard University are shaking their wise heads and predicting all sorts of horrible results from the association of the sexes; Oberlin and Antioch Colleges in Ohio, and Michigan University demonstrate, by

practical experience, how utterly foolish are these mediæval nightmares. What Cambridge is to the West, Europe is to Cambridge. The East seems to be a synonym for whatever is retrograde. Wyoming Territory sets an example to States founded before it was dreamed of."

Certainly, outside the fast set in the cities, I believe there is no country which holds woman's honour more sacred than America. A girl's reputation is neither a matter to be talked about, nor guarded day by day by watchful mothers and chaperons. The happy medium course, in this as in most things, is what is required, and this, perhaps neither country has as yet achieved. Prudish barriers lead to much misunderstanding in the one case, and in the other there is a freedom which can easily be distorted into licence.

It seemed to me that American girls were more sprightly and far cleverer than boys of their own age, and many of them managed to take the lead without being pert, fast, or unfeminine; while wandering where their fancy took them, in a manner which would make every separate hair on the head of the conventional English mother stand on end, they evinced a dignity and self-respect which surrounded them with a protection far more valuable than any which could be extended by parents and guardians. X

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I wonder what American girls would think of the woes just confided to me by a young English friend I chanced to meet the other day. She is supposed to have "outraged propriety," because a young gentleman who is paying great attention to her, used to meet her in her walks and sometimes accompany her to her brother's door. She is considered old enough to keep his house, but the right of choosing her own friends is denied her, and accordingly she is forbidden to walk abroad under pain of being dismissed from her honorary position of housekeeper to a brother about the same age as herself! This is of course an exceptional case, almost approaching the French system of surveillance, which is as utterly wrong from beginning to end as any idea that ever took possession of a sagacious people. The continental idealisation of angelic virtue does not compare with the

English or American girl for either firmness of purpose or high principle. Nature revenges herself in morbid and unhealthy growths.

The rich American woman has undoubtedly “a good time,” and I am prepared to maintain that, on the whole, America is a paradise for married women. I do not mean “that wives are pampered, or husbands put upon,” far less that there are no such things as unhappy marriages and tyrannical husbands in the United States, but generally speaking a chivalrous courtesy accords a wife far greater liberty of action than can be found in middle-class English families, and I do not think that American husbands have had any cause to regret it. Ladies who live in magnificent houses of course find their household cares reduced to a minimum, and they have absolute command over their own time, society, and amusements, while life in hotels deprives a wife 323 of all domestic burdens, and sometimes acts in anything but a beneficial way; for instance, as there is no “family breakfast” to be arranged, the husband unheeded will forage for himself as he goes past the breakfast-room on his way to his office. I have sometimes seen several members of one family having meals at different times throughout the day a great convenience for special occasions, but somewhat destructive of the family gathering we prize so much in England. “Going into housekeeping” is the strange phrase which continually meets one's ear in an American hotel, when a growing family or increasing banking balance suggests the establishment of a home. Young married couples generally begin their career in hotels, where they can obtain all they require on moderate terms, and escape that terrible “servant question.”

The labour difficulty in America has forced people to build houses with far better appliances than can be obtained in those of the same calibre here. For instance, the dining-rooms are always furnished with a lift, so that everything steals up quietly through the walls, instead of being carried by human hands on heavy trays up long flights of stairs. Bath-rooms abound, and marble washing-stands with hot and cold water taps, and a waste pipe in each bedroom, diminish the housework. The mode of heating the houses dispenses with grate-cleaning, fire-making, and taking heavy scuttles of coals throughout

the house. I was altogether struck with the handsome houses in America, the beautiful doorways, the massive wood-work and carved panellings, and the unusual depth and length of the reception rooms.

The polite deference shown by American gentlemen to ladies outside the family circle, certainly deserves the very 324 cordial recognition of an Englishwoman who travelled unattended, with only another lady, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and received in all those long journeys every kindness and consideration which could be offered by strangers. At the same time it is impossible to resist a smile at the national politeness which compels an American to lift his hat and remain bareheaded if a lady enters the hotel elevator, and yet permits him to spit in front of her before they reach the next landing, and also throughout the Pullman cars, which are duly provided with spittoons for that unpleasant necessity of Yankee existence!

In private houses of the best sort the use of the spittoon is fortunately becoming a “lost art,” but it must be urged in defence of this repulsive habit that the climate without doubt affects the throat and produces an irritation from which Europeans are wholly free, unless they have some special complaint.

The consideration paid to ladies by an American gentleman in his private capacity is not always accorded to them in the exercise of his journalistic capacity. Those who were first in the field of social reform had to encounter the same kind of treatment which early English workers experienced. It must be admitted that by eccentricity of dress, an utter want of humour, and violence of language, some ladies brought it on themselves, but in many cases it was wholly undeserved. But it is not very difficult to raise a laugh by introducing personal descriptions of dress and appearance into the reports of meetings held for sober purposes and conducted with proper dignity and decorum. I was much amused by a reprisal termed “Tit for Tat,” which appeared in an American paper, purporting to be written by a lady 325 reporter describing a gentleman's meeting in the same facetious style:—

“The New York Geographical Society held a meeting in Cooper Institute, the occasion being the reception of the survivors of the Polaris Expedition. There were present the usual well-known veterans of the cause, together with a few raw recruits. The proceedings were opened by Judge Daly, the President of the Society. This venerable member of the shrieking brotherhood was attired in black of a sombre and dismal cut, enlivened somewhat by a checkered waistcoat. His grey hair, which he wore unusually long, was combed back, and his plain face looked worried and anxious, as if he were oppressed with the responsibilities of the occasion. He read from a paper a re-statement of the usual arguments employed at such meetings, which were received with applause by some of the more aggressive of the cackling roosters present. Mr. Conkling then rose to read the list of new members. This gentleman, who is not so young as he was forty years ago, was tastefully attired in dark blue, with a fascinating pair of eyeglasses perched on his shapely nose; his hair and beard, of a charming whiteness, were dressed in the newest style, and he read off the list of prominent pantaloon politicians with evident gusto. Dr. J. L. Hayes, the orator of the evening, was then introduced. This well-known scolder is of thin and wiry figure, with sharp features and deep-set eyes. He was dressed in black with a white collar, and a very small necktie; his hair, which is dark, was somewhat dishevelled, his whole appearance wild. He began his would-be lecture with the usual rehash of sailors' wrongs, going back a thousand years for instances of what men have suffered, and the prowess they have exhibited, winding up with the well-worn denunciation of the tyrant Nature. The doctor was very lively during portions of his discourse, waving his arms, and at times gesticulating nimbly to the evident delight of the weak-minded fraternity, who faithfully applauded every point which seemed to advocate their favourite aims. After remarks by the guests of the evening, not worthy of note, as they presented nothing new, and were none of them young and handsome, Mr. Bradford, the artist, was introduced. This personage, who is, like all the rest of the shrieking brotherhood, in the sear and yellow leaf, was also attired in a sober suit of melancholy black. Why will all the men wear black in public, as Mark Twain says, it really is ‘monotonous’? Mr. Bradford reasserted the

arguments already advanced, his fine blue eyes rolling madly as he grew eloquent over the woes of the down-trodden sex.”

A great change, however, has come over the spirit of the 326 press in both countries since those lines were penned. Meetings now held by women are, for the most part, reported in a generous and courteous spirit.

It is popularly supposed in England that the advocacy of woman's suffrage in the United States meets at least with the ready sympathy of the entire sex; but I found myself constantly in circles where it was regarded as the most “serious revolution which could be imagined.” Singular suspicions of the lady lecturers on this subject are still entertained by otherwise well-informed intelligent people. I am not sure if some do not really believe that the peculiar address attributed to one Mrs. Rose Skinner is a true sample of “women's rights” arguments.

“Miss President, feller-wimmen, and male trash generally. I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, re-cussing her wrongs, and cussing the men.

“I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

“I believe that the world would to-day be happier if man never existed.

“As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars my mother was a woman. (Applause.)

“I not only maintain those principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

“They say man was created first—Well, s'pose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

“If I was a betting man, I would bet 150 dollars they are.

“The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause.)

“And they throw into our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree, and only gave her the core.

“And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts he sneaked behind Eve, and said, ‘'Twant me; 'twas her,’ and women had to father everything, and mother it too.

“What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair, and swim in a sea of gore. (Sensation).”

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If the opponents of the movement had ever taken the trouble to listen to the earnest and dignified utterances of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Stanton, and Mrs. Livermore, they would have arrived at a very different conclusion. But the force of prejudice is so strong that they dismiss the matter without even condescending to give it a fair hearing.

People who carelessly turn from the subject with a laugh at its “absurdity,” or a hasty condemnation of it as “unwomanly,” are not likely to understand the intimate connection between political representation and the higher educational and industrial employments of women, and therefore they fail to see that it is a matter of urgent necessity, rather than mere abstract justice.

Nor has perfect unity prevailed among the leaders of the agitation itself. The same personal dislikes and jealousies which have retarded the suffrage party in England have made themselves felt in America, and for some time the split in the camp, Boston *versus* New York, represented by Mrs. Lucy Stone on the one side, and Miss Susan B. Anthony on the other, seemed likely to mar the usefulness of both.

In America the most valid argument advanced by the opponents of the movement is that even now the suffrage is too widely extended; that in some places American votes are swamped by the hordes of easily naturalised immigrants, and that “to give the suffrage to women is to send all the ignorant imported cooks and chambermaids to the ballot-box.”

In England no such difficulty would arise, and it is an absurd inconsistency that women, who may not only vote for vestrymen, guardians of the poor, and members of the 328 School Board, but sit on the School Board and become Poor Law guardians themselves, may not vote for members of Parliament. Quite recently a lady was appointed to the office of overseer in a Lincolnshire parish, and Mrs. Gossett was elected churchwarden of a parish in Wales. A Constitution which forbids a woman to vote, and yet places on the throne a woman who affords a splendid example of female capacity for politics, certainly presents a strange anomaly. I remember once hearing Lord Houghton say, “The only political equality yet granted to women is the equality of the scaffold.” “What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?” said Horace Greeley to Mrs. Stanton. “Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley,” replied the ready lady, “stay at home, and urge others to go and fight!”

After many years of work in behalf of the industrial and educational interests of English women, I feel bound to say that not only do I consider women entitled to a political status, but I fear without it they will remain grievously overweighted in all their efforts to obtain work and justice. In 1875 a discussion took place in the House of Commons on the Bill for allowing the Universities of Scotland to admit women to degrees; the leading London paper remarked the next morning, “The House did not trouble itself to be very much in earnest.” This has been the general attitude of Parliament regarding questions relating to the welfare of women, and it is this very indifference which has given point to the complaint that “the unrepresented do not get justice at the hands of legislators.” There is an inseparable connection between political power and the redress of social grievances.

At present, while women are excluded from the privileges 329 of taxation, they bear all its penalties. A little town in Somersetshire was guilty of bribery and corruption at an election some ten years ago. An investigation was ordered, and subsequently a fine of three shillings in the pound was imposed on the ratepayers for the malpractices of Bridgewater voters. That fine was imposed on the women ratepayers as well. These ladies naturally complained of this unjust taxation, inasmuch as, not exercising the franchise, they had in no way been guilty of the malpractices thus punished. They sent up a formal petition to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, but that worthy dignitary was forced to reply “that it was not in his power to exempt women owning property from the local and imperial taxation to which property is liable.”

Mrs. Gold, a widow lady, holding property in Montgomeryshire, sixty years of age, was appointed overseer by the justices of the county. She appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, on the ground that there were fifty men in the parish better qualified for the office, but the application was rejected, and the lady was forced to serve against her will.

Owing to a lack of fair Parliamentary representation women have suffered many injustices; the educational endowments left for the benefit of both sexes alike have been appropriated for boys. It took years to obtain a hearing with regard to the property of married women and their earnings, and many landlords have ejected female tenants because they required tenants who could vote. In a conversation I had with Horace Greeley I mentioned the latter fact, and although he was then opposed to female suffrage in America he said such a practical and weighty result of 330 political disability would prevent him from again saying that “the franchise was not required for English women.” A widow on the Yorkshire estate of Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P., was this year evicted from the holding of her late husband, as “the rule of that estate is that widows shall not remain tenants.” As she was not inclined to yield to this arbitrary law, an attempt was even made to confiscate her property! The exigencies of the Civil War in the United States alone procured women admission into the Civil Service, and “even then,” exclaimed Grace Greenwood, with a

flash of indignation in her keen bright eye, “they were constantly reminded they were kept there on sufferance. We women gave brothers, husbands, sons to the war by sufferance. We toiled in sanitary bazaars, made shirts, knitted stockings, picked lint, rolled bandages, carried fruit, and nursed wounded soldiers by sufferance; we pay taxes by sufferance; perhaps, on the whole, we live by sufferance!”

To remove the disabilities Englishwomen share with criminals, idiots, lunatics, and minors, will inevitably, say the opponents of suffrage, “destroy their womanliness and love of domesticity.” A very remarkable proof to the contrary is afforded by the public and private life of Queen Victoria. It is allowed by all that few women have such a profound insight into politics, or have led such a laborious life in connection with public business. Every important question has to be brought before Her Majesty, and she has watched over the Poor Law administration with the greatest care and womanly zeal. Even the *Saturday Review* freely acknowledges that her aptitude and immense experience has been of the greatest benefit to the nation.

“The Queen now knows probably more of the proper 331 course of public business, and is more thoroughly acquainted with the history and traditions of every department than any other person in England,” says this authority. It is equally safe to affirm that no woman of modern times has shown herself more thoroughly “womanly and domestic.” A truer wife or more devoted mother could not be cited. She has laboured conscientiously to discharge her public duties, although since her widowhood she has shrunk from the Court balls and social entertainments which she thinks can be reasonably left to other members of her family. But she has never failed to manifest the tenderest sympathy for her subjects. Even in the earliest hours of her own bereavement, Queen Victoria's womanly heart betrayed her deep interest for the fate of the men buried in the Newcastle colliery, and realised the agony of the wives and children who were waiting with breathless anxiety at the pit's mouth to hear the fate of their nearest and dearest. Nor did she fail to listen to and relieve the privations of the Lancashire operatives. Politics have not deadened one chord of that womanly nature; they have neither chilled the depths of her love, nor diminished the reality

of her grief. Our widowed sovereign has proved that womanhood is even greater than queendom.

The world has indeed moved since the time when Voltaire said, that “ideas are like beards, women and young men have none,” and Lessing remarked, that “the woman who thinks, is like the man who puts on rouge—ridiculous.” When the franchise for women was first advocated in England it was pronounced “a fad, too visionary for serious consideration,” others stigmatised it as a “female fancy for forbidden fruit.” To-day it ranks as a great Parliamentary question.

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It is true that Mr. Woodall's amendment to the Franchise Bill, which has caused the recent contest between the House of Lords and the Commons, was excluded by a majority of 136 votes, but it may now be truly said, the building is erected, the coping-stone adjusted, and the song of victory will, before long, be sung. The most distinguished ladies in art, science, and literature,—women remarkable for good works and common sense, are actively engaged in the movement; petitions have been signed by hundreds of clergymen of the Church of England, members of the School Boards, mistresses of schools, and students at our Universities; the Conservative party has expressed its willingness to adopt what must be termed “a liberal movement,” and under the wise and able guidance of Mr. Woodall, the question will again shortly come before Parliament to be discussed on its own merits.

It was not found good for man to live alone in the garden of Eden, and it is not good for him to work alone in anything which relates to the social progress of the world. While politics may be looked at on one side from a hard and even a low point of sight, it must never be forgotten that they also include all those subjects of deep intellectual pleasure, and that participation in social reforms, which alone make life worth living, and from which women can no longer be excluded with impunity. Every effort for the good of the general commonwealth requires the joint co-operation of men and women. In the terrible calamity

at Cincinnati, I watched brave hearts and stout arms rescuing many from watery graves; wealthy men came forward with generous supplies of money in that hour of need, but equally necessary was the noble unselfish devotion of the women, who were untiring in 333 their efforts to feed the hungry, relieve the sick, and provide the requisite clothing for the victims of that unprecedented flood. We require the help of women in our prisons, reformatories, and schools, and those who urge that their practical work is needed in every movement which concerns the welfare of the human family, have alone realised what the poet meant when, in speaking of his ideal knight, he exclaimed:—

“Could he but find A woman in her womanhood as great As he was in his manhood, then The twain together well might move the world!”

CHAPTER XXI.

Anthony Trollope on English, American, and Australian newspapers—Special features of American journalism—Its wonderful enterprise—The interviewer—Mrs. Langtry—Herbert Spencer—Ladies employed on the press—Impersonal versus personal journalism—Mr. Pulitzer's views in the *Pall Mall Gazette* —English and American practices contrasted—Anglo-phobia and Anglo-mania—The future prospect—Thurlow Weed—Albany—Mrs. Barnes.

When Anthony Trollope returned from his voyage round the world, he said that he had come to the conclusion that no one but an Englishman could turn out a respectable newspaper. Continental papers were thoroughly unsatisfactory; there were a few decent newspapers in Australia, but they were all conducted by Englishmen. “The American,” he said, “can give a good lecture, make a good speech, build a good house, tell a good story, and write a good book; he can, in short, do anything on earth requiring intellect, energy, industry, and construction, with this one exception. He cannot—at any rate he has not as yet—turned out a good newspaper.”

While it may be true that the rough-and-ready bundle of news is chiefly in demand in the United States, I cannot subscribe to Mr. Trollope's sweeping assertion, nor do I believe he would have uttered it in the year of grace 1884. Some of the daily newspapers now published in the chief cities of America will be freely acknowledged by the unprejudiced 335 prejudiced critic as worthy peers of their foreign rivals. In some particulars, it must be allowed that they excel them. The American press has undoubtedly vindicated its claim to be the best in the world in the direction of enterprise. The first permanent paper, the *Boston News Letter* , boasted that it presented its readers “with European news eight months after date.” At that time, the idea of any one but Shakespeare's Puck putting “a girdle around about the earth in forty minutes” had not been dreamt of. To-day, news spreads with the rapidity of lightning. The fire which takes place in London during the evening, the criticism on the first performance of a new play, the result of the latest division in the Houses of Parliament, together with all the intellectual, scientific, philanthropic, and social movements throughout the whole world, are flashed across the ocean during the night and placed with unvarying punctuality on your breakfast table in America, at eight o'clock the next morning, together with the editorials, which solve all the diplomatic perplexities that torment and baffle foreign powers and parliaments. The newspaper penetrates everywhere, consequently the people are interested in all new discoveries, and are capable of selecting and utilising them; even those who live on the prairies are not intellectually isolated, or shut out from the great currents of public and social life.

The enterprise which has always distinguished the American Press has culminated in Mr. Bennett's spirited effort on behalf of the *New York Herald.* As I write these lines arrangements are being made for the opening of the Bennett-Mackay Cable, by which press messages will be transmitted between London and New York at the rate of threepence a word.

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I am far from thinking that the American newspaper is absolutely perfect; but when the complaint is made about the “low tone of the press,” it is well to remember that not only is the editor a man of “like passions” with the rest of the world, a prey to the same weaknesses, and liable to the same temptations, but also, that while the newspaper records the corruptions and crimes of the passing moment, it does not make them. It is but the mirror which reflects that which is before it. An immaculate press is no more to be expected than an immaculate clergy or house of representatives. To raise the standard above human pitch is to court disappointment. “If the Lord is to have a church in this town,” said a practical New England deacon, “I guess He's got to make it out of the material He finds here.”

It is true that the American newspaper very often startles its more cultured readers with extraordinary sensational headings and the prominence it gives to horrors of all kinds—murders, elopements, divorces, and wickedness in general. But the public taste still craves for these excitements, and as a newspaper is a business undertaking, it is subject to the same laws which influence other commercial speculations; it cannot unfortunately afford to ignore the fountain springs of its existence.

A new experience is afforded to the English traveller by the unrivalled audacity of journalistic “interviewing.” Professor Nichol of Glasgow aptly describes this process as “a transatlantic invention, for intruding on a great man's time and then misrepresenting him.” It seemed to me that people, great and small, were eagerly seized upon. The moment the steamer arrives at Sandy Hook, the interviewer is on board seeking for his prey, and he never abandons the 337 pursuit till the hour the homeward-bound vessel leaves the docks. He lies in wait for his victims in the corridors of their hotels, he corners them in the railroad cars at the various dépôts *en route* , and compels them on all possible occasions to deliver up their inmost thoughts upon every conceivable subject and person. I was once awakened from peaceful slumbers shortly before midnight to express my opinion upon the cable that had just arrived from England about the admission of women to the

University of Oxford! As I passed through the city of Kansas, where the train stopped for ten minutes, I was required to give my views on Prohibition! On another occasion I was asked a question about a matter respecting which I did not care to be interrogated, so I informed my enterprising catechiser that I had “no opinion on the subject whatever.” He demurred to this evasion, but finding it impossible to extract one, he quietly remarked, “Well, I shall be compelled to make one for you.” The interviewer is simply ubiquitous! There is no escape from him. He has undertaken to furnish curious readers with the most minute details of your birth, parentage, and education, personal appearance, dress, manner, and surroundings; your public work and your private sentiments must also be investigated; no feeling of delicacy is allowed to stand in the way, no fear of remorse restrains him; like Mr. Gilbert's heroic Captain Reece, he sustains himself under all difficulties by the comforting conviction, “it is my duty, and I will.” Accordingly he forces himself into private houses, and reports on all he sees, and much he does not see, with offensive familiarity; he criticises the costumes and conversation of the guests; he discusses with equal freedom the cost of the ladies' garments and the hospitality Y 338 of the host; he chronicles the names of those present, and sometimes suggests those of people “who would like to have been asked,” and parades the actual sum of money paid for the supper and champagne. The newspaper reports of some American entertainments would lead the reader to suppose that their success depended entirely on the amount of silver-plate displayed and the thousands of dollars spent on the decorations and flowers.1 It is true that the presence of “Jenkins” is felt at home, but one is scarcely prepared to find him flourishing, notwithstanding the stern democratic principles professed, in the great Republic.

1 In an editorial article in a New York paper complaining of “the snobbish reports of private parties,” it was sarcastically suggested that “guests should be entertained at once by the production of the bankbook, bonds, stocks, and mortgages, as the shortest cut to a realisation of their host's riches.”

To the interviewer nothing is sacred. The mysteries of love and grief must be laid bare at his bidding. He not only intrudes at the hour of death, but he must unravel all the secrets of every love affair. What is not extracted from his victim's lips a vivid imagination supplies. If a marriage is broken off, he must discover “the reason why,” and, regardless of the feelings of those most immediately concerned, publishes in the newspaper the next morning full details of the unpleasant family complication, with a comical heading in large capitals. No wonder that a cultured American, like G. T. Rider, deplores the fact “that scandals, trifles, trivialities, and tattle, like a plague of locusts and grasshoppers, swarm through the columns of our leading daily papers.” Certainly no one who was travelling in America in 1883, during Mrs. Langtry's first tour, could fail to be struck with the licence of some of the newspapers at that time. To criticise her 339 as an actress was a manifest duty; but to haunt her footsteps, to report at full length her domestic concerns and private quarrels, and to publish every item of scandal which could be collected from the attendants in the hotels at which she stayed, car-conductors of the trains she travelled in, and the dressers at the theatres in which she played, was a gross concession to the taste of a prurient class of readers. In one city, the chief daily paper circulated throughout the theatre, during her first performance, cards with pencils attached, on which were printed five questions, entitled, “The Langtry Catechism,” for the audience to answer during the evening. Signatures were to be optional. Strange as it may appear, at least a hundred of these cards were filled up—some of them were even signed; and those that were not suppressed by the editor as “too funny,” appeared the next morning in the paper, which devoted six columns to the subject, under the title of “How the Lily Looked.” The imaginative faculty of the American journalist was also demonstrated by the circulation of a circumstantial account of General Butler's proposal and engagement to the leading lady of Mrs. Langtry's theatrical company. The newspapers throughout the country acknowledged the information received by wire, and commented upon the ability of the bride-elect “to do the honours of the Governor's mansion in Massachusetts.” These very graphic and

romantic scribes appeared quite regardless of the trifling circumstance that up to that very hour General Butler had never spoken to, or even seen, the young lady.

Last New-year's Day, a Chicago paper published a list of all the eligible bachelors in that city, for the benefit of ladies contemplating matrimony, with full details as to their 340 incomes, preferences, and attractions. A New York journal gave the history of “Our millionaire ladies;” and another described “The rich men of America—how their vast fortunes were made, and how they benefit their owners.” The details which were given may be gathered from the following sub-heading to the article:—

“Millionaires who are Stingy and Millionaires who are Benevolent—Some make a Great Show in the World and Some are Humble—A Few Politicians and Many who are Pious —Nearly Every One has a Hobby—A Remarkable Collection of Timely, Interesting, and Instructive Information.”

Herbert Spencer, who resolutely avoided, on his first arrival in America, an inquisition which he described as “an invasion of his personal liberty,” had at last to submit himself to the cross-examination of his friend, Professor Youmans, to save him from having “things invented to gratify this appetite for personalities.” In this interview he complained that “Americans do not sufficiently respect the individuality of others.” Mr. Spencer observed—

“The trait I refer to comes out in various ways. It is shown by the disrespectful manner in which individuals are dealt with in your journals—the placarding of public men in sensational headings, the dragging of private people and their affairs into print. There seems to be a notion that the public have a right to intrude on private life as far as they like; and this I take to be a kind of moral trespassing. It is true that during the last few years we have been discredited in London by certain weekly papers which do the like (except in the typographical display); but in our daily press, metropolitan and provincial, there is nothing of the kind. Then, in a larger way, the trait is seen in this damaging of private property by your elevated railways without making compensation; and it is

again seen in the doings of railway governments, not only when overriding the rights of shareholders, but in dominating over courts of justice and State governments. The fact is, that free institutions can be properly worked only by men each of whom is jealous of his own rights and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—will neither himself aggress on his neighbours, in small things or great, nor tolerate 341 aggression on them by others. The republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing. We have not grown up to it nor have you."

Cultured Americans entertain as great a dread and horror of this system of "interviewing" as that experienced by any stranger and foreigner who visits their shores. They are equally sensitive about this intrusion on their private concerns and hospitalities, and do their utmost to avoid the publicity they are made apparently to seek. The best journals also now weed out the offensive personal gossip of the volunteer contributor. But it is a somewhat curious fact that while ladies have thus been paragraphed, a strict line has been drawn respecting the publication and sale of the photographs of ladies celebrated for their beauty or prominence in New York society. A photographer recently announced that he was about to begin a series with a likeness of Lady Mandeville, and it was received with general indignation. One paper observed—

"Whatever may be the custom among the English nobility, who in these days are a class seemingly privileged to outrage propriety and set modesty and decorum at defiance, the daughters of America would hardly care to advertise their charms and parade their likenesses in shop windows, side by side with actresses, criminals, and notoriously objectionable characters. The day has gone by when any special interest attaches to a 'professional beauty,' even in the country where the offensive term originated; and in our free and breezy atmosphere, it is to be hoped, women can be beautiful, charming, and attractive, without being objects for public comment and inspection."

There has latterly sprung up a class of interviewers who, while they endeavour to satisfy the demand for this kind of information, do not forget the consideration due elsewhere. For my own part, I should be wanting in common gratitude 342 and honesty, if I did not acknowledge the kind courtesy shown me, with but rare exceptions, throughout my dealings with the writers, who sometimes inspire their fellow-creatures with such terror, and inflict on them so much unnecessary agony of mind! In many cases I fell into the hands of ladies, who are widely employed in this work, and I was often astonished at the infinite tact and kindness shown by their admirable reports of hurried conversations and my crude impressions of the city I had just reached. I may have my views about the system, but there are not two opinions about the consideration I received at the hands of American interviewers of both sexes.

The employment of women is a marked feature of American journalism. Margaret Fuller Ossoli's good work on the New York *Tribune* thirty years ago, not only vindicated her chief's appointment, but cleared the ground for the rest of the sisterhood. Consequently there is hardly a newspaper staff in the United States to-day which does not include one or more of the many ladies who earn their living by brains and pen. In some instances they are capitalists, a few sit in the editorial chair itself, and numbers are employed as critics and *bonafide* reporters of public meetings, prize shows, horse and yacht races, and even cattle markets. I had a very interesting interview with Miss Middy Morgan, who furnished the cattle reports for the New York *Times.* She learnt all about cattle, she told me, from her father in Ireland, and was for three years attached to Victor Emmanuel's household, purchasing for him all the animals and birds he required. After this she came to America, and attended the cattle sales and reported thereon for the New York *Times.* This eccentric person is often to be seen walking down Broadway at full 343 speed, with a bundle of papers under her arm, on her way to inspect the cattle markets.

I am proud to think how many cultured conscientious female American writers I can now count among my personal friends. Of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Croly, Grace

Greenwood, Miss Booth, Kate Field, and Mrs. Bullard I have spoken elsewhere. Miss Hutchison, whose poems are full of fresh fancies and quaint conceits, possesses such sound judgment and business talent, that she has won an enviable position on the New York *Tribune.* Miss Lillian Whiting's piquant magnetic letters are not only known to the readers of the Boston *Traveller* , but her signature is familiar to those who see the papers published in New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Washington. It would indeed be difficult to give a list of the prominent women journalists across the ocean. Mrs. Runkle, Mary Mapes Dodge, Miss Snead, Miss Gilder, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mary Clemmer Ames, Kate Hillard, Mrs. Longstreet, Virginia Townsend, Mrs. Chesebro, Kate Samborn, Miss Nimmo, Mrs. Merighi, Miss Humphreys, Mrs. Knight, Miss Forney, Mrs. Ermini Smith, Miss Welch, and many others rise up before me as gifted journalists with whom I was brought into contact during my three tours through their country, as well as numberless masculine editors of the chief papers in each city visited, and from whom I received much kindness. I still look forward eagerly to every mail which brings my interesting budget of American papers. Women are also very generally employed in the commercial department of newspaper offices in both countries; all the advertisement clerks in the *Scotsman* office in Edinburgh are women.

A very animated discussion is sure to follow any question 344 raised on the other side of the Atlantic as to impersonal *versus* personal journalism. “You have impersonal journalism in London, because the English press is conducted by scholarly dummies,” said a noted American editor, who was discussing the subject with me one day on the deck of a steamer. He contended that impersonal journalism meant a newspaper made by a set of nobodies, with no informing intelligence, no definite plan, under no single guiding, inspiring brain. “There is not money enough in America to hire the people to read papers made in that wooden-headed mechanical way,” he added, vehemently; “we must have an abundance of personal journalism; it is an appendage to a condition as well as a result of character. None of our best men could, if they even wished it, envelop themselves in the mystery which surrounds the work-a-day drudge who forges thunderbolts for the London

Times. The elements of all modern life culminate in strong magnetic personalities." So completely does an English editor conceal his identity, that I really think, outside a certain set, the names of leading American journalists are better known in England than those of the men in whose hands are placed the destinies of our London and provincial daily papers. Many persons who could not tell you who edits the *Times* are familiar with the names of James Gordon Bennett, Dana, Whitelaw Reid, Murat Halstead, Henry Waterson, Mr. Childs, Horace White, Mr. Hurlbert, Manton Marble, Joseph Medill, H. T. Raymond, Theodore Tilton, and other leading lights of American journalism.

Mr. Pulitzer, editor of the New York *Morning News* , during his recent visit here, gave his views respecting the secret of success in journalism to the *Pall Mall Gazette* , which has 345 recently adopted the interview system, and has been termed in consequence "the pioneer of journalistic emancipation." He placed great stress on conservatism in all social questions, and the value of humour. He remarked that he had hit upon "woman as the great unexplored mine" to work on.

"The average woman, as a rule, does not take much interest in the average newspaper. She does not care about politics, nor is she sufficiently interested in the discussion of economical problems to desist from her daily struggle after the solution of her own economical problems of her own household to read the dry and heavy leading articles in the morning dailies; but short, crisp paragraphs treating on social subjects, bright gossip about the events of the day, piquant, personal, and yet pleasant details about people in whom every one is interested—these appeal to the woman's heart, and the result is that if a woman ever sees the *Morning Journal* she will have it ever after."

This was undoubtedly the new departure which brought such quick success to our London society journals, but it always seemed to me a feature of the "average American newspaper;" and while they have no paper like our *Punch* —for *Puck* and *The Judge* by no means take a similar standing—columns devoted to "Fun and Folly," "Sparks," "Nuts to Crack," "Pious Smiles," and "Humours of the day," appear in every daily paper. The

American laughs at the English practice of taking humour religion, politics, and philosophy in separate doses. He declares that “no joke appears in the London *Times* , save by accident.” In the States you find it everywhere—in the newspaper as well as in the pulpit. I have seen the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's congregation convulsed with laughter at a comic story, told during the Sunday morning service, with all that preacher's well-known humour and dramatic action.

It is to be regretted that a few American writers still 346 seem to suffer from what can only be described as “anglo- *phobia.* ” They dispense strict justice and entertain the kindest, feeling towards the Englishman as an individual, but the English nation, as a collective body, excites them, as the traditional bull is said to be affected by the sight of a red rag. This accounts for the impression which gets abroad, that “a sentiment of hatred towards England is fostered in America,” whereas the English traveller finds a cordial welcome everywhere, and invariably hears the kindest expressions of personal feeling towards his countrymen at home. If anglo- *phobia* is sometimes discovered in American newspapers, it is much more common to encounter anglo- *mania* in society. As Mr. Lowell tells his countrymen:—

“Though you brag of the New World, You don't half believe in it, And as much of the Old as is possible Weave in it.”

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge and other patriotic Americans, who naturally despise a slavish imitation of foreign dress and manners, have administered some very severe rebukes thereon. Mr. Lodge traces it to the vestiges of the colonial spirit surviving “the bitter struggle for independence,” and still met with among groups of the rich and idle people in great cities. He says:—

“They are for the most part young men; they despise everything American, and admire everything English. They talk and dress and walk and ride in certain ways, because the English do these things in those ways. They hold their own country in contempt, and

lament the hard fate of their birth. They try to think that they form an aristocracy, and become at once ludicrous and despicable. The virtues which have made the upper classes in England what they are, and which take them into public affairs, into literature and politics, are forgotten. Anglo-Americans imitate the vices or the follies of their models, and stop there. 347 If all this were merely a passing fashion, an attack of Anglo-mania or of Gallo-mania, of which there have been instances enough everywhere, it would be of no consequence. But it is a recurrence of the old and deep-seated malady of colonialism. It is a lineal descendant of the old colonial family. The features are somewhat dim now, and the vitality is low, but there is no mistaking the hereditary qualities. The people who thus despise their own land, and ape English manners, flatter themselves with being cosmopolitans, when in truth they are genuine colonists, petty and provincial to the last degree."

I was very much amused by reading the following advice to the victim of Anglo-mania:—

"An American who wishes to pass for Englishman before other people than his own countrymen, must carefully observe the following rules:—He must call his father 'the guv'nor;' he should never be sick, but 'ill;' he should call coal 'coals;' a pitcher a 'jug;' a sack-coat a 'jacket;' pantaloons 'trowsers' (never pants); a vest a 'waistcoat' (pronounced *wescut*); an undershirt a 'jersey;' suspenders 'braces,' and all shoes 'boots.' He must speak of an expert driver as a good 'whip,' and a good rider as a good 'seat.' He must never fail to mark the distinction between riding and driving, and remember that no one in England ever rides except on horseback. Therefore to speak of riding is quite sufficient; to add 'on horseback' is superfluous to an Englishman. He must never by any possible chance forget to call Thames 'Tems,' Derby 'Darby,' Berkeley 'Barkley,' Bertie 'Bartie,' waltz 'valse,' Holborn 'Hoburn,' Mary-le-bone 'Marrabun,' Pall Mall 'Pell Mell,' Hertford 'Hartford,' St. John (when used as a person's name 'Sinjen,' and Woolwich 'Woolich,' He must not put a stress on the *ches* in Manchester or Winchester. He must know all the grades of nobility, from a duke down to a baron, and never commit the egregious error of calling a baronet or a knight either a nobleman or a lord. When he takes a bath he must

‘have a tub.’ He must keep to the left when he drives, even though he infringes the law of the road in his own country, and must rise in his stirrups when, in riding, he trots. A railroad should always be a ‘railway’ in England, and the Anglo-maniac must not omit to call it so. He must also speak of the cars as the ‘train,’ a baggage car as a ‘luggage van,’ a freight train as a ‘goods train,’ and must never allude to a station as a dépôt. He must call the track the ‘line’ and the rails the ‘metals,’ and speak of switching as ‘shunting,’ of a switch-tender as a ‘pointsman,’ the conductor as the ‘guard,’ the ticket-office as the ‘booking’ office, and of a horse-car as a 348 ‘tram.’ He must never get mad, but always ‘angry.’ When he goes to the opera or theatre, the orchestra seats must be designated as the ‘stalls,’ the dress circle as the ‘boxes’ and the parquet as the ‘pit.’ For ‘guess’ he must use ‘fancy’ and ‘imagine,’ and studiously shrink from such expressions as ‘quite a while,’ ‘real nice,’ ‘side whiskers,’ ‘is that so?’ and ‘why certainly!’ He must be sure to leave out ‘wine’ when he speaks of port or sherry; and should he wish for ice-cream he must ask for ‘an ice.’ If he is in good health, he must be ‘fit;’ if ill, ‘seedy.’ If overtired, ‘knocked up.’ If a person has good taste, and is well-bred, or if a thing is done in accordance with the rules of good breeding or good taste, both are ‘good form,’ if the reverse, ‘bad form.’ Should he find himself in difficulty he must be ‘up a tree,’ and everything troublesome and disagreeable is ‘hard lines.’ He must call lunch ‘luncheon,’ and the parlour the ‘drawing-room.’”

The writer might have added several other pronunciations which betray a speaker's nationality—notably “Dook” for Duke, and “doo” for dew, and the expression, “so forth, and so on.” There is a vein of satire running through this exposition of English *versus* American terms, and as usual much may be said on both sides. There is, however, no question whatever respecting the increased use of “slang” in England. The young lady of the nineteenth century can be easily detected by her description of “an awfully fine day,” “an awfully good ride,” or “an awfully pleasant fellow;” but the word our American cousins most despise is the term “nasty.” Good society, on the other side of the Atlantic, relegates “nasty” to the *Index Expurgatorius.* To speak of “a clever girl” is to convey the idea of a

cunning one, while “a real cunning child” is there a term of approving endearment. Each country is entitled to credit for certain phrases and words of superior force and meaning, and captious criticism should be avoided in the interests of the good feeling which ought to exist between them.

It is only natural to look for great things in the future, 349 when one notes the marked advance made during the last ten years in journalism. It has already attracted to its ranks some of the best and noblest minds, and there is every reason to believe that the fearless, honest, cultured writers, who are at present the leaven of the American press, will, before long, leaven the whole lump, and then the daily newspaper will fulfil Parke Godwin's ideal, as “a sentinel upon the watch-tower of society,” and will not only exercise a pure and ennobling influence in the United States, but become a power throughout the civilised world, for, after all, the Press is King“—

Mightiest of the mighty means On which the arm of progress leans.”

The name of Thurlow Weed, one of the great journalists and politicians of the past, naturally recurs while speaking of the American press. As soon as I reached New York, in October 1882, he kindly sent to say he should like to renew an acquaintance, formed during my previous visit, and would therefore see me though he was very ill. Surrounded by his books in his library, the daily papers being still read to him by the loving daughter who has always been the presiding genius of his hospitable home in Twelfth Street, Mr. Weed retained to the very last his vivid interest in all that was going on in the world in which he had ever played so distinguished a part.

Twenty years ago he was a power in politics as well as journalism; his conversation was always full of points worthy of remembrance, and his gentleness won for him a wide circle of devoted friends. As an illustration of his affectionate nature, I cannot resist relating a pathetic incident of his last illness. It was found necessary to remove his pet 350 pigeon from his rooms, as the bird's attentions proved irksome to his dying master. When he

learnt that the pigeon was fretting at this exile and had refused its food, Mr. Weed had it placed on his bed and soothed it by his caresses. Shortly after this, Mr. Weed completed his eighty-fifth year, and a week later he was carried to his grave. Politically he had outlived his day, but he had not outlived the public regard entertained for him. Few men have been laid to rest with more genuine respect and affection than was demonstrated at his unostentatious funeral.

In April 1884, I visited Albany—the scene of Mr. Thurlow Weed's early journalistic labours: I was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Barnes, and several members of the family kindly came from far and near to wish me “Godspeed” before I returned to England.

CHAPTER XXII.

The traveller's appreciation of New York after journeys to the interior—Religious denominations—The growth of Episcopalianism—Church music and the gradual introduction of boy choirs—French cooks—Joaquin Miller—Peter Cooper—Hotels—Cabs and carriage hire—Tiffany's—Gorham silver factory—Brentano's—The American and Colonial Exchange—Custom-house officials and the female searcher—The dress question—The theatres, artists, and dramatists.

I am confident that no English visitor duly appreciates New York till he has travelled throughout America. When he first arrives from Europe, New York strikes him as a little new and somewhat in the rough; he hears expressions on all sides of him which sound strange, and he notices fashions which certainly appear foreign and peculiar. In short, he feels that he has suddenly plunged into a novel kind of existence, and it usually takes even the most cosmopolitan traveller a little time to adapt himself to manners and customs so unfamiliar. But once let him go further afield—let him spend even a few weeks in travelling through the West and South, either in quest of a balmy atmosphere or the natural beauties of mountain passes and river scenery—and he will certainly find, when he re-enters New York, that a strange sense of home steals over him; he will instantly recognise his return

to a life in which there is really everything essential in common with his past European experiences; he will, in fact, hail New York as a great centre of civilisation and luxury.

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Such thoughts, at least, passed through my mind as the “cars” brought me into Jersey City, and I returned to the charming house of the New York friends who welcomed me on my first arrival in America. Nor was the feeling diminished when I found myself later in the day comfortably seated in a handsome coupe behind a pair of spirited horses, which took us through Central Park at a rattling pace, notwithstanding the number of well-appointed carriages which thronged the favourite afternoon drive. But for the crisp keen air, and bright clear atmosphere, one could have imagined one's-self suddenly transported to the familiar regions of Hyde Park, and I felt almost tempted to look out for well-known London faces, until that thoroughly American institution, the “road wagon,” with its splendid fast trotter, dashed past us and recalled me to a sense of the real locality, which was still more impressed upon me by the sight of those strange Park policemen, in their Confederate grey uniform. The fact that I was still in the Great Republic was further demonstrated as I called on the way home on a friend I was anxious to see without delay, and the “hired girl” who opened the door denied me that satisfaction, on the extraordinary plea—common enough here, but somewhat startling to English ears—that her Mistress could not receive me, “as she was not feeling *good* to-day.”

Episcopalianism has made great progress of late years in America. There is no State Church—all denominations are equal before the law; but there is undoubtedly among the rich growing tendency towards the Episcopal communion. When I first visited the country, Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, and Easter were regarded as relies of Popery. The old Puritan feeling which the *Mayflower* pilgrims introduced 353 into New England, was naturally never in such force in the State of New York, which was peopled more by Continental cities. Gradually throughout the country, Church fasts and festivals are being

recognised far more than of old. The very schools and colleges break up for “Holy Week,” and Easter is no longer an unfamiliar term to even Congregationalists and Baptists.

Church-singing has hitherto been regarded by all American denominations as a powerful attraction, which should always be liberally provided. I have often heard in Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational churches anthems which could bear comparison with the best cathedral singing; but in the place of boys, ladies in receipt of high salaries took the soprano and alto parts. Sometimes the organist is only aided by a quartette choir. I remember hearing one which cost 10,000 dollars a year. Latterly, as a matter of economy and following the Episcopalian lead, the boy choir is being substituted. The churches will thus reduce their expenditure, as the boys are only given car-money and musical instruction in return for their services. In a few years I expect this change will have become very general.

Lent in New York does not stop the fashionable dinner-party, though it may prove a certain check on the gay and giddy dance and theatre party. Indeed, dinners have lately been unusually numerous and brilliant. Ten years ago, when I last visited America, I was told there were not a dozen French cooks employed in private families in this city; to-day there are more than 150, receiving from 70 to 150, dollars a month. As with us, these “artists” require one or two assistants—sometimes more—for the manual, *unintellectual* work of the kitchen, while they, of course, Z 354 confine their talents to the highest portions of culinary science. French cooks preside over the destinies of the houses of the Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, Lorillards, Schuylers, and the Havemeyers, for example; and in Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen the range is twenty feet long, and has three fires, each separate from the other, with separate sets of ovens, and the *chef* commands an under-cook, four maids, and a fireman. Fine cellars of wines are to be found in the houses of millionaires, but otherwise they are rare in the States, and not to be met with, as in England, in the more ordinary households. In fact, until lately, wine has not been taken daily at dinner, for the average American drinks iced water, a glass of milk, or a cup of tea, where an Englishman demands his sherry or claret. Very large dinner-parties are now out of fashion. Dinners of

eight or twelve are much more conducive to the “feast of reason and the flow of soul.” At one of these I met that most eccentric, erratic poet, Joaquin Miller. The influence of riches was the turn the discussion first took, and many were the personal details told of some of those who have passed as “the greatest men” here, which at least showed they were none of the happiest, and afforded fresh proof—if any were required—of the “perilous process” of growing rich, either by commerce, literature, or art. “True greatness” then came under discussion, and Joaquin Miller declared that the proper standpoint for a man was to try “to be useful and popular, and leave greatness to take care of itself.”

The poet also had a great deal to say in favour of cremation. He is one of a small band sworn to see that those belonging to the self-chosen brotherhood are decently and discreetly burnt instead of buried after death, and in the 355 simplest, most inexpensive manner. There is a small town in Pennsylvania, named Washington—after the Capital—where the leading spirit has organised a regular and very cheap form of cremation. The very pine-wood for the coffin is supplied from the woods round about it, and sent to any part of the country, and the process is performed at the extraordinarily low rate of ten dollars for the entire ceremonial, and to this end Joaquin Miller hopes he is—if slowly—surely approaching. In the meanwhile his pen is at work, not only in the direction of poetry, but its barbed edge supplies some of the keenest shafts aimed at the shams of the political and social life of the day. These are published in the *Sunday Star* , and it is certainly not his fault if some of the so-called leaders of public opinion do not read some hard truths about themselves. The writers for the American press certainly do not fight with kid gloves; they aim sharp blows which ought to tell in the long-run. They often smite right and left, and spare neither man nor woman who comes before the public. Such men may, perhaps, be “useful,” but I doubt if they will ever be “popular” in a perverse and foolish generation, in spite of Joaquin Miller's theories.

A remarkable figure has recently disappeared from New York—that of Mr. Peter Cooper, who after his 90th birthday was to be seen at the corner of Astor Place, where he built himself, in the Cooper Institute, a monument which will last as long as his city stands

and knows the meaning of the word gratitude. Benefits which cannot be estimated were conferred by thus opening out to the poorest the best means of self-education. It is curious to contrast the result of Mr. Cooper's influence and wealth during his lifetime with 356 that of the dead millionaire, Mr. A. T. Stewart, whose name seems to have already passed into oblivion, together with his projects for the benefit of his countrymen. His widow still lives in a marble palace on Fifth Avenue, but she only inhabits a few rooms, and the house looks as silent and unattractive as a prison. The magnificent iron mansion he intended as a home for working women, was opened under restrictions which practically excluded all those for whom it was built, and is now turned into the “Park Avenue Hotel,” and does not bear a trace of its founder or his purpose; while the “city for working people” projected on Long Island proves so difficult of access that mechanics refuse to live there. It would certainly seem better if possible to carry out benevolent intentions during one's lifetime, rather than to leave charitable bequests in the hands of trustees.

I suppose there is hardly another city with such a cluster of fine hotels as will be found within a stone's throw of Delmonico's,—the St. James, Brunswick, the Fifth Avenue, and the Hoffman House. The Windsor and the Brevoort generally divide the English travellers between them. The Astor House, once so famous, has been crowded out of the running by the handsome up-town hotels, and has subsided into a city restaurant, The Bristol, Sherwood, and Buckingham are preferred by all who like small hotels. The Everett House has a reputation for attracting literary people. The Morton House, Union Square Hotel, and Grand Continental are much frequented by theatrical companies; stars like Sarah Bernhardt go to the Albemarle. Mme. Modjeska had a very pleasant suite of rooms at the Clarendon last season, and attracted round her as usual a very pleasant circle of friends.

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Residents who think with George Eliot that human life should be rooted in the soil of its nativity, that cosmopolitanism is more dearly bought than we at first imagine, and that people who live always in hotels lack some of the sturdy individuality which is the growth of home life, betake themselves to houses of their own or flats. I was fortunate enough

to be recommended to the New York Hotel, which is chiefly frequented by Southerners, where I was always extremely comfortable. During the last two years I have been there on several very pleasant social occasions, notably when Mr. Cranston in the spring of 1883 re-opened the large dining-room, after its re-decoration and enlargement, with a banquet, as an acknowledgment of the consideration shown by the numerous permanent “boarders” who had naturally been subjected to much discomfort during an exile into smaller rooms, which they had borne with infinite good humour. The tables were covered with choice flowers and fruit; the two hundred guests were all in full evening dress, and as many of the ladies were well-known Southern belles, the scene was really a brilliant one. There was no lack of merriment anywhere. General M'Clellan was the centre of a very pleasant party; Mr. Hutchinson, ex-Mayor of Utica, gave some amusing accounts of Oscar Wilde's reception in his city; opposite the handsome English actor, William Herbert, and his clever wife, sat Colonel Mapleson, who told some excellent operatic stories, and before dinner was over Captain Irving had persuaded every one near him that the Republic was the only steamer in which to cross the Atlantic!

A wise change introduced into American hotels of recent years is the adoption to a great extent of the European system of living by means of a café or restaurant attached 358 to the hotels, where people can order just what they require instead of taking the meals provided at given hours and included in the bill. The cooking is invariably better in the restaurant than in the hotel itself, though both are under the same management, and those who understand ordering a breakfast or dinner “ *à la carte* ” can live a great deal better and almost as reasonably as on the old American plan.

Of course New York abounds in clubs—the Union, Union League, the Lambs, and the Lotos are known to the world, and there is a Bohemian institution called the “Pot Luck Club,” founded, I believe, by an Irish lady, and the resort of many brilliant writers and artists of both sexes on certain choice occasions, to one of which I was invited, but I was unable to avail myself of an experience which probably would have been quite unique.

Just as I was leaving New York, people were much exercised by the introduction of seventeen yellow and black cabs drawn by good horses in bright nickel harness, which promised to effect a much-needed revolution. The system of carriage hire has been a source of equal grievance to the traveller and the New Yorker who has no carriage of his own. It has often cost me 25s. to spend a couple of hours at a friend's reception; in no city has carriage hire been hitherto so exorbitant as in New York, and the public will rejoice if the cheap cab company succeeds in obliging the ordinary hackman from the livery stables to arrive at a reasonable charge for his carriage or coupé. Anyhow, that inaugural procession of cabs was a welcome sight last spring, with the monogram of the company surmounted with the Prince of Wales' feathers on the yellow panel. At the back of the cabs there is a reversible sign “reserved” and “to 359 hire,” so the humiliation of hailing a pre-occupied vehicle is avoided. The cabs became at once popular, and were familiarly known as “canaries” or “black and tans.”

Tiffany's celebrated store in Union Square attracts every visitor, but only the favoured few are taken behind the scenes into the busy workshops arranged on the fourth and fifth floors of that colossal establishment, from which I enjoyed in addition a most splendid view of the city and the East river. An immense space is devoted to the repairing department; about a dozen clerks are required to record the daily receipt and delivery of articles sent through this branch of the work alone. About 800 persons are engaged as jewellers, engravers, die-sinkers, fan-makers, silversmiths; and though much of Tiffany's silver ware is of his own manufacture he has large dealings with Gorham Silver Company as well. No solid silver is now imported—this factory in Rhode Island has driven it from the market.

Brentano's is the constant resort of the English traveller in New York, and in the branch establishments at Washington and Chicago the welcome English and European papers and publications can also be feasted on by the home-sick wanderer. Brentano's is by far the oldest business of the kind in America, and supplies native information quite as liberally as foreign, for more than a hundred daily papers from different cities throughout

the country will be found on the tables in that department. Books and stationery as well as theatre and railway tickets are also sold there; you are not obliged to take your railroad ticket in the States at the dépôt just as your train is about to start and you have not a moment to spare. You can purchase it in advance and use it for the one journey any day you please, “stop off” as you 360 find most convenient *en route* , and resume your trip whenever you like! This, together with the system of checking baggage, are great improvements upon British regulations, which may perhaps find their way to our shores now that so many more travellers from the old country are able to realise their advantages. In days when the British Association has found it possible to summon its members to a meeting in Canada and give them a trip through the United States, it cannot be supposed that Englishmen will quietly settle down to the inconveniences and discomforts entailed by a blind adherence to rules and regulations founded on no better policy than the “always has been” custom!

The American and Colonial Exchange is a very useful undertaking, providing a social club and ladies' drawing-room for travellers in Union Square, New York, and also in London, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. Letters are received there for subscribers, and re-mailed to any given address; information respecting steamship and railway travel afforded, and facilities for exchanging moneys and cashing drafts. In short, it is just the bureau of information which tourists on both sides of the Atlantic find so invaluable. Steamers are met, and any assistance given to strangers while passing through that dreaded ordeal—even to the innocent—the custom-house. The last time I landed while waiting with Mrs. Ian Robertson, Dr. Phelps, and a group of friends, who kindly came to meet me, I was introduced to the lady at the head of the personal searching department, who told me some of the strange experiences encountered in the discharge of her peculiarly unpleasant duties. Not only are “dutiable articles” found concealed on *modistes* , but contraband goods are sometimes discovered 361 sewed in the dress linings of fashionable ladies! While I listened to her narratives I was much amused by watching the custom-house officials searching the Saratoga trunk of a commercial gentleman, who

had just informed them he had “only a few samples—of no particular value.”. But they ruthlessly turned out the contents, and found the trunk simply crammed with boxes of gloves, laces, and silks, and for which he was charged duty amounting to several hundred dollars, and must have thought himself lucky in being allowed to depart with his goods at all. For if such articles are discovered, not having been “declared,” the Government confiscates them, and sells them at public auction.

I am not in the least affected with a passionate patriotism as regards the dress question, but while acknowledging the beauty and vivacity of American women, I cannot subscribe to the general verdict which assigns them the palm over English women in the matter of millinery. Of course one is prepared for the gaudy colours, which delight the hearts of the negro ladies; but why does the true-born American girl indulge in hats of such gigantic proportions, or else, flying off in the other extreme, wear one of such tiny dimensions at the back of her head, that she gives the passer-by a full display of the peculiar style of hair-dressing in vogue in the States—known as the Langtry bang? Gradually, however, a better fashion is coming in, Macqueen and Co.'s hats have been recently introduced, and as ladies go to the theatre in what is described as “street dress,” this is a much needed reform in the eyes of those who prefer to watch the play instead of a milliner's last achievement. Once in an American theatre between me and the stage intervened a tall lady in a singularly high hat, with a pure white crown, embroidered with 362 pearls and crystals, over which nodded long snowy plumes, entirely obscuring my vision of the dramatic heroine. “Hats off, ladies!” would, I think, be a very reasonable request under such provocations.

A very curious novelty was introduced at the opening of the New York Metropolitan Opera-house, but was laughed out of existence by the critics before the week was over. Certain wealthy people came with an escort in the shape of valets, who were stationed outside their master's box, and when visits were exchanged, cards were duly handed in by these gentlemen-in-waiting. But the press with one accord denounced the innovation, and ridiculed in no measured terms the introduction of Mr. James Yellowplush as “shoddyish

and un-American," and as an unworthy effort "to astonish the simple-minded democracy of the foremost Republic of the world." Now, as liveried servants are daily to be seen in the houses of the *haut ton* in New York and on the boxseats of the carriages which frequent Central Park, many of the comments seemed to me somewhat far-fetched and inconsistent, though one naturally regards the presence of such guards of honour at the Opera as thoroughly snobbish and out of place.

When I landed in New York for the third time, I found such numerous invitations to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, theatre supper parties at Delmonico's, that the great difficulty in life was how to keep away from the various temptations to gaiety so lavishly thrown in one's path. The lion of the hour in one circle was Henry Irving—in another Matthew Arnold—for Lord Coleridge had just returned to his native shores. The rush for seats at the Star Theatre was unprecedented, although of course Irving's "walk" and his "peculiar 363 accent" were fruitful sources of conversation. The enthusiasm Ellen Terry excited was as universal as it was fervid, and at once Ellen Terry shoes and Ellen Terry caps filled the shop-windows. Rumour said that the actress was far from well, and very home-sick, but I chanced to see her, soon after her arrival, in a box at the Union Square Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Felix Moscheles, looking as radiant and vivacious as ever, and evidently thoroughly enjoying Mr. Jefferson's marvellous impersonation of Caleb Plummer in *The Cricket on the Hearth.*

Before I left for England I saw the last representation of Robert Buchanan's "Lady Clare" at Wallack's; it had proved the success of the season. The feature of the representation, after Miss Coghlan's admirable acting, was, to my mind, the "Hon. Cecil Brookfield" of Mr. J. Buckstone, and Miss Measor's "Mary Middleton." The delightful comedy afforded by these young artists was of unspeakable value to the entire drama. At Daly's Theatre Miss Rehan was carrying everything before her in *Dollars and Sense* by the most grotesque piece of acting I ever saw in my life, which has recently been keenly appreciated by London playgoers, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Terriss. In spite of Dion Boucicault's recent charge, that London audiences are "more capricious and more unfair to anything

foreign than any community" he ever had to do with, Mr. Daly's entire company have secured the heartiest recognition. Mr. Lewis, whose wonderful facial expressions and comic tone of voice have gained him so high a position among American low comedians, made his mark here at once both with the critics and the public. John T. Raymond, it is true, failed to achieve in London the success he deserved for his inimitable representation 364 of "Colonel Sellers," but it should be remembered that his play called for a familiarity with American ways, manners, and politics which an ordinary English audience did not possess. Yankee fun is altogether *sui generis* , and incomprehensible to the uninitiated! Consequently Mr. Raymond did not find " *the millions in it* " he has in his own country. Mr. and Mrs. Florence were fortunately provided with a play full of broader and more general humour, and they obtained a wide and enthusiastic hearing. London playgoers gave no niggardly greeting to Mr. Jefferson, Laurence Barrett, or Edwin Booth; and as for the beautiful Mary Anderson, she has simply taken the whole of Britain by storm! Miss Anderson emphatically represents what the stage still wants in both countries, well-bred, educated, accomplished ladies, whose principles have been tested and whose culture is the result of thought and experience. America has sent us such representatives before, and, in spite of Mr. Boucicault's allegation, neither "caprice" nor "want of appreciation" have yet driven the gifted and estimable daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, or other American artists I could name, from these inhospitable British shores!

Bronson Howard's popular play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," was at the height of its success when I saw it at the Madison Square Theatre, celebrated for its moveable stage. With the exception of the first act, I liked it better than any other native production I chanced to see in the States. The popularity of such plays as "Hazel Kirke," "The Rajah," and "May Blossom," I cannot understand. Among the American dramatists who have achieved success may be mentioned Augustine Daly, Mrs. Burnett, Bartley Campbell, 365 F. Marsden, Charles Gaylor, Leonard Grover, and John Habberston. Humanity is the same all the world over, but writers are naturally happier in their attempts to reproduce the life and scenery with which they are most familiar. Obedience to this self-evident truth enables

French and English authors to bring upon the stage representations of character which have a lifelike reality. In spite of all that is urged about the “decline” and “degeneracy” of the drama, it has seldom appealed more strongly to a healthy public sentiment than it does to-day in both countries, and the profession certainly never contained so many men and women entitled to respect for private virtues and graces, as well as genuine dramatic talent. We cannot afford to ignore such a source of public enlightenment as the stage. There was a time when religious people turned away from all literature in the form of a novel; now they have begun to discriminate between the wheat and the chaff, and to acknowledge that good novels instruct as well as amuse, and have a distinct sphere and value of their own. The day is coming when it will be more widely realised than it is at present, that the theatre is an influence for good or evil which demands the gravest consideration and sympathy, and that there is a power which cannot be despised in the play which sets forth the value of living up to one's ideal, represents the highest form of love, portrays the redemption which comes from self-sacrifice and repentance, and the Nemesis which always follows wrong-doing, before great masses of people, dead to other influences, who can be reached in no other way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Canada—Sleighing—Miss Rye's and Miss Macpherson's homes for English waifs and strays—Occupations for women—Report of the Montreal Protective Immigration Society—Educated women *versus* fine ladies wanted in all our colonies—Agricultural prospects—The Marquis of Lorne on the Canadian climate—Lady Gordon Cathcart's settlement at Wappella—A day at Niagara Falls—American homes—Dr. Charles Phelps—Departure from America.

Of Canada I saw far too little. A pleasant visit to some old friends in Montreal gave me my chief insight into Canadian ways and society. Although the ground was covered with many feet of snow, the atmosphere was dry and bracing, and never have I seen brighter winter skies or more brilliant moonlight. In spite of asthma, I enjoyed the great feature of life in

this snow-clad region. Nestled in buffalo robes, with face and ears protected by a fur cap and woollen cloud, I ventured to sleigh, and made the acquaintance of the hills from the top of which Montreal looks so picturesque. The rapid, silent motion, as you glide through the electric air, in a well-appointed sleigh, drawn by a pair of handsome horses with silver-mounted harness and tinkling bells, is a novel sensation to the Londoner accustomed to the noise of commonplace wheels! Edgar Poe's lines assume a new meaning as you hear with your own ears along the crisp Canadian snow-bound roads—

“Sledges with the bells— Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle In the icy air of night!”

There are many kinds of sleighs—the modest cutter hired from the livery stables, the sportsman's “sulky,” family sleighs, the tradesman's “democrat,” “bob sleighs”—in short, you find all kinds of vehicles on runners, but one and all fill the air with the cheerful sound

“Of the tintinnabulation that so musically swells From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.”

Canada offers many pleasures in the form of toboganning, skating, ice-yachting, running in snow-shoes, and also to the sportsman who appreciates the pursuit of moose, antelope, and buffalo elk; there is plenty of game—prairie chickens and ducks, pheasants and partridges, as well as snipes, cranes, and plovers. The river and lakes abound in sturgeon, white fish, bass, pike, perch, and many other varieties. Frog-catching has assumed the aspect of an industry for boys in Ontario. The marshes at Holland Landing, near Barrie, abound with these little animals, which are regarded as great delicacies in the States. There is a great demand for them in the hotels and restaurants, consequently many boys

find occupation in catching and skinning them, after which they are forwarded to New York, Detroit, Chicago, and elsewhere.

I was much disappointed in being unable, owing to illness, to visit the homes provided for the English waifs and strays which are transported by Miss Rye and Miss Macpherson to Quebec and Ontario. But I heard quite enough to assure me that the children are well cared for in the homes opened 368 for their reception, wisely distributed in respectable families, and placed in positions where they may establish themselves for life. The labour in a Canadian household compels industry, and admits of but little idleness at any season of the year. There is a great dearth of domestic servants, but a general feeling prevails that the emigration of ladies in search of places as governesses and companions is a very great mistake. Several who had been sent out by philanthropists at home called on me personally and said they found the chances of employment there scarcer than in the old country, and heartily wished themselves in England again. It is quite absurd for ladies to emigrate unless they are prepared to accept the exigencies of life abroad; they must be willing to abandon all fine-ladyism for practical work; they must be ready to turn their hand to anything and everything. There is room in Canada and America, still more in Australia and New Zealand, for educated women who are ready to “rough it” as their brothers have done before them, but none for those who look for positions which are the outgrowths of an older civilisation.

The Women's Protective Immigration Society of Montreal has just published its second annual report, from which it appears that 236 persons have been received into the home for various periods of time, varying from one day to a fortnight's duration, in the past year. Those of a superior class who went were all provided with suitable employment, and the managers state that no such persons need be under any apprehension in proceeding to the Dominion, for at each season openings occur for sensible, capable persons, who will quickly and cheerfully suit themselves to the unavoidable change of circumstances in a new country. Free board and 369 lodging are given to female immigrants for twenty-four hours after arrival. A charge of 10s. per week or 1s. 10d. per day is made when they

remain for a longer period. It is stated that domestic servants find ready employment at from £1,5s. to £2 monthly, according to capability. Good cooks obtain from £2, 10s. to £4 per month. Women who understand farm work can be placed with country people. Girls who wish to enter service for the first time, though without experience, are much in demand, and can at once earn £1 per month.

Women are largely employed in telephone and telegraph offices, and the manager of the Toronto Institute considers that they excel men in skilfulness of manipulation. Strawhat making, from the wide-spreading “Palmetto” to the aristocratic leghorn and tuscan, keep many female operatives at work. The packing of cheese and butter, and dairy work generally, affords plenty of employment for women as well as the furrier's trade in buffalo robes, caps, muff, and mitts, bookbinding, boot and leather work, and the fabrication of woollen, flax, and cotton goods. For dressmakers and milliners there is a great demand, and a fair needlewoman and good fitter can insure constant work and liberal pay in the large cities.

In the great prairie farms there is room for a large accession of labour; the province of Manitoba alone contains seventy-eight million acres of land! Most of this land must as yet be described as pure prairie, but a very large portion is suitable for the growth of wheat and other cereals, barley, potatoes, and grasses, and has sufficient timber for ordinary purposes. The great track of prairie stretching from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, offers 2 A 370 excellent agricultural land for the raising of sheep and cattle, Labourers of all kinds find plenty of employment in the spring, summer, and autumn, and a farmer with a capital of a hundred pounds is able to establish himself in a very fair position at once. A free grant of 150 acres can be obtained from the Dominion Government by every British subject over eighteen years of age, and settlers have also the right to pre-empt another 160 acres for the payment of 8s. to 10s. an acre. With regard to the coldness of the climate, it can now be said, on the authority of the Marquis of Lorne, that the cold is less felt there than in Scotland; that fevers are unknown, that settlers live to a great age, and that the Canadian race is particularly strong and vigorous. The cold should

never be measured by the thermometer, but by the humidity of the atmosphere. The very snow is crisp and hard as crystal powder. Lord Lorne strongly recommends this colony to intending emigrants, and believes that the realities of life in Canada far exceed the rational anticipations of most new-comers.

Lady Gordon-Cathcart, finding that her tenantry had become too crowded on her Scotch estate, established a settlement at Wappella, on the western side of Manitoba, and gave each family willing to emigrate a loan of £100. Her emigrants have already secured more than three thousand acres of land, and at once began to plough the prairie turf, and plant it with potatoes. Within eight weeks they were enjoying an excellent crop, which for size, flavour, and maturity, were all that could be desired. The Bell farm and Elliot settlement afford many remarkable proofs of the results of various industries in the Dominion, through which are scattered small and large farms in every stage of cultivation. 371 As an instance of the successful settler, which is typical of hundreds of others, I quote the following testimony, for the accuracy of which I can vouch:—“I came here,” said the emigrant, “eighteen months ago with my brother. We had just eight shillings between us when we had paid the office fees for the 160 acres of land. We worked for wages, getting five or six shillings a day, and we also put up our log hut, so that my wife and children were able to join me from Ontario. We have now eighty acres of wheat, and we owe no man anything. Next year we shall have 150 acres of wheat, and shall then take another lot of land, and make it right for my brother.”

Canada seemed to me half French and half Scotch, and in religion more than half Catholic, with a sprinkling from other nations and creeds. A large Jesuit College flourishes at Quebec, and a Scotch University in Montreal. The sisters of charity are very active throughout the country, and the convent schools were for a long time so much better than the other seminaries for girls that they even attracted scholars from good Protestant families. One of the great sights in Montreal is the Victoria Tubular Bridge over the St.

Lawrence, a marvellous structure of iron two miles long, which was completed in 1861 by the Prince of Wales, who drove in the last rivet.

Among my pleasantest trips must certainly be reckoned my last visit to Niagara. It was kindly arranged by Mr. Edmund Hayes, one of the engineers of the new cantilever bridge, from which such a magnificent view of the Falls is now obtained. When it was formally opened for traffic last December, in the presence of a very large and distinguished assembly, I was unable to accept the President's invitation, 372 as I was already far on my way to Colorado, but I suspect the quiet inspection of the bridge with the small but delightful party of friends Mr. and Mrs. Hayes invited to meet me, was far more enjoyable than the brilliant but crowded opening ceremonial.

At first the morning seemed unpropitious, yet in spite of the falling snow eight undaunted spirits started off from Buffalo for that expedition. We drove across the suspension bridge to the Canadian side, and found luncheon had been prepared for us at Rosti's—a house famous for its cookery, and kept by a Swiss, a landlord of the old school, who personally superintended the serving of the repast, and took a genuine pride in our appreciation of his excellent viands and choice Rhine wines.

The new bridge across the turbulent Nigara river is not only a proof of American enterprise and ingenuity, but marks an epoch in the science of engineering and bridge-building. To span this rushing torrent, 500 feet across from shore to shore, at an altitude of 240 feet, was no mean triumph, but it was accomplished in less than eight months by the Union Bridge Works. The theory of its construction having been duly explained to me with natural enthusiasm by its projector, we drove to the Whirlpool Rapids, and descended to the water's brink by means of cars lowered by machinery through a tunnel cut in the cliffs at an angle of about 30 degrees. It seemed a serious undertaking, and more than one lady of our party felt glad when that part of the proceeding came to a safe conclusion.

I am not going to attempt to describe the indescribable; the whirl of these furious waters, over the rocks that lie in wait for them in the bed of the river, has to be seen, it can 373 not be written about. I could simply stand awed and silenced by the grandeur of the sight, and almost deafened by the roar of the surging waters, and marvel how Captain Webb could have risked such an undertaking, as the attempt to swim the Whirlpool Rapids, which dash along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, over the boulders in the river. After this we drove to the Falls themselves, Prospect Park, Goat Island Bridge, and various places of interest, and I returned at night to the hotel feeling this was indeed one of the redletter days of my last tour through the United States.

Although these reminiscences must draw to a conclusion without the record of many pleasant glimpses into American homes, in which I found the ideal conception a living reality, delightful visits to hospitable friends in Syracuse, Utica, Washington, Milwaukee, and elsewhere, will never be forgotten, nor the pleasant time spent with Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, in earlier times at Auburn, with Mrs. Wright, the sister of Lucretia Molt, and later on with General and Mrs. Seward, in the old home enriched by Governor Seward's trophies from all parts of the world, presented to him by the various European, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese potentates with whom he came in contact.

I have but little to note respecting my ocean experiences during my six voyages across the Atlantic, for unlike Gilbert and Sullivan's famous Captain of the “Pinafore,” I am *always* sick at sea. The stewardess is the sole person with whom I am brought in contact, and I have reason to be very grateful for the attention paid me by these all-important officials! Asthma kept me a prisoner in my state-room throughout every voyage, and greatly am I indebted to Dr. Charles Phelps for his skilful treatment and unremitting kindness 374 during the severe illness which followed a terrible attack of asthma and bronchitis on board the “City of Rome,” which threatened to upset the whole of my plans for the season when I last landed in New York.

It is somewhat singular that two out of my three return passages were actually booked in steamers which were wrecked on previous voyages. The “City of Brussels,” in which, thanks to Mr. Ernest Inman, I enjoyed such comfortable quarters on my second outward-bound passage, met her fate in a fog in the Mersey itself. The other calamity was far more terrible, for it involved a fearful loss of life. I was to have sailed for England, after my first visit in 1873, in the “Atlantic”—the ill-fated White Star steamer—which ran ashore on the Nova Scotia coast, with nearly a thousand souls on board. Only thirteen saloon passengers were saved, and not one woman. Many were hurried into eternity before they could leave their state-rooms, while those who contrived to reach the deck were swept off into the surging sea, or crushed by the foreboom, which, broken from its fastenings by the raging wind, swung round with terrible force, destroying all within its reach. For reckless negligence it would be hard to find in the shipwrecks of recent years a counterpart to that of the “Atlantic,” whose captain, on a dark night, in a rough sea, along the most dangerous part of a coast famous for its treacherous currents and perilous rocks, left his proper place on the bridge, and retired to sleep in his chart-room. The landsman, when the steamer nears the shore, shakes off the anxieties which sometimes depress him in mid-ocean, while the winds and waves make a mere plaything of the huge vessel, and toss her from side to side until it seems 375 impossible that she can ever right herself, or resist the angry waves which appear battling for the command of her; but the sailor knows the real hour of danger comes when he approaches the coast; at this point the vigilance of a good captain is redoubled, and he never trusts his charge to subordinate officers at the time of the greatest peril and responsibility. It is marvellous to think of the number of steamers now continually crossing the ocean and the few accidents which ever occur. The real danger of the passage is in the increasing demand for speed, and it is one which is becoming less heeded every day; each Company is bound to outbid the other, and so the steamer races on in spite of icebergs, storm, or fog, and runs a hundred unnecessary risks to make “the fastest voyage on record.” It is a great temptation in this restless, hurrying age, but it may be bought at too high a price, and I confess it was some comfort to feel on my last homeward voyage, that I was on board a safe if slow Cunarder, and in the care

of the company which can still boast of never having, lost a single ship. But henceforth speed as well as safety is promised. I was present on the 20th of September at the launch of the sister ship to the “Umbria,” at Elder and Co.'s famous shipping-yard at Glasgow. She was christened by the Dowager Duchess of Manchester “Etruria,” and during the luncheon which followed the ceremony, Mr. Burns, the Chairman of the Cunard Company, in a short but pithy speech, referred to the purchase of the “Oregon,” and the building of these two, magnificent steamers, as a proof that the Cunard Company had now resolved to enter the lists for speed, though it hoped still to retain its reputation for caution and safety. These splendid specimens of marine architecture are fitted 376 up with engines of enormous power, and the appearance of the “Umbria” and the “Etruria” among the racers on the Atlantic, will certainly be watched with much interest. They are expected to accomplish the voyage from Liverpool to New York in six days.

Although the “Scythia” made a very early start on her homeward voyage last April, as she slowly moved out of the New York docks, a kind group of friends waved a last farewell from the shore. I felt a regret far too deep for words, as I began to realise that I had now paid my final visit to America. It is indeed a country with a marvellous future before it, and if some of its efforts have hitherto lacked finish, they have always indicated abundant force and originality. “It has been the home of the poor and the eccentric from all parts of the world, and has carried their poverty and passions on its stalwart young shoulders,” as a distinguished American woman once remarked to me; adding, “now that you have visited us you will understand this, and be interested in seeing how this gigantic humanitarian scheme is carried on—how the strength which elsewhere broods, or is expended in blows —here builds our railroads, tunnels our mountains, and breaks glass and crockery at a fearful rate in our kitchens. Never mind,” she continued, smiling, “the individual suffers, but humanity survives.”

I have, indeed, had an opportunity granted to few, of seeing our American cousins as they really are—not as they are supposed to be! Every facility was afforded me for visiting all

the public institutions, the methods of the public schools and colleges were duly explained to me by the leading authorities, the factories and workshops were thrown open to

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me. Personal interviews were accorded by most of the eminent public characters, including the President, senators, journalists, college professors, and artists, and I was cordially welcomed into the homes of the people, who extended to me a hospitality as universal as it was hearty, thus enabling me to form personal friendships with kindred spirits in every city I stayed in—friendships which I trust neither time nor distance will sever.

I leave other writers to make merry over “Yankee smartness and Yankee accent,” and the numerous shortcomings which passing travellers can easily detect in every strange place they visit; they may regard America as a land given over to political corruption, bowie-knives, and shoddy, if they will,—I must record the kindness which brought me. into contact with all that was noblest and best, enabling me to recognise in many American institutions the very embodiment of human progress and aspiration, and my heart and brain were alike refreshed by communion with cultured and refined men and women, who taught me to understand and appreciate the spirit which really animates that country, justly described by one of her own poets, as

“She that lifts up the manhood of the poor, She of the open heart and open door, With room about her knees for all mankind.”

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